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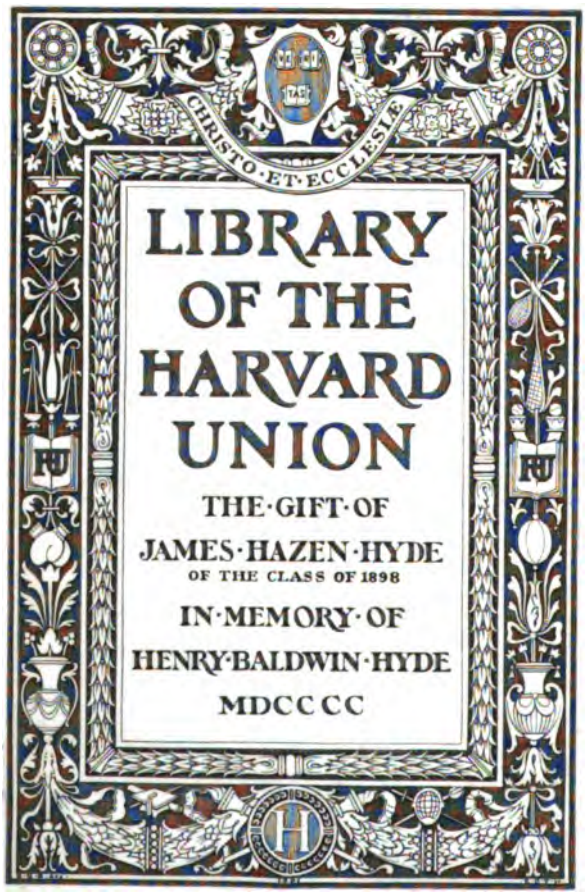


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# GOLDSMITH'S WORKS

## IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. VI.

UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS, PREFACES
INTRODUCTIONS, ETC.

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"*A Wow-Wow*"

(*See page 89*)

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# The Works of Oliver Goldsmith

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# THE WORKS OF

# OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EDITED BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

*ILLUSTRATED*

VOL. VI.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1900

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These Essays, from *The British Magazine*, *The Busy Body*, and other periodical publications, are attributed to Goldsmith on the authority of Isaac Reed, Thomas Percy, Thomas Wright (a printer), and James Prior, Esq. Of the genuineness of some I have more than a suspicion. Those on Taste and Poetry (Nos. 14 to 20 inclusive) contain an appreciation of Scotch poets (Thomson, Armstrong, and Blacklock), of blank verse, and of new systems of versification, very unlike the ascertained writings and known opinions of Goldsmith. Others, however, have the weight of bullion and mint-mark of Goldsmith himself.[1]

---

[1] The late Mr. Thomas Wright, printer—a man of literary observation and experience—had, during his connection with these periodical publications, in which the early works of Goldsmith were originally contained, carefully marked the several compositions of the different writers as they were delivered to him to print. — *Essays and Criticisms of Dr. Goldsmith*, 3 vols. 12mo, 1798 (Preface to vol. ii.).

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# UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.

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# UNACKNOWLEDGED ESSAYS.

## ESSAY I.[1]

### ON PUBLIC REJOICINGS FOR VICTORY.

WHILE our fleets and armies are earning laurels abroad; while victory courts us from every quarter;[2] while our soldiers and sailors not only retrieve the fame of English valor, but raise our reputation above whatever history can show, and mark the reign of George the Second as the great period of British glory—our citizens and mechanics at home are by no means idle, but deal blow for blow, and once more slay the slain.

If triumphs are gained abroad, we shout for the victory at home; if they illuminate a city that soon must fall with infernal fire of bombs and hand-grenades, we illuminate our streets not less with fagots and candles; if their artillery thunders destruction in the ears of the enemy, we echo them with squibs and crackers at home, no less terrifying to a female ear; if some, bravely fighting for their country, lose their lives and fall dead on the field of battle in its defence, we have our bouts as well as they, and can produce our hundreds who have upon this occasion bravely become votaries for their country, and with true patriotism not disdained to fall dead—drunk in every house: "O fortunata mors, quæ naturæ debita pro patria potissimum reddita est!"

Though my own circumstances are so disposed as neither to be augmented by a victory, nor influenced by a defeat, yet I cannot behold the universal joy of my countrymen without a secret exultation, and am induced to forget the ravages of war and human calamity in national satisfaction. I could not, therefore, help, upon our recent conquest, to pursue the triumph from face to face, to see its different effects upon the different ranks of people, and increase my own satisfaction, as if by reflection from theirs.

Resolved, therefore, to seek adventures from Ludgate to Charing Cross, I left my lodgings[3] on the night of the illumination; with all the intrinsic nothingness of a busy man, yet with the seeming importance of a

---

[1] From No. 6 of *The Busy Body* for Saturday, 20th October, 1759.

[2] Capture of Ticonderoga (27th July, 1759), battle of Minden (1st Aug., 1759), conquest of Quebec (13th Sept., 1759).

[3] Goldsmith's residence at this time was at No. 12 Green Arbor Court, Old Bailey.

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man of business; determined to jostle in every crowd, to mix in every company, and peep in at every frequented place of resort.

The first scene curiosity led me to was Ashley's Punch-house,[1] where the whole company seemed deeply attentive to the old waiter, who usually serves his customers with politics and punch. He was on this occasion giving his audience a geographical description of the city of Paris. "Paris may be about two hundred miles off; it is half as big as London; there they make your lace and such sort of stuff; it is a very pretty place, to be sure, and would afford our battalions of guards very pretty picking. The walls cannot stand a siege of four-and-twenty hours; it is nothing but sweeping up through the kingdom and taking Lewis the Small by the beard. Lord, sir, they could never stand it; for how can French fellows fight when they are drunk with punch? If I were Secretary of State, may this be my poison,[2] but I would show them a trick. Only sail up forty men-of-war to their very gates, and where would they be then?" The whole company, who were every bit as sanguine as he, acquiesced in the justice and vigor of his measures; the French monarch was deposed, the English standard was erected upon the Bastile, and every person present seemed to enjoy the plunder by anticipation.

Upon leaving this, my attention was next attracted by a poor tradesman and his wife, who were at variance in the streets. The woman, whose patriotism was by no means so strong as that of her husband, was assuring the mob, who had officiously gathered round, not to prevent but to promote a quarrel, that he had sent his waistcoat to the pawnbroker's in order to buy candles for the illumination. The husband, who was, it seems, a journeyman shoemaker, damned her for being a Jacobite in her heart; that she had not a spice of loyalty in her whole body; that she was as fond of getting drunk one day as another. "If the French had got the better," continues he, "what would have become of our property? If mounseers in wooden shoes come among us, what would become of the *gentle craft*, what would become of the nation, when perhaps Madame Pompadour[3] herself might have shoes scooped out of an old pear-tree; and (raising his voice) you ungrateful slut, tell me if the French papishes had come over, d—n my blood, what would have become of our religion?"[4]

Going up Fleet Street, I could not avoid admiring the artificial day that was formed by lights placed in every window: every face dressed in smiles, the mob shouting, rockets flying, women persecuted by squibs and crackers, and yet seeming pleased with their distress, served to enliven the scene, and might have relaxed the brow even of rigid philosophy.

In all this confusion, I could not avoid that pleasing serenity which, from

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[1] A famous punch-house, "third door from Fleet Bridge," established in or before 1735 by James Ashley, who claimed the merit of being the first person who retailed punch in small quantities. There is a scarce engraved portrait of him. He died 5th July, 1776, aged seventy-eight.

[2] See Vol. I. p. 74; Vol. III. p. 104.

[3] The favorite mistress of Louis XV.

[4] Compare Letter IV. of "The Citizen of the World" (Vol. III. p. 104).

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the appearance of such pageants as these, often steals upon the mind, and insensibly operates upon the spirits of the wise as well as the vulgar. How blest am I, said I to myself, who make one in this glorious political society, which thus preserves liberty to mankind and to itself; who rejoice only in their conquest over slavery, and bring mankind from bondage into freedom. Thus solitary as I am, am I not greater than an host of slaves? I, who in my little sphere contribute to the happiness of mankind, am I not greater than the greatest monarch, whose only boast is unbounded power?

Let him dictate to his slaves, and ride upon the neck of submission. My king, my country, and I are friends together, and, by a mutual intercourse of kindness and duty, give and receive social happiness.

In the midst of these pleasing reflections, as I was proceeding with a stately pace, and with all the solemnity of a newly acquired and conscious dignity, I heard a hissing noise in one of the tails of my wig, and, looking about, soon perceived a stream of fire dashing from my right ear. I fled, it followed; I shook my head; it was pinned too close to be shook off; and just as I arrived at George's,[1] it went off in a bounce.

I was too much discomposed to pursue my meditations after so unlucky an accident, therefore took refuge in the coffee-room, where I found a very merry group gathered round a gentleman whom I at first imagined to be reading the *Gazette*, but, coming closer, found it to be an heroic poem upon the conquest of Minorca. Never was there a more severe satire than this upon the nation which it had endeavored to celebrate! Every exaggerated compliment now bore the appearance of the keenest irony. The children of Mars, the thunderbolts of war, the conquest of the world, were now construed as burlesque, and served at intervals to make the company burst into loud fits of laughter. Where the whiskered French soldier was compared to a lion, the company immediately conceived the idea of a cat; and while the poet described his countrymen as clad in terrors, they were now universally allowed to want part of the equipage, as they had no spirits.

From hence I travelled to Slaughter's,[2] where one of the company was haranguing the rest, and assuring them that he believed not one syllable of the matter. "Do you think," says he, "that the French are such fools as to let us deprive them of one of their greatest and most useful possessions? Ridiculous! I'll hold any one twenty pounds"—"Done, sir," says one of the company, "I'll take it up."—"I mean, sir," replied the orator, "I'll hold twenty pounds that by next post they sing *Te Deum*, or contradict our *Gazette*." To this the other had nothing to reply, and our orator remained master of the field.

The Smyrna[3] was the last place I visited on this occasion. The company here were prescribing terms of peace to the enemy, whom they looked upon as utterly undone; they first insisted upon our keeping all North America; they were next for circumscribing the number of the French fleet; for getting back Minorca; for insisting on a carte-blanche. With them, our victory seemed only gained to defer the happiness of peace; they would

[1] See Vol. V. p. 44. [2] See Vol. V. p. 161. [3] See Vol. V. p. 47.

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have everything settled in such a manner as that we could annoy our enemies at pleasure, without their having any power to hurt us. In short, with an exaggerated yet perhaps pardonable triumph, they were for dictating terms of peace that none but a conquered nation could submit to. As I perceived now that I spoke to men who could hearken to and understand reason, I addressed one of them as follows:

"The only use of victory is peace. Proposals for a reconciliation are never made with so good a grace as from a victorious army. It is very possible for a country to be very victorious and very wretched. The victories of Sweden have oppressed that people so much as to render them quite insignificant in the political scale of Europe ever since. It is but prolonging the wished-for peace to prescribe such terms as is consistent neither with the interest nor the honor of our enemies to accept. It is but rendering us ridiculous to expect such terms as we can never compel them to.

"A country at war resembles a flambeau; the brighter it burns, the sooner it is often wasted. The exercise of war for a short time may be useful to society, which grows putrid by a long stagnation. Vices spring up in a long-continued peace, from too great an admiration of commerce and too great a contempt for arms; war corrects these abuses, if of but a short continuance. But when prolonged beyond that useful period, it is apt to involve society in every distress. The property of a country, by its continuance, is transferred from the industrious to the enterprising; from men of abilities to men of no other qualification but bravery; every man who is enriched by the trade of war is only rewarded from the spoils of some unhappy member of society who could no longer live by the trade of peace. Now—now, then, is the time to offer terms of accommodation: and as we conquer our enemies in war, so let us excel them in generosity. Let us sheathe the sword that has already reeked with too much blood. Let victory be attended by peace; for peace is the only triumph of victory."

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## ESSAY II.[1]

### ON THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

A SCHOOL, in the polite arts, properly signifies that succession of artists which has learned the principles of the art from some eminent master

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[1] From the *British Magazine* for 1760, p. 74. "The British Magazine, or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies, printed for James Rivington and James Fletcher at the Oxford Theatre, and H. Payne, at Dryden's Head, in Paternoster Row." The first number (price sixpence) was published on the 1st January, 1760. For this magazine Smollett wrote his capital story of "Sir Launcelot Greaves." Goldsmith is said to have contributed in all *twenty-one* papers to the *British Magazine;* though, when he collected his Essays in 1765, he acknowledged only *four*.

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either by hearing his lessons or studying his works, and consequently who imitate his manner either through design or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music: namely, the school of Pergolesi[1] in Italy, of Lulli[2] in France, and of Handel in England; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

Without all doubt, Pergolesi's music deserves the first rank; though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, nor unexpected flights, yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express: by slow solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and, even by faster movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us: they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexpressible sympathy, the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession—the happy transition from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knows to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleased in those intervals of passion with the delicate, the simple harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into figures, or often are barely unison. His melodies also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure from this delicate simplicity: and I need only instance that song in the "Serva Padrona" which begins *Lo conosco a quegl' occelli*, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the duo.

The Italian artists, in general, have followed his manner, yet seem fond of embellishing the delicate simplicity of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some beautiful starts of thought; but the whole is filled with studied elegance and unaffecting affectation.

Lulli, in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, which, in general, resembled that of our old solemn chants in churches. It is worthy of remark, in general, that the music of every country is solemn in proportion as the inhabitants are merry; or, in other words, the merriest, sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music; and those whose character it is to be melancholy are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is slow, melancholy, and solemn; in Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, it is faster, proportionately as the people are grave. Lulli only changed a bad manner, which he found, for a bad one of his own. His drowsy pieces are played still to the most sprightly audience that can

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[1] Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, born at Cassano, near Naples, in 1704; died 1737.
[2] John Baptist Lulli, born at Florence, 1633; died 1687.

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be conceived; and even though Rameau,[1] who is at once a musician and a philosopher, has shown, both by precept and example, what improvements French music may still admit of, yet his countrymen seem little convinced by his reasonings; and the Pont-neuf taste, as it is called, still prevails in their best performances.

The English school was first planned by Purcell. He attempted to unite the Italian manner, that prevailed in his time, with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the best Scotch ballads—"The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance—are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But be that as it will, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as head of the English school, had not his merits been entirely eclipsed by Handel. Handel, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner; he had long labored to please by Italian composition, but without success; and though his English oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergolesi excelled in passionate simplicity; Lulli was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime: Handel's true characteristic is sublimity; he has employed all the variety of sounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the rest may be pleasing, though executed by few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the soul is roused up at his pieces; but distinct passion is seldom expressed. In this particular he has seldom found success: he has been obliged, in order to express passion, to imitate words by sounds, which though it gives the pleasure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting those lasting affections which it is in the power of sounds to produce. In a word, no man ever understood harmony so well as he; but in melody he has been exceeded by several.

### *To the Author of the British Magazine.*

[OBJECTIONS BY A CORRESPONDENT, WITH GOLDSMITH'S REPLIES.]

As you are to be supposed accountable for every article that appears in your collection, I must ask your leave to object against some things advanced in your magazine of January, under the title of "The Different Schools of Music." The author of this article seems too hasty in degrading the harmonious[2] Purcell from the head of the English school, to erect in

---

[1] John Philip Rameau (styled by his countrymen "The Newton of Harmony"), born at Dijon, 1683; died at Paris in 1767.

[2] Had the Objector said *melodious* Purcell, it had testified at least a greater acquaintance with music and Purcell's peculiar excellence. Purcell in melody is frequently great: his song made in his last sickness, called "Rosy Bowers," is a fine instance of this; but in harmony he is far short of the meanest of our modern composers, his fullest harmonies being exceedingly simple. His opera of "Prince Arthur," the words of which were Dryden's, is reckoned his finest piece. But what is that, in point of harmony, to what we every day hear from modern masters? In short, with respect to genius, Purcell had a fine one; he greatly im-

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*Apotheosis of Handel*

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his room a foreigner (Handel) who has not yet formed any school.[1] The gentleman, when he comes to communicate his thoughts upon the different schools of painting, may as well place Rubens at the head of the English painters because he left some monuments of his art in England.[2] He says that Handel, though originally a German (as most certainly he was, and continued so to his last breath), yet adopted the English manner.[3] Yes, to be sure, just as much as Rubens the painter did. Your correspondent, in the course of his discoveries, tells us, besides, that some of the best Scotch ballads ("The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance) are still ascribed to David Rizzio.[4] This Rizzio must have been a most original genius, or have

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proved an art but little known in England before his time: for this he deserves our applause; but the present prevailing taste in music is very different from what he left it, and who was the improver since his time we shall see by-and-by.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Handel may be said as justly as any man, not Pergolesi excepted, to have founded a new school of music. When he first came into England, his music was entirely Italian: he composed for the opera; and though, even then, his pieces were liked, yet did they not meet with universal approbation. In those he has too servilely imitated the modern vitiated Italian taste, by placing what foreigners call the *point d'orgue* too closely and injudiciously. But in his oratorios he is perfectly an original genius. In these, by steering between the manners of Italy and England, he has struck out new harmonies, and formed a species of music different from all others. He has left some excellent and eminent scholars, particularly Worgan and Smith, who compose nearly in his manner—a manner as different from Purcell's as from that of modern Italy. Consequently, Handel may be placed at the head of the English school.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] The Objector will not have Handel's school to be called an English school, because he was a German. Handel, in a great measure, found in England those essential differences which characterize his music: we have already shown that he had them not upon his arrival. Had Rubens come over to England but moderately skilled in his art; had he learned here all his excellency in coloring and correctness of designing; had he left several scholars, excellent in his manner, behind him, I should not scruple to call the school erected by him the English school of painting. It is not the country in which a man is born, but his peculiar style either in painting or in music, that constitutes him of this or that school. Thus Champagne, who painted in the manner of the French school, is always placed among the painters of that school, though he was born in Flanders, and should consequently, by the Objector's rule, be placed among the Flemish painters. Kneller is placed in the German school, and Ostade in the Dutch, though both born in the same city. Primatis, who may be truly said to have founded the Roman school, was born in Bologna; though, if his country was to determine his school, he should have been placed in the Lombard. There might several other instances be produced; but these, it is hoped, will be sufficient to prove that Handel, though a German, may be placed at the head of the English school.—GOLDSMITH.

[3] Handel was originally a German; but by a long continuance in England he might have been looked upon as naturalized to the country. I don't pretend to be a fine writer; however, if the gentleman dislikes the expression (although he must be convinced it is a common one), I wish it were mended.—GOLDSMITH.

[4] I said they were ascribed to David Rizzio. That they are the Objector need



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possessed extraordinary imitative powers, to have come, so advanced in life as he did, from Italy, and strike so far out of the common road of his own country's music.

A mere fiddler,[1] a shallow coxcomb, a giddy, insolent, worthless fellow, to compose such pieces as nothing but genuine sensibility of mind, and an exquisite feeling of those passions which animate only the finest souls, could dictate; and in a manner, too, so extravagantly distant from that to which he had all his life been accustomed! It is impossible. He might, indeed, have had presumption enough to add some flourishes to a few favorite airs, like a cobbler of old plays, when he takes it upon him to mend Shakespeare. So far he might go; but farther it is impossible for any one to believe, that has but just ear enough to distinguish between the Italian and Scotch music, and is disposed to consider the subject with the least degree of attention.—I am, etc. S. R.—*Feb.* 18, 1760.

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only look into Mr. Oswald's "Collection of Scotch Tunes," and he will there find not only "The Broom of Cowdenknows," but also "The Black Eagle," and several other of the best Scotch tunes ascribed to him. Though this might be a sufficient answer, yet I must be permitted to go farther, to tell the Objector the opinion of our best modern musicians in this particular. It is the opinion of the melodious Geminiani that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music, except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities), it is very reasonable to suppose; first, from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient Italian music. They who compare the old French vaudevilles, brought from Italy by Rinuccini, with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly contemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved those pieces. When I would have them compared, I mean I would have their bases compared, by which the similitude may be most exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable, from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which bears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low-country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] David Rizzio was neither a mere fiddler, nor a shallow coxcomb, nor a worthless fellow, nor a stranger in Scotland. He had, indeed, been brought over from Piedmont, to be put at the head of a band of music, by King James V., one of the most elegant princes of his time, an exquisite judge of music, as well as of poetry, architecture, and all the fine arts. Rizzio, at the time of his death, had been above twenty years in Scotland: he was secretary to the queen, and at the same time an agent from the pope; so that he could not be so obscure as he has been represented.—GOLDSMITH.

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# ESSAY III.

## A DREAM.

### *The Fountain of Fine Sense.*[1]

I FANCIED myself placed at the foot of a high mountain, and saw round me several people who were preparing to climb up its steepy side. Desirous of knowing whither they were going, I mixed in the crowd, and attempted to ascend as well as the rest. Near half-way to the top I perceived a fountain, of which several drank with the utmost eagerness; and not even the pump-room at Bath could be filled with a greater variety of characters. Lords, bishops, squires, tradesmen, and men without trades, strove each for a draught; and as each drank he seemed intoxicated, though but with water. The drinkers spoke frequently without understanding what they said; they decided magisterially on subjects which they did not comprehend; and judged of works they had never seen. They talked of painting without knowing the elements of the art; and decided upon music without having an ear to distinguish harmony. Nothing, in short, could be more ridiculous than their conversation. They in general aimed at being sayers of good things, which some uttered with solemn pride, and others with petulant loquacity.

A lady accosted a certain nobleman: "My dear lord," says she, "are we to expect no production of yours this season? I am so fatigued with the works of those mercenary writers for bread that I protest if I don't see something new of yours, I shall absolutely discontinue my studies and return to piquet."—"Excuse me, madam," replied his lordship, "I should be very willing to publish my works, if there were many such judges as you; but, alas! we have neither taste, sentiment, nor genius amongst us; we are quite fallen; none are capable of distinguishing true delicacy: would you think, madam, that my volume of philosophical poems would not go off, and yet the very same judges had bought Pope's Works with great eagerness? No, madam, I shall reserve my future productions for posterity, who, I flatter myself, will give them a more favorable reception."

In another quarter I perceived a well-dressed poet reading his manuscript to a ragged brother, who seemed in raptures with every line of it; he praised the language, sentiment, and sublimity; shrugged up his shoulders in ecstasy, and flourished his hands with enthusiasm. As the emperors formerly paid poets for every line they liked, so, on the contrary, our ragged poet was paid for every line he happened to praise; the writer reading it to him not for the sake of his corrections, but his flattery.

My attention was called off from this couple to another, where a young man dressed in shabby finery was asking another, who seemed to be a

[1] From the *British Magazine* for May, 1760, p. 129.

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nobleman by his appearance, for a subscription. "Excuse me, sir," replied his lordship, "I never subscribe except for prints or drawings; for I am resolved to encourage and revive the fine arts among us, and even vie with Italy for the superiority."

Disgusted with such conversation, I was upon the point of returning back; when one of the crowd, addressing me, said, "Dear sir, won't you drink before you go? Here you are got to the fountain of fine sense, and yet are going away without tasting."—"What!" replied I; "is this the fountain of fine sense?"—"Yes, sir," said he; "and as soon as you shall have drunk of its waters, you will find yourself every whit as amiable and pleasing as the rest of the company."—"Excuse me, sir," says I; "if the waters are to have the same effect upon me that I see them have upon the rest of the company, I disclaim all pretensions to fine sense, and am much better pleased with common-sense."—"Ah, my dear sir," returned he, with a shrug, "keep your common-sense for a circle of Hollanders or aldermen. Without taste, virtue, and delicacy, how insipid is every society!"

I was just upon the point of descending the mountain, when I perceived some persons at the summit; and, though I knew it must cost me great pains, did what I could to join them. When with incredible labor I had gained it, I there found a second fountain, round which several persons were placed, who drank freely of its waters; and seemed at once to unite gravity, sense, and humor. Here I perceived people of all the nations of Europe entertaining each other without rancor, wrangling, or envy. There Metastasio and Maffei paid their mutual compliments, and attempted each other's improvement; there Voltaire and the royal Prussian gave and received fame reciprocally; Gresset and Piron read their works to each other with delight; and there I saw Johnson, Gray, and Mason, with some other authors of our own country, conveying strong sense in the wildest sallies of poetical enthusiasm. Pleased with the company, I was just going to take a draught of the delicious fountain, when an old agreeable acquaintance, who had been long posted there, and who shall be nameless, welcomed me with so violent a shake by the hand that I awoke, and received no other benefit from my imaginary journey than a certain conviction that a shallow understanding generally aspires at the reputation of wit, but true genius ever chooses to wear the appearance of good sense.

## ESSAY IV.[1]

### THE HISTORY OF CAROLAN, THE LAST IRISH BARD.[2]

THERE can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient

[1] From the *British Magazine* for July, 1760, p. 418.

[2] Carolan, or Turlogh O'Carolan, died March, 1738, at Alderford, in the County of Roscommon, and was interred in the parish church of Killronan, in the diocese of Ardagh.

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manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavor to look for their remains in those countries which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinctured with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

The Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect preferably to all other nations I have seen. They in several parts of that country still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstitions; several customs exist among them that still speak their original; and, in some respects, Cæsar's description of the Ancient Britons is applicable to these.

Their bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them. Those traditional heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was CAROLAN THE BLIND. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture; both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning "O Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition; which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs, in general, may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write) merely to flatter some man of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable (as in Pindar), another for his hospitality, and a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprise: but their astonishment increased, when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance that it may compare (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

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His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he; he would drink whole pints of usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder; and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavored to persuade him to the contrary; but he persisted, and, when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he observed, with a smile, that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing, and then expired.

## ESSAY V.[1]

### PARALLEL BETWEEN MRS. VINCENT AND MISS BRENT.

I own it gave me some pleasure to find the entertainment at Vauxhall, which I regard, under proper regulations, as one of the most harmless and pleasing we have, much improved this season. Improved, if we consider the expense, which is lessened, or the singers, who are better than before. Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent[2] are certainly capable of furnishing out an agreeable evening; and it must be confessed, the conductor of this entertainment has spared no expense in procuring a very elegant band of performers. The satisfaction which I received the first night I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard, and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainment, but particularly the singing, diffused that good-humor among us which constitutes the true happiness of society; but I know not how, from praising both the singers, as they deserved, we insensibly fell into a comparison of their respective perfections: one part of the company seemed to favor the old singer, another the new. The ladies, who in such a case always declare their opinions first, seemed to give it in favor of Mrs. Vincent, because she was a married woman; the generality of the gentlemen were of a contrary opinion, and for a contrary reason. We, however, at length agreed to refer the dispute to two gentlemen of the company, who had been for some time in Italy, and were, besides, of themselves tolerable performers. Even they, however, seemed of different opinions, and, as well as I remember, this was the substance of what either said on the occasion:

"I own," says he who spoke first, "that Miss Brent,[3] by pleasing the town last season in the 'Beggar's Opera,' has acquired a share of popularity

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[1] From the *British Magazine* for June, 1760, p. 348.

[2] See Letter LXXIX. of "The Citizen of the World" (Vol. IV. p. 122).

[3] See Note to Letter LXXIX. of "The Citizen of the World" (Vol. IV. p. 122). Miss Brent, in the autumn of 1759, played Polly in the "Beggar's Opera" thirty-nine times. Beard played Macheath.

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which may alone lead the injudicious; but let us strip her of her theatrical ornaments, and merely as a singer compare her with her rival, Mrs. Vincent. I think it will be allowed me Mrs. Vincent has, rather, the most graceful person of the two; and even that consideration, trifling as it may seem, is of some consequence when we are considering the perfections of a female singer. In Italy, you know, sir, scarce a lady dares appear even in a chorus, upon the stage, or as a public performer, without this natural advantage. Upon some of Miss Brent's notes there is also a huskiness, which her rival is entirely free from; for you must confess that nothing can be clearer than Mrs. Vincent's voice. Miss Brent sometimes drives the feeling, theatrical manner into affectation; for though a little of that manner is proper at all times, and is, in fact, the only thing in which the voice excels an instrument, yet, in plain singing, where acting is not required, it may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess. Mrs. Vincent sings with more ease, fetches her inspirations quicker, more unperceived, and with a better grace than your new favorite. Though I must own that neither the one nor the other is, by any means, a perfect timist; yet, in this respect, Mrs. Vincent has certainly the advantage, and is seldom guilty of blunders, which the other, through haste, want of skill or of time, sometimes commits. I have but one thing more to say in favor of Mrs. Vincent, which is, that she would certainly appear to greater advantage were the music she sings more nicely adapted to her voice. Every judicious composer sets his music to the voice of the performer; that which this singer chooses seems, in general, taken by herself at a venture, or composed for her without a perfect knowledge of her excellences. The lower part of her voice has a much finer body than the upper, which is rather too small, and has somewhat too much of the German-flute tone in it. Though she has great command, yet her transitions are not perfectly graceful; the music therefore adapted to her, and in which she would certainly charm, should be composed of notes not reaching extremely high, and not with difficult transitions. The music composed for Miss Brent, on the contrary, is set with perfect taste, and with a thorough knowledge of her forte. That pretty song of Liberty, in particular, both in delicacy and accompaniment, is far beyond the songs of Mrs. Vincent."

Influenced by this, most of the company were going to declare in favor of Mrs. Vincent, when the other gentleman gave his opinion as follows: "I allow the justice of almost all that has been advanced, but I am of opinion Miss Brent is far superior. It is true her voice is by no means so clear as Mrs. Vincent's, nor have I ever heard any singer equal that lady in this particular; yet still Miss Brent has much the best voice of the two; for it is at once capable of a greater swell, and has a greater body of tone. These two perfections are alone sufficient to give her the preference; but there is another in which she excels almost every singer, I mean that of her voice's being perfectly in tune. I cannot tell whether it be in reality so; but it would seem, by the exact tunefulness of her voice, that she had not been entirely taught to sing from the harpsichord; for such as are wholly taught by that instrument, though they may be sufficiently in tune with any instrument, yet by learning only to chime with a chord, which from the

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nature of this instrument is not quite perfect, they seldom arrive to that tunefulness which reaches the heart; and hence we see natural singers frequently more pleasing than those who are taught. The lady I refer to seems to possess all that native sweetness of voice, at the same time that she has acquired by art the perfect manner of flattening those notes which upon the voice and every natural instrument, as the trumpet and horn, are naturally too sharp. Her shake, though not perfect (as it is in general too quick) is, however, much superior to the other's, who is very faulty in this respect. Though she may sometimes feel too much, yet it must be owned that this is preferable to a total vacancy of sensibility, which is the other's case. Let us add to this that the music we have now heard her sing is preferable to that sung by Mrs. Vincent; and I fancy, upon the whole, we shall find she affords the highest entertainment. I am sensible that both have faults, which neither of us has mentioned; and one among the rest is in the execution of those holding notes of which they both seem so fond. They seem to think that all the art in this respect lies in beginning one of those tedious notes very soft, and then swelling it as loud as possible in the middle, then falling off, and so forth. These should never be continued without that softening which is taken from the tone below; which on the voice is capable of becoming every moment more distinct, till it at last falls naturally into the shake, which should not be of very long continuance neither. But I fear I tire the company: I shall only observe that the public are greatly obliged to both for one of its most innocent and highest amusements." Just as he had finished, we were called away to hear the concluding song, which gave me such pleasure I could not avoid concluding that she who sung last always sung best.

## ESSAY VI.[1]

### A TRUE HISTORY FOR THE LADIES.[2]

In the flowery paths of novel and romance, we are taught to consider love as a blessing that will last for life: it is exalted above its merits; and by teaching the young and unexperienced to expect more from it than it can give, by being disappointed of their expectations they do not receive from it even those advantages it has to bestow.

Love between the sexes should be regarded as an inlet to friendship, nor should the most beautiful of either hope to continue the passion a month beyond the wedding-day. Marriage strips love of all its finery; and if friendship does not appear to supply its place, there is then an end of matrimonial felicity.

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[1] From the *British Magazine* for July, 1760, p. 420.

[2] The persons mentioned in this story were, it is said, by the female side, relatives of Goldsmith's uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. Some of the circumstances are doubtless exaggerated. See Prior's Life, vol. i. chap: ii.

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But this love and friendship, by being too violent, often destroy themselves. A wife, by expecting too much of her husband's company, or he, on the other hand, desiring too much tenderness from her, only impairs that union of heart which both endeavor to cement. Perhaps they who expect least are often paid with most of the pleasures of a married state; as some accidentally happen to fall upon agreeable parties, but seldom find them so if appointed long beforehand. Those bonds which unite the married couple may be tied too closely, which is perhaps a worse inconvenience than if they had not been tied at all.

To illustrate this, let me be permitted to relate a real story that happened near Chester some years ago, which will more clearly display the inconveniences arising from too high a regard on each side than any remarks of mine upon this occasion.

Thomas and James Chaloner were brothers residing near Chester; they were both possessed of small but independent fortunes, and nearly at the same time intended to improve those fortunes by matrimony. Thomas, the elder, paid his addresses to a young lady of great beauty and family in the neighborhood, and she received his professions with mutual passion; her father, however, attempted to interrupt the match from mercenary motives, as he was sensible of the inequality of Mr. Thomas Chaloner's fortune to that he intended for his daughter. The young lovers were too much enamoured of each other to attend to the dissuasive voice of avarice upon this occasion; and, contrary to the inclinations of all their friends, were privately married, promising themselves an endless source of felicity in each other's possession.

In the meantime, Mr. James Chaloner also was married; but without any of those circumstances of stolen happiness or forbidden endearment. His wife was chosen from that rank of life immediately beneath his own; she was a farmer's daughter, had a little money, and a hearty blessing from her father. She was neither very handsome nor extremely sensible, and their amours would by no means have served as the subject of romance.

Both brothers had not been long married when a lawsuit called them over to Ireland; and, unwilling to leave their wives behind, they all embarked from Parkgate on their passage to Dublin. They had not been at sea an hour when a violent storm arose. The ship was old and the mariners but few; she was therefore driven at the mercy of the waves, and at length approached a rocky shore where nothing but instant death was expected, especially to those who could not swim. In this terrible situation the captain desired the passengers to prepare for death, as the ship could not hold out a quarter of an hour longer; but at the same time encouraged those who were skilled in swimming to save themselves as well as they could.

Thomas, who, as we have already observed, had married for love, now showed the whole extent of his passion. Clasping his lovely bride in his arms, he cried out that he disdained to live without her; that as they had lived with the utmost passion, so he was resolved to die with it; and no entreaties could prevail upon him to attempt saving his life, though even his wife joined in the request.

It was very different between the prudent James and his spouse. "My

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dear," said he, "I would live with you if I could; but my death can give you no satisfaction, and, as it is impossible for me to save you, I must endeavor to save myself." So saying, he plunged into the sea, and had the good fortune to swim on shore.

The danger, however, was not so great as the captain had represented it. The ship held together longer than had been expected, and a calm immediately succeeding, the whole crew were safely landed, and the joyful couple who had discovered such tenderness had now an opportunity of reflecting upon the greatness of each other's love.

I wish the story had ended here; but truth demands the rest should be related. For a week or two the enamoured couple enjoyed happiness without allay; but soon, as they expected too much from each other, both began to retrench their mutual liberty. First, slight jealousies, proceeding from too much love, brought on complaints, complaints produced coolness, and this was carried at last into sullen silence. From thence it proceeded to recrimination: soon the quarrel was made up. The same circumstances, however, again were repeated, and again produced the same effects: continual recrimination at last brought on studied constraint, and this settled at last in downright hatred. In short, they parted, heartily tired of each other; while the contented James and his wife rubbed through life with much content, and now and then some sparring; entertained their friends comfortably enough; and provided very prettily for a numerous family, which for many years continued increasing.

## ESSAY VII.[1]

### A DREAM.

*Visit to Elysium.—Mansions of Poetry and Taste.*

THE follies of mankind are an unexhausted fund which can ever supply a writer with materials. They may be said to be even sterile from their fertility; and an embarrassment in the choice has the same effects with an absence of invention.

Possessed with the truth of such a maxim, I retired to rest in order to dissipate the chagrin which such reflections naturally produce; but a dream brought the whole train of thought more strongly to my imagination, and by a regular succession of images exhibited the dead for the instruction of the living.

I fancied myself in the Elysian Fields, and ran over in a short time a variety of mansions, in which souls habituated in life to virtue had prepared themselves thus for a happy immortality. I shall abridge the account of what I saw which did not deserve particular attention, and shall only remark what particularly struck me in those charming retreats where

[1] From the *British Magazine* for July, 1760, p. 421.

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kings repose from those labors which in life they endured from a love of their people and a passion for true glory.

Scarce did I meet there with any of those great men who owe their immortality to flattery and unjustly imputed merit. Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, Alexander, Cæsar, Anthony, were names entirely unknown in these happy mansions. Minos, the judge, had wisely considered that men whose whole happiness in life consisted in troubling the repose of others would be incapable of enjoying eternal repose themselves in those happy retreats, where a great part of the pleasure consisted in tranquillity. The infernal judges, therefore, granted those regions only to princes, many of whom were entirely unknown to the rest of mankind, who, by a life of innocence and peace, had prepared themselves for eternal repose below.

Such, instead of endeavoring to extend the bounds of their dominion, only endeavored to dispel those storms which threatened their country; being rather better pleased with softening the vanity of conquerors by a few trifling submissions than of raising their resentment by a resistance often vain, always pernicious, even though such resistance should happen to be crowned with success.

Not to those, the true fathers of their people, are we indebted for those new systems of government and those refined laws which vainglory has introduced into states with so little necessity; on the contrary, fond of a rational simplicity, they only cultivated the dictates of truth, observed such laws as experience gave a sanction to, and made their own example the first servant to every institution. In a word, men whose modesty was equal to their other virtues, and who gave up glory to others, content with the pleasing consciousness of having deserved it.

From this most beautiful of all retreats there lies an immense journey to the mansions of Poetry and Taste; yet, by that facility of travelling which is natural to a person who dreams, I soon perceived myself among them. I here found a wide difference between the manner of the poet's treatment below and above. Those who, while in life, had no other lodging than a garret were here fitted with very genteel apartments; and those who once were the servants of the great were now attended by some of the deceased nobility, who served them as footmen, valets de chambre, and flatterers. Their city was divided into several compartments, adapted to their peculiar tastes or dispositions; while at stated intervals they all met together in order to settle disputes and weigh their reputations, as several had been found to receive a large share of fame immediately after their decease, which, in a succession of ages, evaporated quite away.

Orpheus was the first poet who caught my attention, who sat weeping by the side of a stream that seemed to murmur back his complaints. His lyre was responsive to his sorrow, and drew round him numbers of enchanted hearers. I own that I was not a little surprised at his complaint, as I saw the beautiful Eurydice, for whom he died, sitting beside him. "Alas!" cried I to a ghost that stood near me, "what can now induce him thus to weep, as he has found the lovely object of all his concern?" —"Fool," replied the spirit, who was wiser than I, "he weeps now because he has found her; for it seems in less than a twelvemonth's acquaintance

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she became a shrew, and he now feels the same desire to part with her that he had once to find her."

Pindar was next attempting to climb all the sign-posts. Sometimes he would sit astride and call the mob from below to look on; at other times, when he had just reached the top, he would fall headlong down; nor yet seemed very much hurt by the fall, but, like the celebrated Anteus, appeared to gain fresh vigor to rise.

Horace stood gazing among the crowd at this literary rope-dancer, and at intervals would burst out into fits of applause; would, with a great degree of good sense, assure his friends that Pindar fell merely through design, and engaged a large party in his favor. From admiration he soon began to strive at imitation, and began to climb; but when he had got half-way up the post, his strength and spirits failed him: there he stuck, and could get neither up nor down. He looked most pitifully round on the crowd that was laughing below, and begged that some one would lend him a shoulder; when a meagre tall figure, whom I knew to be Scaliger, appearing, took the little man in his arms, and brought him off unhurt before the faces of all the spectators.

As I was pleasing myself with this escape, and following the critic, who was carrying him to a place of safety, I happened to meet Anacreon, who was now turned politician and settling the balance of hell. I was surprised to find him so very much altered from what he had been on earth. "Where," cries I, "O Teian, are those agreeable sallies of the heart where the soul, without any aid from the imagination, spoke its most inward feelings, ever tender, ever new?"—"Friend," replied the bard, with a frown, "what can I do in a place where I am refused both women and wine? When I came hither I found myself quite at a loss for employment; and, as I knew nothing, I became a politician, for that is a trade that everybody knows."

He had scarce finished when I heard before me a loud uproar of applause and invective, and, turning round, I perceived an old man supported on his stick, and yet seemingly held up by two commentators on each side, who served to direct him along, and, at the same time, continued to assure the populace who were gathered round that he was by no means so blind as he seemed, but that he frequently saw with the utmost perspicuity. As he walked along, however, at every four paces he seemed to have an inclination to sleep, and his attitude in this respect was so natural that the spectators seemed almost to sympathize; but, drowsy as they were, they still continued to cry out, "The divine old man! the incomparable poet! the marvellous genius! the admirable philosopher! the sublime orator!" in short, there was scarcely a title of praise that was not lavished on the immortal Homer.

It would have excited pity to see how much the old bard, who, in the main, was a man of good sense, seemed ashamed of so much unmerited praise. In vain he attempted to steal away from the crowd that was gathered round him. The commentators were a set of attendants not easily shook off; they even made him frequently blush with their fulsome adulations. Like Sosia in the comedy, he frequently felt himself all over in

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order to know whether he was himself or no; and he could hardly be brought to conceive how his journey to hell could make such a prodigious change in his reputation; and, to confess a truth, he was right. While he was alive, his whole fame consisted in being a good ballad-singer, and he considered his poems only as a trade taken up for want of a better, by which he scarcely found a subsistence. It was a matter of wonder that those very men who formerly denied Homer a little corner in some obscure hospital in order to rest his muse, fatigued with her vagrant life, now offered him divine honors. He, however, behaved with as much modesty as possible for a man in his circumstances. I could not avoid asking him, why there ran such a similarity through all the books of his "Iliad," which must certainly fatigue every reader but those who are determined to admire. To which he very candidly replied, "Ask these gentlemen who support me; they will probably give you good reasons for what I have done, for, faith, I am incapable of giving any myself."

Upon applying to the commentators for a solution of my doubts, they heard me with the utmost contempt and indignation, and, instead of argument, began to proceed to invective. Happily for me, they were but shades, otherwise I might have expected a much more injurious treatment; and I should certainly have fallen beneath the hands of this company of men, who gloried in the title of Modernicides. Eustathius, however, made up to me with looks of vehement indignation; and, lifting up his nervous arm, would have made me feel the force of his resentment had I not been happily saved from the blow by waking from my dream.

## ESSAY VIII.[1]

### HISTORY OF MISS STANTON.[2]

I AM apt to fancy you are frequently imposed upon by your correspondents with fictitious stories of distress. Such, indeed, may have real merit in the design, as they promote that tenderness and benevolent love to each other by example which didactic writers vainly attempt by maxim or reproof; but, as they happen to want the sanction of truth, so are they frequently unnatural, and often betray that art which it should be every writer's endeavor to conceal.

If the following story is found to have any real merit, it must be wholly ascribed to that sincerity which guides the pen. I am unused to correspond with magazines; nor should now have walked from obscurity if not convinced that a true, though artless, tale would be useful, and sensible that I could not give it a better conveyance to the public than by diffusing it by means of your magazine.

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[1] From the *British Magazine* for July, 1760, p. 425.

[2] In this brief and abrupt narrative, to which Mr. Prior has the merit of first calling attention, we find something like the rude germ of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

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Within ten miles of H., a town in the north of England, Mr. Stanton, a clergyman with a small fortune, had long resided; and, by a continued perseverance in benevolence and his duty, was esteemed by the rich and beloved by the poor. He entertained the little circle of his friends with the produce of his glebe; the repast was frugal, but amply recompensed by the cheerfulness of the entertainer. He every evening sat by the way-side to welcome the passing stranger, where he was brought in for the night, and welcomed to a cup of cheerful ale and a glimmering fire. The parson inquired the news of the day, was solicitous to know how the world went, and, as the stranger told some new story, the entertainer would give some parallel instance from antiquity, or some occurrence of his youth. In this manner he had lived for twenty years, bound by every endearment to his parishioners, but particularly attached to one only daughter, the staff of his old age, the pride of the parish, praised by all for her understanding and beauty, and, what is more extraordinary, perfectly deserving all that praise.

As men increase in years, those attachments which are divided on a multiplicity of objects gradually centre in one; the young have many objects of affection, the aged generally but one. This was the case of Mr. Stanton. Every year his love to his dear Fanny increased; in her he saw all her mother's beauty; her appearance every moment reminded him of his former happiness, and in her he expected to protract his now declining life. Thoroughly to feel his tenderness for his child, we must be parents ourselves. He undertook to educate her himself, taught his lovely scholar all he knew, and found her sometimes even surpass her master. He expected her every morning to take his lessons in morality, pointed out her studies for the day; and as to music and dancing, those he had her instructed in by the best masters the country could afford. Though such an education generally forms a female pedant, yet Fanny was found to steer between those happy extremes of a thoughtless giggler and a formal reasoner; could heighten the hours of pleasure with gayety and spirit, and improve every serious interval with good sense of her own, and a happy condescension for those qualities in others.

In this manner she and her father continued to improve each other's happiness; and as she grew up, she took the care of the family under her direction. A life of such tranquillity and undisturbed repose seemed a foretaste of that to come; when a gentleman, whom I may be permitted to call Dawson, happened to travel that way. A travelling rake seldom goes to church, except with a design of seeing the ladies of the country, and this induced the gentleman I refer to to enter that of Mr. Stanton. Among the various objects that offered, none appeared half so lovely as the poor clergyman's daughter; she seemed, indeed, to surpass anything he had ever seen before.

Mr. Dawson was thirty-six years of age, tolerably well made, and with such a face as is not much impaired by arriving at the middle period of life. But what he wanted in personal beauty he made up in a perfect knowledge of the world: he had travelled through Europe, and been improved in sentiment and address. He knew perfectly all the windings of the human heart; had kept the very best company; and consequently ap-

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peared no way superior to those whose good opinions he endeavored to conciliate.

This was only one side of his character; the reverse was marked with dissimulation, a passionate admiration, and yet, what only seems an inconsistence, at the same time a perfect contempt for the beautiful sex. He had fortune to second this insidious way of thinking, and perseverance to carry all his schemes into execution. If the passion he felt at church upon seeing the innocent subject of my story can be called love, he loved with the utmost ardor; he had been long unacquainted with any obstacles to his illicit desires, and therefore expected none now.

Dressing himself, therefore, in the habit of a scholar, with a stick in his hand, he, the evening following, walked with seeming fatigue before Mr. Stanton's door, where he expected to find him and his daughter sitting. As he expected, it happened: the old man, perceiving a stranger dressed in black, with a gray wig, passing wearily by his door, was touched at once with pity and curiosity, and instantly invited him in. To this the stranger testified some reluctance; but, the daughter joining in her father's intercessions, he was soon prevailed upon to come in, and refresh himself with a cup of home-brewed, which had been made under miss's own inspection. The wily traveller knew how to make the best of this invitation: he complaisantly left his wallet and his staff at the door; the earthen mug went round. Miss touched the cup, the stranger pledged the parson, the reserve of strangeness soon was dissipated; the story was told, and another was given in return. The poor old man found his guest infinitely amusing; desired to hear an account of his travels, of the dangers he had passed, the books he had written, and the countries he had seen. But miss was peculiarly charmed with his conversation: she had hitherto known only squires and neighboring parsons, men really ignorant, or without sufficient art to conceal the art they use. But the insidious Mr. Dawson had learned in courts the whole art of pleasing; and with the most apparent simplicity joined the most consummate address.

When night began to fall, he made some modest though reluctant efforts to withdraw; but the old man, whose bed was ever ready for a stranger, invited him once more to stay; and at the same time he read in the daughter's eyes how very agreeable would be a compliance with her father's request.

This was what he ardently wished for. To abridge the tediousness of the narrative: he thus passed several days in their company, until he at last found he had strongly fixed himself in the young lady's affections. He now thought it the most convenient way to add the blaze of fortune to the stroke he had already given; and, after a fortnight's stay, invited the clergyman and his daughter to his house, about forty miles distant from theirs. He soon got over all their objections to the journey; and one of the principal obstructions he immediately obviated by ordering his equipage to their door. As before they had been astonished at the wisdom, so now were they astonished at the grandeur, of their new companion. They accepted his proposal with pleasure, nor did the deluded Fanny even suppress some forebodings of ambition.

His address now at once indicated his effrontery and experience of the

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sex. Assiduous in all his actions, patient after a repulse, again attempting and again rejected, he at length succeeded in his villanous design, and found that happiness he by no means deserved to possess.

Not able to suppress his triumph at such a dearly earned favor, it was soon discovered as a secret to some of his friends, who soon delivered it as such to others; and the unhappy Miss Stanton's infamy was common before it reached the ears of her father.

Soon, however, the old man became acquainted with her folly and the disgrace of his unhappy family. Agonizing, despairing, half mad, what could he do? The child of his heart, the only object that stepped between him and the horrors of the approaching grave, was now contaminated forever. He was now declined in the vale of years; he had no relations to comfort or assist him; he was in a sacred employment that forbade revenge. He asked his daughter, with fury in his eye, if the report was true? She at first denied, but soon confessed her shame. "Fanny, my child, my child," said the old man, melting into tears, "why was this, thou dear, lost, deluded excellence? why have you undone yourself and me? Had you no pity for this head that has grown gray in thy instruction? But he shall pay for it—though my God, my country, my conscience, forbid revenge, yet he shall pay for it."

The betrayer now thought he had nothing to fear; he went on boldly triumphing in his baseness, and a fortnight passed away, when he was told one evening that a gentleman desired to speak to him. Upon coming to the place appointed, he found the poor old man, with his eyes bathed in tears, who, falling at his feet, entreated him to wipe away the infamy that was fallen upon his family; but Dawson, insensible to his entreaties, desired him to have done. "Well, then," cried old Stanton, "if you refuse me satisfaction as a man of justice, I demand it as a man of honor." Thus saying, he drew out two pistols from his bosom, and presented one. They retired at proper distances; and the old man, upon the discharge of the other's pistol, fell forward to the ground. By this time the whole family were alarmed, and came running to the place of action. Fanny was among the number; and was the first to see her guardian, instructor—her only friend—fallen in defence of her honor. In an agony of distress, she fell lifeless upon the body stretched before her; but, soon recovering into an existence worse than annihilation, she expostulated with the body, and demanded a reason for his thus destroying all her happiness and his own.

Though Mr. Dawson was before untouched with the infamy he had brought upon virtuous innocence, yet he had not a heart of stone; and, bursting into anguish, flew to the lovely mourner, and offered that moment to repair his foul offences by matrimony. The old man, who had only pretended to be dead, now rising up, claimed the performance of his promise; and the other had too much honor to refuse. They were immediately conducted to church, where they were married, and now live exemplary instances of conjugal love and felicity.

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# ESSAY IX.[1]

## REFLECTIONS ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world.

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant, who, endeavoring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of the several nations with great care and accuracy; that perhaps a more impartial

[1] From the *British Magazine* for August, 1760, p. 460.



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judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labor and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English, who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous, too apt to be elated with prosperity and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which, in their hearts, they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honor to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least, if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world. How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole humankind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is that they infect the minds and influence the conduct even of our gentlemen—of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman, for, let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from the national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit who have little or no merit of their own to depend on, than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer that this is a gross

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fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off without doing any harm to the parent stock; nay, perhaps till once they are lopped off this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigor.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is: and if it were not (but what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?)—but if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher—namely, a citizen of the world—to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

## ESSAY X.[1]

### TO THE AUTHORS OF THE "BRITISH MAGAZINE."

GENTLEMEN,—I was much affected with the philosophical resignation of the honest soldier who made his appearance in your number for June,[2] and his story made the deeper impression upon my mind, as his disposition forms a striking contrast with my own. I was the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother; so that the only provision I enjoyed was a tolerable education and a lieutenant's commission in the army. During the late war I obtained a company by dint of service, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practice economy in an inferior station, and was so much master of my accounts that I could live independently even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain.

My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental home to which I could retire; therefore I set up my rest in a country town where I had been formerly quartered with the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced and played at cards with their wives and

[1] From the *British Magazine* for August, 1760, p. 478.

[2] The "Distresses of a Common Soldier" in the *British Magazine* for June, 1760, p. 369, now Letter CXIX. of "The Citizen of the World," and Essay XXIV. of Collected Essays (see Vol. V. p. 262).

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daughters. Delightful excursions and amusing parties of pleasure were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care; I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humored fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination and without the consent of her father, who possessed a very large fortune, and resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation that he never would admit her into his presence—nor even, at his death, forgive her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less, as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my half-pay, was sufficient to answer all our occasions.

We found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed unspeakable pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation; and there our time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure, transparent water. Although Heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favored with every other substantial blessing; and every circumstance of rural economy proved a source of health and satisfaction.

The labors of the field, the little domestic cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers will conceive, except those who are enamoured of a country life. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghosts of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived, in a state of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine. My nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox, and, a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate; so that we found ourselves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that element for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

In the first flutter and agitation of mind occasioned by this unhoped-for accession, we quitted our romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high life. Thus irresistibly sucked within the vortex of dissipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diversion: we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed forever

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on a sea of absurd amusements, by such loud storms of riot and tumult as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamor; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of Gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals that we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the temple of uproar; card-tables were the shrines; and the votaries seemed agitated by the demons of envy, spite, rage, vexation, and despair. In a word, all was farce and form; all was a phantasma, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

These pleasures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have lost their effect: we have waked from the intoxication to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigor both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *ennui;* a distemper for which there is no name in the English language;[1] a distemper which may be understood from the following lines of the poet:[2]

> "Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
> Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
> And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
> The Pains and Penalties of Idleness."

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves, that I labor under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses which render life almost insupportable. I sleep without refreshment; I am fatigued without labor. I am scarcely risen when I wish the day was done; and when night comes, I long for morning. I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile and the Orphan without emotion. I endeavor to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of

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[1] "Ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language: we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate."
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

[2] Pope, "Dunciad," bk. iv. "The name," says Pope, "is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering courtly squire* that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris."

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dissipation, but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbor wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition; and incidents that would move the mirth of other men are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servants to horsewhip a cobbler who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work opposite to my chamber window; and if I had then met with your maimed soldier, in all probability I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

Gentlemen, if you have any recipe for the cure of my disorder, it will be charity to publish it for the benefit of many thousands that labor under the same malady which now afflicts your humble servant, PICROMACHUS.

NOTE.

The distemper of our correspondent is endemial among the great, and may be termed a scurvy of the spirits. Exercise is as necessary to the mind as to the body, and mental exercise consists in study and reflection; this being long disused, the powers of reason lose their tone; and a relaxation of the nerves from idleness and surfeit, co-operating with this languor, the whole machine is, as it were, unstrung; all the faculties being thus untwisted and out of tune, the mind jars on every string, and nothing can be produced but discord and disquiet. If Picromachus and his lady are really determined, if possible, to obtain a radical cure, and retrieve their good-humor, let them make over to the next heirs the great estates which devolved to them so unexpectedly, and return to the farm with the same necessities which their own industry had before so happily supplied. Should this be an effort of self-denial beyond the pitch of their resolution, we would advise them to renounce their fashionable connections and endeavor to contract friendships with a few rational creatures; to dismiss their superfluous servants, including the French cook, and every gaudy appurtenance of ostentation; to retire from London, and engage in the avocations of husbandry; to use the cold bath every morning, ride twenty miles every day before dinner, eat moderately of plain English food, go to bed by eleven, rise before eight, and fast one day in the week, until their appetites are perfectly restored.

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# ESSAY XI.[1]

## ON THE APPROACHING CORONATION.[2]

THAT a time of war is a time of parsimony is a maxim which patriots and senators have had often in their mouths, and which I do not remember ever to have been denied. I know not whether by the acute inquiries of the present age this opinion has been discovered to be groundless, and is therefore thrown aside among obsolete follies, or whether it happened on this, as on other occasions, that conviction is on one side and practice on the other; but so it is that the war, whatever it has taken from the wealth, has added nothing to our frugality. Every place of splendid pleasure is filled with assemblies, every sale of expensive superfluities is crowded with buyers; and war has no other effect than that of enabling us to show that we can be at once military and luxurious, and pay soldiers and fiddlers at the same time.

Among other changes which time has effected, a new species of profusion has been produced. We are now, with an emulation never known before, outbidding one another for a sight of the coronation; the annual rent of palaces is offered for a single room for a single day.[3]

I am far from desiring to repress curiosity, to which we owe so great a part of our intellectual pleasures; nor am I hardy enough to oppose the general practice of mankind so much as to think all pomp or magnificence useless or ridiculous. But all passions have their limits, which they cannot exceed without putting our happiness in danger; and although a fine show be a fine thing, yet, like other fine things, it may be purchased too dear. All pleasures are valuable in proportion to their greatness and duration: that the pleasure of a show is not of any longer continuance all know who are now striving for places; for if a show was long, it would not be rare. This is not the worst: the pleasure, while it lasts, will be less than is expected. No human performance can rise up to human ideas. Grandeur is less grand, and finery less fine, than it is painted by the fancy; and such is the difference between hope and possession that, to a great part of the spectators, the show will cease as soon as it appears.

Let me yet not deceive my readers to their disadvantage, or represent the

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[1] From the *British Magazine* for December, 1760, p. 703.

[2] That of George III. on the 22d September, 1761. See Letter CV. of "The Citizen of the World" (Vol. IV. p. 203) and Essays XXV. and XXVI.

[3] The front seats in the galleries of Westminster Abbey were let at ten guineas each, and those in commodious houses along the procession at no less prices. The prices in the ordinary houses were from five guineas to one guinea.— *Annual Register* for 1761, p. 218. We are to remember that thirty-three years had elapsed since the previous coronation.

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little pleasures of life as less than they are. Those who come to see come likewise to be seen, and will, for many hours before the procession, enjoy the eyes of innumerable gazers. Nor will this be the last or the longest gratification: those who have seen the coronation will have whole years of triumph over those who saw it not. They will have an opportunity of amusing their humble friends and rustic acquaintances with narratives, often heard with envy, and often with wonder; and when they hear the youth of the next generation boasting the splendor of any future procession, they will talk with contemptuous superiority of the coronation of George the Third.

## ESSAY XII.[1]

### ON NATIONAL CONCORD.[2]

As you seem by your writings to have a just regard and filial affection for your country, and as your monthly lucubrations are widely diffused over all the dominions of Great Britain, I take the liberty to communicate to the public, through your channel, a few loose thoughts upon a subject which, though often handled, has not yet, in my opinion, been fully discussed: I mean national concord, or unanimity, which, in this kingdom, has been generally considered as a bare possibility that existed nowhere but in speculation. Such an union is, perhaps, neither to be expected nor wished for, in a country whose liberty depends rather upon the genius of the people than upon any precautions which they have taken in a constitutional way, for the guard and preservation of this inestimable blessing.

There is a very honest gentleman with whom I have been acquainted these thirty years, during which there has not been one speech uttered against the ministry in Parliament, nor a struggle at an election for a burgess to serve in the House of Commons, nor a pamphlet published in opposition to any measure of the administration, nor even a private censure passed in his hearing upon the misconduct of any person concerned in public affairs, but he is immediately alarmed, and loudly exclaims against such factious doings, in order to set the people by the ears together at such a delicate conjuncture. "At any other time," says he, "such opposition might not be improper, and I do not question the facts that are alleged; but at this crisis, sir, to inflame the nation!—the man deserves to be punished as a traitor to his country." In a word, according to this gentleman's opinion, the nation has been in a violent crisis at any time these thirty years; and were it possible for him to live another century, he would never find any period at which a man might with safety impugn the infallibility of a minister.

The case is no more than this: my honest friend has invested his whole fortune in the stocks, on government security, and trembles at every whiff of popular discontent. Were every British subject of the same tame and

[1] From the *British Magazine*. [2] Written in December, 1760.

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timid disposition, Magna Charta (to use the coarse phrase of Oliver Cromwell) would be no more regarded by an ambitious prince than magna f—ta, and the liberties of England expire without a groan. Opposition, when restrained within due bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission. It may be said to purify the atmosphere of politics; to dispel the gross vapors raised by the influence of ministerial artifice and corruption, until the constitution, like a mighty rock, stands full disclosed to the view of every individual who dwells within the shade of its protection. Even when this gale blows with augmented violence, it generally tends to the advantage of the commonwealth; it awakes the apprehension, and consequently arouses all the faculties, of the pilot at the helm, who redoubles his vigilance and caution, exerts his utmost skill, and becoming acquainted with the nature of the navigation, in a little time learns to suit his canvas to the roughness of the sea and the trim of the vessel. Without these intervening storms of opposition to exercise his faculties, he would become enervate, negligent, and presumptuous; and, in the wantonness of his power, trusting to some deceitful calm, perhaps hazard a step that would wreck the constitution. Yet there is a measure in all things; a moderate frost will fertilize the glebe with nitrous particles, and destroy the eggs of pernicious insects that prey upon the fancy of the year: but if this frost increases in severity and duration, it will chill the seeds, and even freeze up the roots of vegetables; it will check the bloom, nip the buds, and blast all the promise of the spring. The vernal breeze that drives the frogs before it, that brushes the cobwebs from the boughs, that fans the air and fosters vegetation, if augmented to a tempest, will strip the leaves, overthrow the tree, and desolate the garden. The auspicious gale before which the trim vessel ploughs the bosom of the sea, while the mariners are kept alert in duty and in spirits, if converted to a hurricane, overwhelms the crew with terror and confusion. The sails are rent, the cordage cracked, the masts give way; the master eyes the havoc with mute despair, and the vessel founders in the storm. Opposition, when confined within its proper channel, sweeps away those beds of soil and banks of sand which corruptive power had gathered; but when it overflows its banks and deluges the plain, its course is marked by ruin and devastation.

The opposition necessary in a free state like that of Great Britain is not at all incompatible with that national concord which ought to unite the people on all emergencies in which the general safety is at stake. It is the jealousy of patriotism, not the rancor of party; the warmth of candor, not the virulence of hate; a transient dispute among friends, not an implacable feud that admits of no reconciliation. The history of all ages teems with the fatal effects of internal discord; and were history and tradition annihilated, common-sense would plainly point out the mischiefs that must arise from want of harmony and national union. Every schoolboy can have recourse to the fable of the rods, which, when united in a bundle, no strength could bend; but, when separated into single twigs, a child could break with ease.

There are certain constitutional periods at which this national union

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ought to appear in full force, particularly at such a delicate conjuncture, when a young prince, whose amiable character hath kindled the most agreeable hope in the breasts of the people, ascends the throne of his ancestors, and succeeds at once to the management of a sceptre, which he has not been gradually accustomed to wield. The crown devolves upon him with such additional weight as requires the full exertion of royalty to bear; and perhaps he inherits a scheme of politics which, even though he should disapprove of the system, he cannot suddenly renounce with any respect to the faith of treaties, with any regard to the honor of the nation. The work of reformation cannot be finished in a day, nor even begun before the preparative steps have been taken, unless he risks the authority of the crown or the security of the commonwealth. Even an alteration of measures must be gradually introduced, in order to avoid the violent shocks of state convulsions. A sudden change of system might be as dangerous to the community as an attempt to stop the course of a vessel under the impulse of a leading gale with all her canvas out and her motion greatly accelerated. In this situation, to turn her head to the wind, and throw all her sails aback of a sudden, would be a desperate step that might send her to the bottom in the twinkling of an eye.

But if national union be necessary at all constitutional periods for the preservation of our liberties, it more especially becomes our duty towards our sovereign at the accession of a prince whose conduct hath been hitherto without reproach, whose character seems to promise the most scrupulous attention to the interests and happiness of his people. Let us not be so unreasonable as to entertain doubts where there are not the least grounds for suspicion, and deny our sovereign the justice which the law allows to the meanest subject—the justice of being deemed innocent until some presumption of the contrary shall appear. Let us discard every suggestion of that fatal jealousy which tends only to the poisoning of our own peace; that domestic fiend which delights in raising unreasonable clamor, in exciting the rage of civil dissension, impeding the wheels of government, and giving every handle of advantage to the external and internal enemies of Great Britain.

## ESSAY XIII.[1]

### FEMALE WARRIORS.[2]

I HAVE spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labors have met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavors for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance.[3] And

[1] From the *British Magazine.* [2] Written in January, 1762.
[3] Compare Letter CX. of "The Citizen of the World" (Vol. IV. p. 222.)

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here my conscience urges me to confess that the hint upon which the following proposals are built was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez, in which he gives the public to understand that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen; but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the plantations, from whence they never return, those that die at sea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the consumption of the present war by sea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear that it may be defended by young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture, when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and, indeed, in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great potentates of Europe.

But before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex, rendering them incapable of the toils and insuperably averse to the horrors of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Libyan Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighboring Indians in awe; but we need not go further than our own age and country to prove that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important "History of the Pirates" is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honor to drink with Anne

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Cassier, *alias* Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all Queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex will not be denied by those who have seen the waterwomen of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fishwomen of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragoes who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighborhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury, until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs; and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a bystander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin bastards, begot by her second, who was an Irish chairman. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop and beat and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose that as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket, and trousers that descended no farther than the knee; the right breast was destroyed, that it might not impede them in bending the bow or darting the javelin; but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musket without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gayety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin and

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*Kitty Fisher*

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open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the encumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion that Mrs. Kitty Fisher[1] shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

## ESSAY XIV.[2]

### INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE BELLES-LETTRES.

Amidst the frivolous pursuits and pernicious dissipations of the present age, a respect for the qualities of the understanding still prevails to such a degree that almost every individual pretends to have a taste for the belles-lettres. The spruce prentice sets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himself upon being a connoisseur. Without assigning causes for this universal presumption, we shall proceed to observe that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of exposing the pretender to the ridicule of those few who can sift his pretensions, it might be unnecessary to undeceive the public, or to endeavor at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of taste can be acquired without the least assistance of literature, by reading modern poems and seeing modern plays, what person will deny himself the pleasure of such an easy qualification? Hence the youth of both sexes are debauched to diversion, and seduced from much more profitable occupations into idle

[1] A celebrated courtesan, whose lovely features have been preserved to us by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She sat to him for Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, and is said to have spent twelve thousand pounds in nine months.

[2] This and the following six essays are from the *British Magazine* for the years 1761, 1762, and 1763. I must repeat my belief (from a renewed perusal) that they are not by Goldsmith.

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endeavors after literary fame; and a superficial false taste, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes possession of the public. The acquisition of learning, the study of nature, is neglected as superfluous labor; and the best faculties of the mind remain unexercised, and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. False taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?

It has often been alleged that taste is a natural talent, as independent of art as strong eyes or a delicate sense of smelling; and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in the composition of taste is a natural sensibility, without which it cannot exist. But it differs from the senses in this particular, that they are finished by nature, whereas taste cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation; for taste pretends to judge not only of nature, but also of art; and that judgment is founded upon observation and comparison. What Horace has said of genius is still more applicable to taste:

"Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè."—*Ars Poet.*

"'Tis long disputed whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame;
But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succor in each other find."—FRANCIS.

We have seen genius shine without the help of art; but taste must be cultivated by art before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still inculcate with Quintilian, that study, precept, and observation will nought avail without the assistance of nature: "Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepta atque artes valere, nisi adjuvante naturâ."

Yet even though nature has done her part by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken and great skill exerted in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious tutor must gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the youth committed to his charge. He must cherish his delicate perception; store his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of observation; teach him to compare objects; to establish the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; to distinguish beauty from tinsel, and grace from affectation; in a word, to strengthen and improve, by culture, experience, and instruction, those natural powers of feeling and sagacity which constitute the faculty called taste, and enable the professor to enjoy the delights of the belles-lettres.

We cannot agree in opinion with those who imagine that nature has been equally favorable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths edu-

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cated under the same preceptor, instructed with the same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate, the lessons of his master, by dint of natural discernment, while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such, indeed, is the distinction between genius and stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction.

Besides, in the education of youth, we ought to remember that some capacities are like the *pyra præcocia;* they soon blow, and soon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuses of slow growth, that are late in bursting the bud and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-concocted juice and exquisite flavor. We have known a boy of five years of age surprise everybody by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the acme; yet after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated Dean Swift was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the university but *ex speciali gratiâ:*[1] yet when his powers began to unfold, he signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study and instruction, the tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil be absolutely barren, or sown with seed

[1] When the time came for taking his degree as bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ.* And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.—SWIFT'S *Account of Himself* (Scott's "Misc. Prose Works," ii. 462).

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repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received; taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called learning and philosophy; but he must have also sensibility before he feels those emotions with which taste receives the impressions of beauty.

Natural taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example. There is a dangerous tinsel in false taste by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity in this acceptation has a larger signification than either the *ἁπλόον* of the Greeks, or the *simplex* of the Latins; for it implies beauty. It is the *ἁπλόον καὶ ἡδύν* of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word—*naïveté*—in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medici; in architecture, the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting, among the ancients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

Anaxagoras the philosopher, and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and after a short pause, consoled himself with the reflection couched in three words, *ἤδειν θνητοὺς γεγεννηκώς*—"I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of "Macbeth." The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever were uttered: "He has no children!" This is the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds lose their native force and flavor. The imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid bloom. The genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on every side, and bearing delicious fruit, resembles a stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through a prism that presents nothing but a variety of colors to the eye; or a maid, pining in the

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green-sickness, prefer a biscuit to a cinder. It has been often alleged that the passions can never be wholly deposited; and that by appealing to these a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers: but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay, sometimes totally extinguished, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at the theatre is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! This seeming insensibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature has stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been displaced and distracted by the violence of pride; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted or overstrained as to produce the most jarring discords.

If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A person must have delicate feelings that can taste the celebrated repartee in Terence: "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*"—"I am a man: therefore think I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity." A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter—eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance.

Those ears that are offended by the notes of the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale will be regaled and ravished by the squeaking fiddle, touched by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, and the alarming knock by which the doors of fashionable people are so loudly distinguished. The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loathe the fragrance of new-mown hay, the sweetbrier, the honeysuckle, and the rose. The organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal bled into a palsy, crammed fowls, and dropsical brawn, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pineapples without flavor, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welsh beef, Banstead mutton,[1] and barn-door fowls, whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise. In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the im-

[1] "'Tis true no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."
POPE, *Satire II.* of bk. ii.



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agination disordered, and the judgment, of consequence, unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderness of Otway. The soul sinks into a kind of sleepy idiotism, and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten and dance before the eye; and, like an infant, is kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle. It must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue; a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of genius.

In this state of depravity, the mind cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation—nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty are despised, detested, scorned and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition. Thus we see how moral and natural beauty are connected; and of what importance it is, even to the formation of taste, that the manners should be severely superintended. This is a task which ought to take the lead of science; for we will venture to say that virtue is the foundation of taste; or, rather, that virtue and taste are built upon the same foundation of sensibility, and cannot be disjoined without offering violence to both. But virtue must be informed, and taste instructed; otherwise they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual:

"Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profectò
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique."—HORACE.

"The critic who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war;
He can distinguish, with unerring art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part."—FRANCIS.

Thus we see taste is composed of nature improved by art; of feeling tutored by instruction.

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# ESSAY XV.[1]

## ON THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

HAVING explained what we conceive to be true taste, and in some measure accounted for the prevalence of vitiated taste, we shall proceed to point out the most effectual manner in which a natural capacity may be improved into a delicacy of judgment and an intimate acquaintance with the belles-lettres. We shall take it for granted that proper means have been used to form the manners and attach the mind to virtue. The heart, cultivated by precept and warmed by example, improves in sensibility, which is the foundation of taste. By distinguishing the influence and scope of morality and cherishing the ideas of benevolence, it acquires a habit of sympathy, which tenderly feels responsive, like the vibration of unisons, to every touch of moral beauty. Hence it is that a man of a social heart, entendered by the practice of virtue, is awakened to the most pathetic emotions by every uncommon instance of generosity, compassion, and greatness of soul. Is there any man so dead to sentiment, so lost to humanity, as to read unmoved the generous behavior of the Romans to the states of Greece as it is recounted by Livy, or embellished by Thomson in his poem of "Liberty?"[2] Speaking of Greece in the decline of her power, when her freedom no longer existed, he says:

"As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full assembled youth innumerous swarm'd,
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat;
A victor he, from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd:
In the high thoughtless gayety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd; the sudden trumpet sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald—'To the states of Greece
The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd
(Like one who, dreaming between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy), 'Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct and loud!'
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;

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[1] See Note p. 45.

[2] Part iii.

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And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
Awhile severe amazement held them mute,
Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks and vocal hills—
Like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims, till night,
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung."

To one acquainted with the genius of Greece, the character and disposition of that polished people, admired for science, renowned for an unextinguishable love of freedom, nothing can be more affecting than this instance of generous magnanimity of the Romish people, in restoring them unasked to the full fruition of those liberties which they had so unfortunately lost.

The mind of sensibility is equally struck by the generous confidence of Alexander, who drinks without hesitation the potion presented by his physician Philip, even after he had received intimation that poison was contained in the cup: a noble and pathetic scene, which hath acquired new dignity and expression under the inimitable pencil of a Le Sueur. Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution, they implored his clemency, declaring, in the sight of Heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and, giving them all the money that was in his purse, "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he; "had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your families in peace; and remember your duty to God and your allegiance to your sovereign." Innumerable examples of the same kind may be selected from history, both ancient and modern; the study of which we would therefore strenuously recommend.

Historical knowledge, indeed, becomes necessary on many other accounts, which in its place we will explain: but, as the formation of the heart is of the first consequence, and should precede the cultivation of the understanding, such striking instances of superior virtue ought to be culled for the perusal of the young pupil, who will read them with eagerness and revolve them with pleasure. Thus the young mind becomes enamoured of moral beauty, and the passions are listed on the side of humanity. Meanwhile, knowledge of a different species will go hand in hand with the advances of morality, and the understanding be gradually extended. Virtue and sentiment reciprocally assist each other, and both conduce to the improvement of perception. While the scholar's chief attention is employed

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in learning the Latin and Greek languages, and this is generally the task of childhood and early youth, it is even then the business of the preceptor to give his mind a turn for observation, to direct his powers of discernment, to point out the distinguishing marks of character, and dwell upon the charms of moral and intellectual beauty, as they may chance to occur in the classics that are used for his instruction.

In reading Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch's Lives, even with a view to grammatical improvement only, he will insensibly imbibe and learn to compare ideas of great importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotism, and acquire a detestation for vice, cruelty, and corruption. The perusal of the Roman story in the works of Florus, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus will irresistibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cherish his memory, exercise his judgment, and warm him with a noble spirit of emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the disinterested candor of Aristides, surnamed the Just, whom the guilty cabals of his rival Themistocles exiled from his ungrateful country by a sentence of ostracism. He will be surprised to learn that one of his fellow-citizens, an illiterate artisan, bribed by his enemies, chancing to meet him in the street without knowing his person, desired he would write Aristides on his shell (which was the method those plebeians used to vote against delinquents), when the innocent patriot wrote his own name without complaint or expostulation. He will with equal astonishment applaud the inflexible integrity of Fabricius, who preferred the poverty of innocence to all the pomp of affluence, with which Pyrrhus endeavored to seduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve with transport the noble generosity of his soul in rejecting the proposal of that prince's physician, who offered to take him off by poison; and in sending the caitiff bound to his sovereign, whom he would have so basely and cruelly betrayed.

In reading the ancient authors, even for the purposes of school education, the unformed taste will begin to relish the irresistible energy, greatness, and sublimity of Homer; the serene majesty, the melody, and pathos of Virgil; the tenderness of Sappho and Tibullus; the elegance and propriety of Terence; the grace, vivacity, satire, and sentiment of Horace.

Nothing will more conduce to the improvement of the scholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in taste and morality, than his being obliged to translate choice parts and passages of the most approved classics, both poetry and prose, especially the latter; such as the orations of Demosthenes and Isocrates, the treatise of Longinus on the Sublime, the Commentaries of Cæsar, the Epistles of Cicero and the younger Pliny, and the two celebrated speeches in the Catilinarian conspiracy by Sallust. By this practice, he will become more intimate with the beauties of the writing and the idioms of the language from which he translates; at the same time, it will form his style, and, by exercising his talent of expression, make him a more perfect master of his mother tongue. Cicero tells us that in translating two orations, which the most celebrated orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he performed this task, not as a servile interpreter, but as an orator, preserving the sentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expression to the taste and manners of the Ro-

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mans: "*In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi*" ("In which I did not think it was necessary to translate literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole"). Of the same opinion was Horace, who says, in his "Art of Poetry,"

> "Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres—"
>
> "Not word for word translate with painful care—"

Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we are apt to run into the other extreme, and substitute equivalent thoughts and phrases, till hardly any features of the original remain. The metaphors of figures, especially in poetry, ought to be as religiously preserved as the images of painting, which we cannot alter or exchange without destroying, or injuring at least, the character and style of the original.

In this manner the preceptor will sow the seeds of that taste which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit, by dint of future care and cultivation. In order to restrain the luxuriancy of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enlarge the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgment, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of science. He must learn geometry, which Plato recommends for strengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with precision. He must be made acquainted with geography and chronology, and trace philosophy through all her branches. Without geography and chronology, he will not be able to acquire a distinct idea of history; nor judge of the propriety of many interesting scenes, and a thousand allusions that present themselves in the works of genius. Nothing opens the mind so much as the researches of philosophy; they inspire us with sublime conceptions of the Creator, and subject, as it were, all nature to our command. These bestow that liberal turn of thinking, and in a great measure contribute to that universality in learning, by which a man of taste ought to be eminently distinguished. But history is the inexhaustible source from which he will derive his most useful knowledge respecting the progress of the human mind, the constitution of government, the rise and decline of empires, the revolution of arts, the variety of character, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

The knowledge of history enables the poet not only to paint characters, but also to describe magnificent and interesting scenes of battle and adventure. Not that the poet or painter ought to be restrained to the letter of historical truth. History represents what has really happened in nature; the other arts exhibit what might have happened, with such exaggeration of circumstance and feature as may be deemed an improvement on nature. But this exaggeration must not be carried beyond the bounds of probability; and these, generally speaking, the knowledge of history will ascertain. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find a man actually existing whose proportions should answer to those of the Greek statue distinguished by the name of the Apollo of Belvedere; or to produce a woman similar in proportion of parts to the other celebrated piece called

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the Venus de' Medici: therefore it may be truly affirmed that they are not conformable to the real standard of nature. Nevertheless, every artist will own that they are the very archetypes of grace, elegance, and symmetry; and every judging eye must behold them with admiration, as improvements on the lines and lineaments of nature. The truth is, the sculptor or statuary composed the various proportions in nature from a great number of different subjects, every individual of which he found imperfect or defective in some one particular, though beautiful in all the rest; and from these observations, corroborated by taste and judgment, he formed an ideal pattern, according to which his idea was modelled, and produced in execution.

Everybody knows the story of Zeuxis, the famous painter of Heraclea, who, according to Pliny, invented the *chiaro-oscuro*, or disposition of light and shade, among the ancients, and excelled all his contemporaries in the chromatique, or art of coloring. This great artist being employed to draw a perfect beauty in the character of Helen, to be placed in the Temple of Juno, culled out five of the most beautiful damsels the city could produce, and, selecting what was excellent in each, combined them in one picture according to the predisposition of his fancy, so that it shone forth an amazing model of perfection. In like manner, every man of genius, regulated by true taste, entertains in his imagination an ideal beauty, conceived and cultivated as an improvement upon nature; and this we refer to the article of invention.

It is the business of art to imitate nature, but not with a servile pencil; and to choose those attitudes and dispositions only which are beautiful and engaging. With this view, we must avoid all disagreeable prospects of nature which excite the ideas of abhorrence and disgust. For example, a painter would not find his account in exhibiting the resemblance of a dead carcass half consumed by vermin, or of swine wallowing in ordure, or of a beggar lousing himself on a dunghill, though these scenes should be painted never so naturally, and all the world must allow that the scenes were taken from nature; because the merit of the imitation would be greatly overbalanced by the vile choice of the artist. There are, nevertheless, many scenes of horror which please in the representation, from a certain interesting greatness, which we shall endeavor to explain when we come to consider the sublime.

Were we to judge every production by the rigorous rules of nature, we should reject the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Æneid" of Virgil, and every celebrated tragedy of antiquity and the present times, because there is no such thing in nature as a Hector or Turnus talking in hexameter, or an Othello in blank-verse; we should condemn the Hercules of Sophocles, and the Miser of Molière, because we never knew a hero so strong as the one, or a wretch so sordid as the other. But if we consider poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of heroism and patriot virtue, to regale the sense with the sounds of musical expression, while the fancy is ravaged with enchanting images and the heart warmed to rapture and ecstasy, we must allow that poetry is a perfection to which nature would gladly aspire; and that though it surpasses,

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it does not deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety and sustained by genius. Characters, therefore, both in poetry and painting may be a little overcharged or exaggerated without offering violence to nature; nay, they must be exaggerated in order to be striking and to preserve the idea of imitation, whence the reader and spectator derive in many instances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the street, we see him without emotion; but should we chance to spy his portrait well executed, we are struck with pleasing admiration. In this case the pleasure arises entirely from the imitation. We every day hear unmoved the natives of Ireland and Scotland speaking their own dialects; but should an Englishman mimic either, we are apt to burst out into a loud laugh of applause, being surprised and tickled by the imitation alone; though, at the same time, we cannot but allow that the imitation is imperfect. We are more affected by reading Shakespeare's description of Dover Cliff,[1] and Otway's picture of the Old Hag,[2] than we should be were we actually placed on the summit of the one, or met in reality with such a beldame as the other; because in reading these descriptions we refer to our own experience, and perceive with surprise the justness of the imitations. But if it is so close as to be mistaken for nature, the pleasure then will cease, because the *μίμησις*, or imitation, no longer appears.

Aristotle says that all poetry and music is imitation, whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre. He observes that in man there is a propensity to imitate even from his infancy; that the first perceptions of the mind are acquired by imitation; and seems to think that the pleasure derived from imitation is the gratification of an appetite implanted by nature. We should rather think the pleasure it gives arises from the mind's contemplating that excellency of art which thus rivals nature, and seems to vie with her in creating such a striking resemblance of her works. Thus the arts may be justly termed imitative, even in the article of invention; for in forming a character, contriving an incident, and describing a scene, he must still keep nature in view, and refer every particular of his invention to her standard, otherwise his production will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of imitation cannot subsist. It will be a monster of

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[1] "Lear," act iv. sc. 6.

[2] "Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathsome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,
Harbor'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
Sprawling nests of little cats;
All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
To make her spells succeed and good.
Still at her rivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er mankind she curst,
And with these foster brethren was our monster nurst."

OTWAY, *The Poet's Complaint.*

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incongruity, such as Horace alludes to, in the beginning of his Epistle to the Pisos:

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa supernè;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?"

"Suppose a painter to an human head
Should join an horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid,
Above the waist with every charm array'd;
Should a foul fish her lower parts infold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?"—FRANCIS.

The magazine of nature supplies all those images which compose the most beautiful imitations. This the artist examines occasionally, as he would consult a collection of masterly sketches; and, selecting particulars for his purpose, mingles the ideas with a kind of enthusiasm, or τὸ θεῖον, which is that gift of Heaven we call genius, and finally produces such a whole as commands admiration and applause.

## ESSAY XVI.[1]

### ON THE ORIGIN OF POETRY.

THE study of polite literature is generally supposed to include all the liberal arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, eloquence, and architecture. All these are founded on imitation; and all of them mutually assist and illustrate each other. But as painting, sculpture, music, and architecture cannot be perfectly attained without long practice of manual operation, we shall distinguish them from poetry and eloquence, which depend entirely on the faculties of the mind; and on these last, as on the arts which immediately constitute the belles-lettres, employ our attention in the present inquiry: or, if it should run to a greater length than we propose, it shall be confined to poetry alone—a subject that comprehends in its full extent the province of taste, or what is called polite literature, and differs essentially from eloquence, both in its end and origin.

Poetry sprang from ease, and was consecrated to pleasure; whereas eloquence arose from necessity, and aims at conviction. When we say poetry sprang from ease, perhaps we ought to except that species of it which owed its rise to inspiration and enthusiasm, and properly belonged to the

[1] See note, p. 45.

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culture of religion. In the first ages of mankind, and even in the original state of nature, the unlettered mind must have been struck with sublime conceptions, with admiration and awe, by those great phenomena which, though every day repeated, can never be viewed without internal emotion. Those would break forth in exclamations expressive of the passion produced, whether surprise or gratitude, terror or exultation. The rising, the apparent course, the setting, and seeming renovation of the sun; the revolution of light and darkness; the splendor, change, and circuit of the moon, and the canopy of heaven bespangled with stars, must have produced expressions of wonder and adoration. "O glorious luminary! great eye of the world! source of that light which guides my steps! of that heat which warms me when chilled with cold! of that influence which cheers the face of nature! whither dost thou retire every evening with the shades? Whence dost thou spring every morning with renovated lustre and never-fading glory? Art thou not the ruler, the creator, the god, of all that I behold? I adore thee, as thy child, thy slave, thy suppliant! I crave thy protection, and the continuance of thy goodness! Leave me not to perish with cold, or to wander solitary in utter darkness! Return, return, after thy wonted absence; drive before thee the gloomy clouds that would obscure the face of nature! The birds begin to warble, and every animal is filled with gladness at thy approach: even the trees, the herbs, and the flowers seem to rejoice with fresher beauties, and send forth a grateful incense to thy power, whence their origin is derived." A number of individuals, inspired with the same ideas, would join in these orisons, which would be accompanied with corresponding gesticulations of the body. They would be improved by practice, and grow regular from repetition. The sounds and gestures would naturally fall into measured cadence. Thus, the song and dance will be produced; and, a system of worship being formed, the Muse would be consecrated to the purposes of religion.

Hence those forms of thanksgivings and litanies of supplication with which the religious rites of all nations, even the most barbarous, are at this day celebrated in every quarter of the known world. Indeed, this is a circumstance in which all nations surprisingly agree, how much soever they may differ in every other article of laws, customs, manners, and religion. The ancient Egyptians celebrated the festivals of their god Apis with hymns and dances. The superstition of the Greeks, partly derived from the Egyptians, abounded with poetical ceremonies, such as choruses and hymns, sung and danced at their apotheoses, sacrifices, games, and divinations. The Romans had their *carmen seculare* and Salian priests, who, on certain festivals, sang and danced through the streets of Rome. The Israelites were famous for this kind of exultation: "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord," etc.—"And David danced before the Lord with all his might." The psalms composed by this monarch, the songs of Deborah and Isaiah, are farther confirmations of what we have advanced.

From the Phœnicians the Greeks borrowed the cursed Orthyan song when they sacrificed their children to Diana. The poetry of the bards con-

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stituted great part of the religious ceremonies among the Gauls and Britons, and the carousals of the Goths were religious institutions, celebrated with songs of triumph. The Mahometan dervise dances to the sound of the flute, and whirls himself round until he grows giddy and falls into a trance. The Marabous compose hymns in praise of Allah. The Chinese celebrate their grand festivals with processions of idols, songs, and instrumental music. The Tartars, Samoieds, Laplanders, Negroes, even the Caffres called Hottentots, solemnize their worship, such as it is, with songs and dancing. So that we may venture to say poetry is the universal vehicle in which all nations have expressed their most sublime conceptions.

Poetry was, in all appearance, previous to any concerted plan of worship and to every established system of legislation. When certain individuals, by dint of superior prowess or understanding, had acquired the veneration of their fellow-savages and erected themselves into divinities on the ignorance and superstition of mankind, then mythology took place, and such a swarm of deities arose as produced a religion replete with the most shocking absurdities. Those whom their superior talents had deified were found to be still actuated by the most brutal passions of human nature; and, in all probability, their votaries were glad to find such examples to countenance their own vicious inclinations. Thus, fornication, incest, rape, and even bestiality were sanctified by the amours of Jupiter, Pan, Mars, Venus, and Apollo. Theft was patronized by Mercury, drunkenness by Bacchus, and cruelty by Diana. The same heroes and legislators, those who delivered their country, founded cities, established societies, invented useful arts, or contributed in any eminent degree to the security and happiness of their fellow-creatures, were inspired by the same lusts and appetites which domineered among the inferior classes of mankind; therefore every vice incident to human nature was celebrated in the worship of one or other of these divinities, and every infirmity consecrated by public feast and solemn sacrifice.

In these institutions the poet bore a principal share. It was his genius that contrived the plan, that executed the form of worship, and recorded in verse the origin and adventures of their gods and demi-gods. Hence the impurities and horrors of certain rites, the groves of Paphos and Baal-Peor, the orgies of Bacchus, the human sacrifices to Moloch and Diana. Hence the theogony of Hesiod, the theology of Homer, and those innumerable maxims scattered through the ancient poets inviting mankind to gratify their sensual appetites, in imitation of the gods, who were certainly the best judges of happiness. It is well known that Plato expelled Homer from his Commonwealth on account of the infamous characters by which he has distinguished his deities, as well as for some depraved sentiments which he found diffused through the course of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Cicero enters into the spirit of Plato, and exclaims, in his first book, "De Naturâ Deorum," "Nec multa absurdiora sunt ea, quæ, poetarum vocibus fusa, ipsa suavitate nocuerunt: qui, et irâ inflammatos, et libidine furentes, induxerunt Deos, feceruntque ut eorum bella, pugnas, prælia, vulnera videremus: odia præterea, dissidia, discordias, ortus, interritus, querelas, lamentationes, effusas in omni intemperantiâ libidines, adulteria, vin-

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cula, cum humano genere concubitus, mortalesque ex immortali procreatos" ("Nor are those things much more absurd which, flowing from the poet's tongue, have done mischief even by the sweetness of his expression. The poets have introduced gods inflamed with anger and enraged with lust; and even produced before our eyes their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. They have exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities, and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites, indulged to all manner of excess; their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived a mortal offspring").

As the festivals of the gods necessarily produced good cheer, which was often carried to riot and debauchery, mirth of consequence prevailed, and this was always attended with buffoonery. Taunts and jokes, and raillery and repartee, would necessarily ensue, and individuals would contend for the victory in wit and genius. These contests would in time be reduced to some regulations for the entertainment of the people thus assembled, and some prize would be decreed to him who was judged to excel his rivals. The candidates for fame and profit being thus stimulated, would task their talents, and naturally recommend these alternate recriminations to the audience by clothing them with a kind of poetical measure which should bear a near resemblance to prose. Thus, as the solemn service of the day was composed in the most sublime species of poetry, such as the ode or hymn, the subsequent altercation was carried on in iambics, and gave rise to satire. We are told by the Stagirite that the highest species of poetry was employed in celebrating great actions, but the humbler sort used in this kind of contention; and that in the ages of antiquity there were some bards that professed heroics, and some that pretended to iambics only. Οἱ μὲν ἡροϊκῶν οἱ δὲ ἰάμβων ποιῆται.

To these rude beginnings we not only owe the birth of satire, but likewise the origin of dramatic poetry. Tragedy herself, which afterwards attained to such dignity as to rival the epic muse, was at first no other than a trial of crambo, or iambics, between two peasants, and a goat was the prize, as Horace calls it, *vile certamen ob hircum*, "a mean contest for a he-goat." Hence the name τραγῳδία, signifying the goat-song, from τράγος, *hircus*, and ᾠδή, *carmen*.

"Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eò quòd
Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus et exlex."

"The tragic bard, who, for a worthless prize,
Bid naked satyrs in his chorus rise;
His muse severe, secure, and undismay'd
The rustic joke in solemn strain convey'd;
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm."

Satire, then, was originally a clownish dialogue in loose iambics, so called

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because the actors were disguised like satyrs, who not only recited the praises of Bacchus or some other deity, but interspersed their hymns with sarcastic jokes and altercation. Of this kind is the "Cyclop" of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal actor. The Romans also had their Atellanæ, or interludes of the same nature, so called from the city of Atella, where they were first acted; but these were highly polished in comparison of the original entertainment, which was altogether rude and innocent. Indeed, the "Cyclop" itself, though composed by the accomplished Euripides, abounds with such impurity as ought not to appear on the stage of any civilized nation.

It is very remarkable that the Atellanæ, which were in effect tragi-comedies, grew into such esteem among the Romans that the performers in these pieces enjoyed several privileges which were refused to the ordinary actors. They were not obliged to unmask, like the other players, when their action was disagreeable to the audience. They were admitted into the army, and enjoyed the privileges of free citizens without incurring that disgrace which was affixed to the characters of other actors. The poet Laberius, who was of equestrian order, being pressed by Julius Cæsar to act a part in his own performance, complied with great reluctance, and complained of the dishonor he had incurred in his proverb preserved by Macrobius, which is one of the most elegant morsels of antiquity.

Tragedy and comedy flowed from the same fountain, though their streams were soon divided. The same entertainment which, under the name of *tragedy*, was rudely exhibited by clowns for the prize of a goat near some rural altar of Bacchus assumed the appellation of *comedy* when it was transferred into cities, and represented with a little more decorum in a cart or wagon that strolled from street to street, as the name κωμῳδία implies, being derived from κώμη, a street, and ᾠδή, a poem. To this origin Horace alludes in these lines:

> "Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
> Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fœcibus ora."

> "Thespis, inventor of dramatic art,
> Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart:
> High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
> And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd."

Thespis is called the inventor of the dramatic art because he raised the subject from clownish altercation to the character and exploits of some hero. He improved the language and versification, and relieved the chorus by the dialogue of two actors. This was the first advance towards that consummation of genius and art which constitutes what is now called a perfect tragedy. The next great improver was Æschylus, of whom the same critic says,

> "Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
> Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
> Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno."

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"Then Æschylus a decent vizard us'd;
Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffus'd.
In language more sublime two actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage."

The dialogue which Thespis introduced was called the *episode*, because it was an addition to the former subject—namely, the praises of Bacchus; so that now tragedy consisted of two distinct parts independent of each other—the old recitative, which was the chorus, sung in honor of the gods; and the episode, which turned upon the adventures of some hero. This episode being found very agreeable to the people, Æschylus, who lived about half a century after Thespis, still improved the drama; united the chorus to the episode, so as to make them both parts or members of one fable; multiplied the actors; contrived the stage; and introduced the decorations of the theatre: so that Sophocles, who succeeded Æschylus, had but one step to surmount in order to bring the drama to perfection. Thus tragedy was gradually detached from its original institution, which was entirely religious. The priests of Bacchus loudly complained of this innovation by means of the episode, which was foreign to the intention of the chorus; and hence arose the proverb of *Nihil ad Dionysium* ("Nothing to the purpose"). Plutarch himself mentions the episode as a perversion of tragedy from the honor of the gods to the passions of men. But, notwithstanding all opposition, the new tragedy succeeded to admiration, because it was found the most pleasing vehicle of conveying moral truths, of meliorating the heart, and extending the interests of humanity.

Comedy, according to Aristotle, is the younger sister of tragedy. As the first originally turned upon the praises of the gods, the latter dwelt on the follies and vices of mankind. Such, we mean, was the scope of that species of poetry which acquired the name of comedy, in contradiction to the tragic muse; for in the beginning they were the same. The foundation upon which comedy was built we have already explained to be the practice of satirical repartee or altercation, in which individuals exposed the follies and frailties of each other on public occasions of worship and festivity.

The first regular plan of comedy is said to have been the "Margites" of Homer, exposing the idleness and folly of a worthless character; but of this performance we have no remains. That division which is termed the ancient comedy belongs to the labors of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, who were contemporaries, and flourished at Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. Such was the license of the muse at this period that, far from lashing vice in general characters, she boldly exhibited the exact portrait of every individual who had rendered himself remarkable or notorious by his crimes, folly, or debauchery. She assumed every circumstance of his external appearance, his very attire, air, manner, and even his name; according to the observation of Horace,

"Poetæ
————quorum comœdia prisca virorum est:
Si quis erat dignus describi, quòd malus, aut fur,

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Quòd mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant."

"The comic poets, in its earliest age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage—
Was there a villain who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They boldly stigmatized the wretch in rhyme."

Eupolis is said to have satirized Alcibiades in this manner, and to have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of that powerful Athenian; but others say he was drowned in the Hellespont during a war against the Lacedæmonians, and that in consequence of this accident the Athenians passed a decree that no poet should ever bear arms.

The comedies of Cratinus are recommended by Quintilian for their eloquence; and Plutarch tells us that even Pericles himself could not escape the censure of this poet.

Aristophanes, of whom there are eleven comedies still extant, enjoyed such a pre-eminence of reputation that the Athenians, by a public decree, honored him with a crown made of a consecrated olive-tree, which grew in the citadel, for his care and success in detecting and exposing the vices of those who governed the commonwealth. Yet this poet, whether impelled by mere wantonness of genius, or actuated by malice and envy, could not refrain from employing the shafts of his ridicule against Socrates, the most venerable character of Pagan antiquity. In the comedy of the "Clouds," this virtuous philosopher was exhibited on the stage under his own name, in a cloak exactly resembling that which Socrates wore, in a mask modelled from his features, disputing publicly on the nature of right and wrong. This was undoubtedly an instance of the most flagrant licentiousness; and what renders it the more extraordinary, the audience received it with great applause, even while Socrates himself sat publicly in the theatre. The truth is, the Athenians were so fond of ridicule that they relished it even when employed against the gods themselves, some of whose characters were very roughly handled by Aristophanes and his rivals in reputation.

We might here draw a parallel between the inhabitants of Athens and the natives of England, in point of constitution, genius, and disposition. Athens was a free state like England, that piqued itself upon the influence of the democracy. Like England, its wealth and strength depended upon its maritime power; and it generally acted as umpire in the disputes that arose among its neighbors. The people of Athens, like those of England, were remarkably ingenious, and made great progress in the arts and sciences. They excelled in poetry, history, philosophy, mechanics, and manufactures; they were acute, discerning, disputatious, fickle, wavering, rash, and combustible, and, above all other nations in Europe, addicted to ridicule—a character which the English inherit in a very remarkable degree.

If we may judge from the writings of Aristophanes, his chief aim was to

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gratify the spleen and excite the mirth of his audience—of an audience, too, that would seem to have been uninformed by taste, and altogether ignorant of decorum; for his pieces are replete with the most extravagant absurdities, virulent slander, impiety, impurities, and low buffoonery. The comic muse, not contented with being allowed to make free with the gods and philosophers, applied her scourge so severely to the magistrates of the commonwealth that it was thought proper to restrain her within bounds by a law enacting that no person should be stigmatized under his real name; and thus the chorus was silenced. In order to elude the penalty of this law, and gratify the taste of the people, the poets began to substitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in such lively colors that the resemblance could not possibly be mistaken or overlooked. This practice gave rise to what is called the *middle comedy*, which was but of short duration; for the legislature, perceiving that the first law had not removed the grievance against which it was provided, issued a second ordinance, forbidding, under severe penalties, any real or family occurrences to be represented. This restriction was the immediate cause of improving comedy into a general mirror, held forth to reflect the various follies and foibles incident to human nature; a species of writing called the *new comedy*, introduced by Diphilus and Menander, of whose works nothing but a few fragments remain.

## ESSAY XVII.[1]

### ON POETRY, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER WRITING.

HAVING communicated our sentiments touching the origin of poetry, by tracing tragedy and comedy to their common source, we shall now endeavor to point out the criteria by which poetry is distinguished from every other species of writing. In common with other arts, such as statuary and painting, it comprehends imitation, invention, composition, and enthusiasm. Imitation is, indeed, the basis of all the liberal arts: invention and enthusiasm constitute genius, in whatever manner it may be displayed. Eloquence of all sorts admits of enthusiasm. Tully says, an orator should be "vehemens ut procella, excitatus ut torrens, incensus ut fulmen; tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat" ("Violent as a tempest, impetuous as a torrent, and glowing intense like the red bolt of heaven; he thunders, lightens, overthrows, and bears down all before him, by the irresistible tide of eloquence"). This is the *mens divinior atque os magna sonaturum* of Horace. This is the talent,

> "Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet:
> Ut magus."

[1] See note, p. 45.

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"With passions not my own who fires my heart;
Who with unreal terrors fills my breast,
As with a magic influence possess'd."

We are told that Michael Angelo Buonarotti used to work at his statues in a fit of enthusiasm, during which he made the fragments of the stone fly about him with surprising violence. The celebrated Lulli being one day blamed for setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault, was animated with the reproach, and, running in a fit of enthusiasm to his harpsichord, sung in recitative, and accompanied four pathetic lines from the "Iphigenia" of Racine, with such expression as filled the hearers with astonishment and horror.

Though versification be one of the criteria that distinguish poetry from prose, yet it is not the sole mark of distinction. Were the histories of Polybius and Livy simply turned into verse, they would not become poems; because they would be destitute of those figures, embellishments, and flights of imagination which display the poet's art and invention. On the other hand, we have many productions that justly lay claim to the title of poetry, without having the advantage of versification; witness the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, with many beautiful hymns, descriptions, and rhapsodies to be found in different parts of the Old Testament, some of them the immediate production of divine inspiration; witness the Celtic fragments which have lately appeared in the English language, and are certainly replete with poetical merit. But though good versification alone will not constitute poetry, bad versification alone will certainly degrade and render disgustful the sublimest sentiments and finest flowers of imagination. This humiliating power of bad verse appears in many translations of the ancient poets; in Ogilby's Homer, Trapp's Virgil, and frequently in Creech's Horace. This last, indeed, is not wholly devoid of spirit; but it seldom rises above mediocrity, and, as Horace says,

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ."

"But gods and men and letter'd post denies
That poets ever are of middling size."

How is that beautiful ode beginning with "Justum et tenacem propositi virum" chilled and tamed by the following translation!—

"He who by principle is sway'd,
In truth and justice still the same,
Is neither of the crowd afraid,
Though civil broils the State inflame;
Nor to a haughty tyrant's frown will stoop,
Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up.
Should nature with convulsions shake,
Struck with the fiery bolts of Jove,
The final doom and dreadful crack
Cannot his constant courage move."



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That long Alexandrine, "Nor to a raging storm, when all the winds are up," is drawling, feeble, swollen with a pleonasm or tautology, as well as deficient in the rhyme; and as for the "dreadful crack," in the next stanza, instead of exciting terror, it conveys a low and ludicrous idea. How much more elegant and energetic is this paraphrase[1] of the same ode! (inserted in one of the volumes of Hume's "History of England")—

"The man whose mind on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamors fierce and loud
His stubborn honor tame.

"Nor the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms that from their dark retreat
The lawless surges wake;
Nor Jove's dread bolt, that shakes the pole,
The firmer purpose of his soul
With all its powers can shake.

"Should nature's frame in ruins fall
And Chaos o'er the sinking ball
Resume primeval sway,
His courage chance and fate defies,
Nor feels the wreck of earth and skies
Obstruct its destin'd away."

If poetry exists independent of versification, it will naturally be asked, how, then, is it to be distinguished? Undoubtedly, by its own peculiar expression: it has a language of its own, which speaks so feelingly to the heart, and so pleasingly to the imagination, that its meaning cannot possibly be misunderstood by any person of delicate sensations. It is a species of painting with words, in which the figures are happily conceived, ingeniously arranged, affectingly expressed, and recommended with all the warmth and harmony of coloring: it consists of imagery, description, metaphors, similes, and sentiments adapted with propriety to the subject, so contrived and executed as to soothe the ear, surprise and delight the fancy, mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and please the understanding. According to Flaccus:

"Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

"Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with th' amusing show th' instructive join'd."

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[1] By Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet (born 1721, died 1791). Hume's approbation of Blacklock was nearly as wild as his enthusiasm about Wilkie and his Scottish epic.

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"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

"Profit and pleasure mingled thus with art,
To soothe the fancy and improve the heart."

Tropes and figures are likewise liberally used in rhetoric; and some of the most celebrated orators have owned themselves much indebted to the poets. Theophrastus expressly recommends the poets for this purpose. From their source, the spirit and energy of the pathetic, the sublime, and the beautiful are derived. But these figures must be more sparingly used in rhetoric than in poetry, and even then mingled with argumentation, and a detail of facts altogether different from poetical narration. The poet, instead of simply relating the incident, strikes off a glowing picture of the scene, and exhibits it in the most lively colors to the eye of the imagination. "It is reported that Homer was blind," says Tully, in his "Tusculan Questions," "yet his poetry is no other than painting. What country, what climate, what ideas, battles, commotions, and contests of men as well as of wild beasts has he not painted in such a manner as to bring before our eyes those very scenes which he himself could not behold!" We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the opinion of some ingenious critics who have blamed Mr. Pope for deviating in some instances from the simplicity of Homer in his translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." For example, the Grecian bard says simply, the sun rose; and his translator gives us a beautiful picture of the sun rising. Homer mentions a person who played upon the lyre; the translator sets him before us warbling to the silver strings. If this be a deviation, it is at the same time an improvement. Homer himself, as Cicero observes above, is full of this kind of painting, and particularly fond of description, even in situations where the action seems to require haste. Neptune, observing from Samothrace the discomfiture of the Grecians before Troy, flies to their assistance, and might have been wafted thither in half a line: but the bard describes him, first, descending the mountain on which he sat; secondly, striding towards his palace at Ægæ, and yoking his horses; thirdly, he describes him putting on his armor; and, lastly, ascending his car, and driving along the surface of the sea. Far from being disgusted by these delays, we are delighted with the particulars of the description. Nothing can be more sublime than the circumstance of the mountain's trembling beneath the footsteps of an immortal:

———τρίμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.

But his passage to the Grecian fleet is altogether transporting:

Βῆ δ' ἴλαον ἐπὶ κῦμα'. κ. τ. λ.

"He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies;
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,

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Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play.
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and crowns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry."

With great veneration for the memory of Mr. Pope, we cannot help objecting to some lines of this translation. We have no idea of the sea's exulting and crowning Neptune, after it had subsided into a level plain. There is no such image in the original. Homer says the whales exulted, and knew or owned their king; and that the sea parted with joy: γηθοσύνῃ δὲ θάλασσα διέσατο. Neither is there a word of the wondering waters; we therefore think the lines might be thus altered to advantage:

"They knew and own'd the monarch of the main:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain;
The curling waves before his coursers fly;
The parting surface leaves his brazen axle dry."

Besides the metaphors, similes, and allusions of poetry, there is an infinite variety of tropes, or turns of expression occasionally disseminated through works of genius, which serve to animate the whole, and distinguish the glowing effusions of real inspiration from the cold efforts of mere science. These tropes consist of a certain happy choice and arrangement of words, by which ideas are artfully disclosed in a great variety of attitudes; of epithets and compound epithets; of sounds collected in order to echo the sense conveyed; of apostrophes; and, above all, the enchanting use of the prosopopœia, which is a kind of magic by which the poet gives life and motion to every inanimate part of nature. Homer, describing the wrath of Agamemnon, in the first book of the "Iliad," strikes off a glowing image in two words:

———δσσε δέ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι ἰκτην.

"And from his eye-balls *flash'd the living fire.*"

This, indeed, is a figure which has been copied by Virgil, and almost all the poets of every age—*oculis* micat *acribus ignis*—Ignescunt iræ: *auris dolor ossibus* ardet. Milton, describing Satan in Hell, says,

"With head uplift above the wave, and eye
That *sparkling blaz'd!*"

"He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim. The sudden *blaze*
Far round *illumin'd* Hell."

There are certain words in every language particularly adapted to the poetical expression; some from the image or idea they convey to the imag-

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ination, and some from the effect they have upon the ear. The first are truly *figurative;* the others may be called *emphatical.* Rollin observes that Virgil has upon many occasions poetized (if we may be allowed the expression) a whole sentence by means of the same word, which is *pendere.*

"Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ,
Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo."

"At ease reclin'd beneath the verdant shade,
No more shall I behold my happy flock
Aloft *hang* browsing on the tufted rock."

Here the word *pendere* wonderfully improves the landscape, and renders the whole passage beautifully picturesque. The same figurative verb we meet with in many different parts of the "Æneid."

"Hi summo in fluctu *pendent*, his unda *dehiscens*
Terram inter fluctus aperit."

"These on the mountain billow *hung;* to those
The *yawning waves* the yellow sand disclose."

In this instance, the words *pendent* and *dehiscens*, *hung* and *yawning*, are equally poetical. Addison seems to have had this passage in his eye when he wrote his Hymn, which is inserted in the *Spectator:*

"For though in dreadful whirls we *hung*,
High on the broken wave." [1]

And in another piece of a like nature, in the same collection:

"Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And *hung* upon the breast."

Shakespeare, in his admired description of Dover Cliff, uses the same expression:

"———half-way down
*Hangs* one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!"

Nothing can be more beautiful than the following picture, in which Milton has introduced the same expressive tint:

[1] "The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's, beginning 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember an half stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.'"—BURNS, *Letter to Dr. Moore.*

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"———he, on his side,
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
*Hung* over her enamour'd."

We shall give one example more from Virgil, to show in what a variety of scenes it may appear with propriety and effect. In describing the progress of Dido's passion for Æneas, the poet says,

"Iliacos iterùm demens audire labores
Exposcit, *pendet*que iterùm narrantis ab ore."

"The woes of Troy once more she begg'd to hear;
Once more the mournful tale employ'd his tongue,
While in fond rapture on his lips she *hung*."

The reader will perceive, in all these instances, that no other word could be substituted with equal energy; indeed, no other word could be used without degrading the sense and defacing the image.

There are many other verbs of poetical import fetched from nature and from art which the poet uses to advantage, both in a literal and metaphorical sense; and these have been always translated for the same purpose from one language to another; such as *quasso, concutio, cio, suscito, lenio, sævio, mano, fluo, ardeo, mico, aro*, to shake, to wake, to rouse, to soothe, to rage, to flow, to shine or blaze, to plough.—Quassantia *tectum limina*—*Æneas, casu* concussus *acerbo*—*Ære* ciere *viros, Martemque accendere cantu*—*Æneas acuit Martem et se* suscitat *irâ*—*Impium* lenite *clamorem*. Lenibat *curas*—*Ne* sævi *magna sacerdos*—*Sudor ad imos* manabat *solos*—*Suspensæque diu lachrymæ* fluxêre *per ora*—*Juvenali* ardebat *amore*—Micat *æreus ensis*—*Nullum maris æquor* arandum. It will be unnecessary to insert examples of the same nature from the English poets.

The words we term *emphatical* are such as by their sound express the sense they are intended to convey; and with these the Greek abounds above all other languages, not only from its natural copiousness, flexibility, and significance, but also from the variety of its dialects, which enables a writer to vary his terminations occasionally as the nature of the subject requires, without offending the most delicate ear, or incurring the imputation of adopting vulgar provincial expressions. Every smatterer in Greek can repeat

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,

in which the two last words wonderfully echo to the sense, conveying the idea of the sea dashing on the shore. How much more significant in sound than that beautiful image of Shakespeare,

"The sea that on the unnumber'd pebbles beats!"

And yet, if we consider the strictness of propriety, this last expression would seem to have been selected on purpose to concur with the other circumstances which are brought together to ascertain the vast height of Dover Cliff; for the poet adds, "cannot be heard so high." The place where Gloster stood was so high above the sea that the φλοίσβος, or *dashing*, could not be heard; and therefore an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare might,

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with some plausibility, affirm the poet had chosen an expression in which that sound is not at all conveyed.

In the very same page of Homer's "Iliad" we meet with two other striking instances of the same sort of beauty. Apollo, incensed at the insults his priest had sustained, descends from the top of Olympus, with his bow and quiver rattling on his shoulder as he moved along:

*Ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων.*

Here the sound of the word Ἔκλαγξαν admirably expresses the clanking of armor; as the third line after this surprisingly imitates the twanging of a bow:

*Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.*

"In shrill-ton'd murmurs sung the twanging bow."

Many beauties of the same kind are scattered through Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus, such as the *βομβεῦσα μέλισσα, susurrans apicula;* the *ἁδὺ ψιθύρισμα, dulcem susurrum;* and the *μελίσδεται,* for the sighing of the pine.

The Latin language teems with sounds adapted to every situation, and the English is not destitute of this significant energy. We have the *cooing* turtle, the *sighing* reed, the *warbling* rivulet, the *sliding* stream, the *whispering* breeze, the glance, the gleam, the flash, the *bickering* flame, the *dashing* wave, the *gushing* spring, the *howling* blast, the *rattling* storm, the *pattering* shower, the *crimp* earth, the *mouldering* tower, the *twanging* bowstring, the *clanging* arms, the *clanking* chains, the *twinkling* stars, the *tinkling* chords, the *trickling* drops, the *twittering* swallow, the *cawing* rook, the *screeching* owl, and a thousand other words and epithets wonderfully suited to the sense they imply.

Among the select passages of poetry which we shall insert by way of illustration, the reader will find instances of all the different tropes and figures which the best authors have adopted in the variety of their poetical works, as well as of the apostrophe, abrupt transition, repetition, and prosopopœia.

In the meantime it will be necessary still farther to analyze those principles which constitute the essence of poetical merit; to display those delightful parterres that teem with the fairest flowers of imagination; and distinguish between the gaudy offspring of a cold, insipid fancy and the glowing progeny, diffusing sweets, produced and invigorated by the sun of genius.

## ESSAY XVIII.[1]

### ON THE USE OF METAPHORS.

Of all the implements of poetry, the metaphor is the most generally and successfully used, and, indeed, may be termed the Muse's caduceus, by the power of which she enchants all nature. The metaphor is a shorter simile,

[1] See note, p. 45.

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or rather a kind of magical coat, by which the same idea assumes a thousand different appearances. Thus the word *plough*, which originally belongs to agriculture, being metaphorically used, represents the motion of a ship at sea, and the effects of old age upon the human countenance—

"Plough'd the bosom of the deep."

"And time had plough'd his venerable front."

Almost every verb, noun substantive, or term of art in any language may be in this manner applied to a variety of subjects with admirable effect; but the danger is in sowing metaphors too thick, so as to distract the imagination of the reader and incur the imputation of deserting nature in order to hunt after conceits. Every day produces poems of all kinds so inflated with metaphor that they may be compared to the gaudy bubbles blown up from a solution of soap. Longinus is of opinion that a multitude of metaphors is never excusable except in those cases when the passions are roused, and, like a winter torrent, rush down impetuous, sweeping them with collective force along. He brings an instance of the following quotation from Demosthenes: "Men," says he, "profligates, miscreants, and flatterers, who, having severally preyed upon the bowels of their country, at length betrayed her liberty, first to Philip, and now again to Alexander, who, placing the chief felicity of life in the indulgence of infamous lusts and appetites, overturned in the dust that freedom and independence which was the chief aim and end of all our worthy ancestors."

Aristotle and Theophrastus seem to think it is rather too bold and hazardous to use metaphors so freely without interposing some mitigating phrase, such as "If I may be allowed the expression," or some equivalent excuse. At the same time, Longinus finds fault with Plato for hazarding some metaphors, which, indeed, appear to be equally affected and extravagant, when he says "the government of a state should not resemble a bowl of hot, fermenting wine, but a cool and moderate beverage *chastised by the sober deity*," a metaphor that signifies nothing more than "mixed or lowered with water." Demetrius Phalereus justly observes that "though a judicious use of metaphors wonderfully raises, sublimes, and adorns oratory or elocution, yet they should seem to flow naturally from the subject; and too great a redundancy of them inflates the discourse to a mere rhapsody." The same observation will hold in poetry; and the more liberal or sparing use of them will depend in a great measure on the nature of the subject.

Passion itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors; but in touching the pathos the poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart and those cold conceits which are engendered in the fancy. Should one of these last unfortunately intervene, it will be apt to destroy the whole effect of the most pathetical incident or situation. Indeed, it requires the most delicate taste, and a consummate knowledge of propriety, to employ metaphors in such a manner as to avoid what the ancients call the τὸ ψυχρόν, the *frigid* or false sublime. Instances of this kind were frequent even among the correct ancients. Sappho herself is blamed for using the hyperbole λευκοτέροι χιόνος, *whiter than snow*.

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Demetrius is so nice as to be disgusted at the simile of *swift as the wind*, though, in speaking of a race-horse, we know from experience that this is not even an hyperbole. He would have had more reason to censure that kind of metaphor which Aristotle styles κατ' ἐνέργειαν, exhibiting things inanimate as endued with sense and reason; such as that of the sharp-pointed arrow, *eager* to take wing among the crowd. Ὀξυβελὴς καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων. Not but that, in descriptive poetry, this figure is often allowed and admired. The *cruel* sword, the *ruthless* dagger, the *ruffian* blast, are epithets which frequently occur. The *faithful* bosom of the earth, the *joyous* boughs, the trees that *admire their images* reflected in the stream, and many other examples of this kind, are found disseminated through the works of our best modern poets: yet still they must be sheltered under the privilege of the *poetica licentia;* and, except in poetry, they would give offence.

More chaste metaphors are freely used in all kinds of writing; more sparingly in history, and more abundantly in rhetoric. We have seen that Plato indulges in them even to excess. The orations of Demosthenes are animated and even inflamed with metaphors, some of them so bold as even to entail upon him the censure of the critics. Τότε τῷ Πίθωνι τῷ ῥήτορι ἐέοντι καθ' ὁμῶῃ—"Then I did not yield to Python the orator, when he *overflowed* you with a tide of eloquence." Cicero is still more liberal in the use of them; he ransacks all nature, and pours forth a redundancy of figures, even with a lavish hand. Even the chaste Xenophon, who generally illustrates his subject by way of simile, sometimes ventures to produce an expressive metaphor, such as, "part of the phalanx *fluctuated* in the march;" and, indeed, nothing can be more significant than this word ἐξεκύμηνε, to represent a body of men staggered, and on the point of giving way. Armstrong has used the word *fluctuate* with admirable efficacy in his philosophical poem entitled "The Art of Preserving Health."

> "Oh, when the growling winds contend, and all
> The sounding forest *fluctuates* in the storm,
> To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
> Howl o'er the steady battlements."

The word *fluctuate* on this occasion not only exhibits an idea of struggling, but also echoes to the sense like the ἴφρικεν δὲ μαχὴ of Homer, which, by-the-bye, it is impossible to render into English, for the verb φρίσσω signifies not only to stand erect like prickles, as a grove of lances, but also to make a noise like the crashing of armor, the hissing of javelins, and the splinters of spears.

Over and above an excess of figures, a young author is apt to run into a confusion of mixed metaphors, which leave the sense disjointed, and distract the imagination. Shakespeare himself is often guilty of these irregularities. The soliloquy in "Hamlet," which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentation, or the poetry. Hamlet is informed by the Ghost that his father was murdered, and therefore he is tempted to murder himself, even after he had promised to take vengeance

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on the usurper, and expressed the utmost eagerness to achieve this enterprise. It does not appear that he had the least reason to wish for death; but every motive which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young prince concurred to render life desirable—revenge towards the usurper; love for the fair Ophelia; and the ambition of reigning. Besides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being accessory to his own death, when he had nothing to do but, in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himself to be conveyed quietly to England, where he was sure of suffering death, instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants, and returned to Denmark. But granting him to have been reduced to the lowest state of despondence, surrounded with nothing but horror and despair, sick of this life and eager to tempt futurity, we shall see how far he argues like a philosopher.

In order to support this general charge against an author so universally held in veneration, whose very errors have helped to sanctify his character among the multitude, we will descend to particulars, and analyze this famous soliloquy.

Hamlet, having assumed the disguise of madness, as a cloak under which he might the more effectually revenge his father's death upon the murderer and usurper, appears alone upon the stage in a pensive and melancholy attitude, and communes with himself in these words:

"To be, or not to be? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have

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Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

We have already observed that there is not any apparent circumstance in the fate or situation of Hamlet that should prompt him to harbor one thought of self-murder, and therefore these expressions of despair imply an impropriety in point of character. But, supposing his condition was truly desperate, and he saw no possibility of repose but in the uncertain harbor of death, let us see in what manner he argues on that subject. The question is, "To be, or not to be?" to die by my own hand, or live and suffer the miseries of life? He proceeds to explain the alternative in these terms, "Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer, or endure, the frowns of fortune, or to take arms, and, by opposing, end them." Here he deviates from his first proposition, and death is no longer the question. The only doubt is whether he will stoop to misfortune, or exert his faculties in order to surmount it. This, surely, is the obvious meaning, and, indeed, the only meaning that can be implied in these words:

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

He now drops this idea, and reverts to his reasoning on death, in the course of which he owns himself deterred from suicide by the thoughts of what may follow death;

"———the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

This might be a good argument in a heathen or pagan, and such indeed Hamlet really was; but Shakespeare has already represented him as a good Catholic, who must have been acquainted with the truths of revealed religion, and says expressly in this very play,

"———had not the Everlasting fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-murder."

Moreover, he had just been conversing with his father's spirit, piping-hot from Purgatory, which we would presume is not within the *bourn* of this world. The dread of what may happen after death, says he,

"Makes us rather bear those *ills* we have
Than fly to *others* that we know not of."

This declaration at least implies some knowledge of the other world, and expressly asserts that there must be *ills* in that world, though what kind of

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*ills* they are we do not know. The argument, therefore, may be reduced to this lemma: this world abounds with *ills* which I feel; the other world abounds with *ills*, the nature of which I do not know; therefore, I will rather bear those *ills* I have "than fly to *others* which I know not of:" a deduction amounting to a certainty with respect to the only circumstance that could create a doubt—namely, whether in death he should rest from his misery; and if he was certain there were evils in the next world as well as in this, he had no room to reason at all about the matter. What alone could justify his thinking on this subject would have been the hope of flying from the ills of this world without encountering any *others* in the next.

Nor is Hamlet more accurate in the following reflection:

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

A bad conscience will make us cowards, but a good conscience will make us brave. It does not appear that anything lay heavy on his conscience; and, from the premises, we cannot help inferring that conscience in this case was entirely out of the question. Hamlet was deterred from suicide by a full conviction that, in flying from one sea of troubles which he did know, he should fall into another which he did not know.

His whole chain of reasoning, therefore, seems inconsistent and incongruous. "I am doubtful whether I should live or do violence upon my own life; for I know not whether it is more honorable to bear misfortune patiently than to exert myself in opposing misfortune, and, by opposing, end it." Let us throw it into the form of a syllogism, it will stand thus: "I am oppressed with ills; I know not whether it is more honorable to bear those ills patiently or to end them by taking arms against them; *ergo*, I am doubtful whether I should slay myself or live. To die is no more than to sleep; and to *say* that by a sleep we end the heartache," etc., "'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." Now, to *say it* was of no consequence unless it had been true. "I am afraid of the dreams that may happen in that sleep of death; and I choose rather to bear those ills I have in this life than to fly to *other ills* in that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller ever returns. I have ills that are almost unsupportable in this life. I know not what is in the next, because it is an undiscovered country; *ergo*, I had rather bear those ills I have than fly to others which I know not of." Here the conclusion is by no means warranted by the premises. "I am sore afflicted in this life, but I will rather bear the afflictions of this life than plunge myself in the afflictions of another life; *ergo*, conscience makes cowards of us all." But this conclusion would justify the logician in saying *negatur consequens*, for it is entirely detached both from the major and minor proposition.

This soliloquy is not less exceptionable in the propriety of expression than in the chain of argumentation. "To die—to sleep—no more," contains an ambiguity which all the art of punctuation cannot remove; for it may signify that "to die" is to sleep no more, or the expression "no more" may be considered as an abrupt apostrophe in thinking, as if he meant to say "no more of that reflection."

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"Ay, there's the rub," is a vulgarism beneath the dignity of Hamlet's character, and the words that follow leave the sense imperfect:

> "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause."

Not the dreams that might come, but the fear of what dreams might come, occasioned the pause or hesitation. "Respect" in the same line may be allowed to pass for consideration; but

> "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,"

according to the invariable acceptation of the words wrong and contumely, can signify nothing but the wrongs sustained by the oppressor, and the contumely or abuse thrown upon the proud man, though it is plain that Shakespeare used them in a different sense; neither is the word spurn a substantive, yet as such he has inserted it in these lines:

> "The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

If we consider the metaphors of the soliloquy, we shall find them jumbled together in a strange confusion.

If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent, with any propriety, outrageous fortune using her slings and arrows, between which, indeed, there is no sort of analogy in nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea, exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, justled within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a *coil*, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off his garments or his chains; but how he should shuffle off a *coil*, which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have "long-lived calamity," and "time armed with whips and scorns;" and "patient merit spurned at by unworthiness;" and "misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own quietus," which at best is but a mean metaphor. These are followed by figures "sweating under fardels of burdens," "puzzled with doubts," "shaking with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we see "resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought," a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a "current of pith turned awry so as to lose the name of action," which is both an error in fancy and a solecism in sense. In a word, this soliloquy may be compared to the "*Ægri somnia*," and the "*Tabula cujus vanæ finguntur species.*"

But while we censure the chaos of broken, incongruous metaphors, we ought also to caution the young poet against the opposite extreme of pursuing a metaphor until the spirit is quite exhausted in a succession of cold conceits; such as we see in the following letter, said to be sent by Tamer-

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lane to the Turkish emperor Bajazet. "Where is the monarch that dares oppose our arms? Where is the potentate who doth not glory in being numbered among our vassals? As for thee, descended from a Turcoman mariner, since the vessel of thy unbounded ambition hath been wrecked in the gulf of thy self-love, it would be proper that thou shouldest furl the sails of thy temerity, and cast the anchor of repentance in the port of sincerity and justice, which is the harbor of safety; lest the tempest of our vengeance make thee perish in the sea of that punishment thou hast deserved."

But if these labored conceits are ridiculous in poetry, they are still more inexcusable in prose: such as we find them frequently occur in Strada's "Bellum Belgicum." "Vix descenderat à prætoria navi Cæsar, cùm fæda illico exorta in portu tempestas; classem impetu disjecit, prætoriam hausit; quasi non vecturam ampliùs Cæsarem Cæsarisque fortunam" ("Cæsar had scarcely set his feet on shore, when a terrible tempest arising, shattered the fleet even in the harbor, and sent to the bottom the prætorian ship, as if he resolved it should no longer carry Cæsar and his fortunes").

Yet this is modest in comparison of the following flowers: "Alii, pulsis è tormento catenis discerpti sectique, dimidiato corpore pugnabant sibi superstites, ac peremptæ partis ultores" ("Others, dissevered and cut in twain by chain-shot, fought with one-half of their bodies that remained, in revenge of the other half that was slain").

Homer, Horace, and even the chaste Virgil, are not free from conceits. The latter, speaking of a man's hand cut off in battle, says,

> "Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quærit;
> Semianimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant;"

thus enduing the amputated hand with sense and volition. This, to be sure, is a violent figure, and hath been justly condemned by some accurate critics; but we think they are too severe in extending the same censure to some other passages in the most admired authors. Virgil, in his sixth Eclogue, says,

> "Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
> Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,
> Ille canit."

> "Whate'er, when Phœbus bless'd the Arcadian plain,
> Eurotas heard and taught his bays the strain,
> The senior sung."

And Pope has copied the conceit in his "Pastorals:"

> "Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
> And bade his willows learn the moving song."

Vida thus begins his first Eclogue:

> "Dicite, vos musæ, et juvenum memorate querelas;
> Dicite: nam motas ipsas ad carmina cautes,
> Et requiêsse suos perhibent vaga flumina cursus."

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"Say, heavenly muse, their youthful frays rehearse;
Begin, ye daughters of immortal verse;
Exulting rocks have own'd the power of song,
And rivers listen'd as they flow'd along."

Racine adopts the same bold figure in his "Phædra:"

"Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté:"

"The wave that bore him, backwards shrunk appall'd."

Even Milton has indulged himself in the same license of expression—

"As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odor from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Shakespeare says,

"I've seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds."

And, indeed, more correct writers, both ancient and modern, abound with the same kind of figure, which is reconciled to propriety, and even invested with beauty, by the efficacy of the prosopopœia, which personifies the object. Thus, when Virgil says Enipeus heard the songs of Apollo, he raises up, as by enchantment, the idea of a river god crowned with sedges, his head raised above the stream, and in his countenance the expression of pleased attention. By the same magic, we see in the couplet quoted from Pope's "Pastorals," old Father Thames leaning upon his urn, and listening to the poet's strain.

Thus, in the regions of poetry all nature, even the passions and affections of the mind, may be personified into picturesque figures for the entertainment of the reader. Ocean smiles or frowns, as the sea is calm or tempestuous; a Triton rules on every angry billow; every mountain has its nymph, every stream its naiad, every tree its hamadryad, and every art its genius. We cannot, therefore, assent to those who censure Thomson as licentious for using the following figure:

"O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil."

We cannot conceive a more beautiful image than that of the Genius of Agriculture distinguished by the implements of his art, embrowned with labor, glowing with health, crowned with a garland of foliage, flowers, and fruit, lying stretched at ease on the brow of a gentle swelling hill, and contemplating with pleasure the happy effects of his own industry.

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Neither can we join issue against Shakespeare for this comparison, which hath likewise incurred the censure of the critics:

> "The noble sister of Poplicola,
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple."

This is no more than illustrating a quality of the mind by comparing it with a sensible object. If there is no impropriety in saying such a man is true as steel, firm as a rock, inflexible as an oak, unsteady as the ocean; or in describing a disposition cold as ice or fickle as the wind—and these expressions are justified by constant practice—we shall hazard an assertion that the comparison of a chaste woman to an icicle is proper and picturesque, as it obtains only in the circumstances of cold and purity; but that the addition of its being curdled from the purest snow, and hanging on the Temple of Diana, the patroness of virginity, heightens the whole into a most beautiful simile, that gives a very respectable and amiable idea of the character in question.

The simile is no more than an extended metaphor, introduced to illustrate and beautify the subject; it ought to be apt, striking, properly pursued, and adorned with all the graces of poetical melody. But a simile of this kind ought never to proceed from the mouth of a person under any great agitation of spirit; such as a tragic character overwhelmed with grief, distracted by contending cares, or agonizing in the pangs of death. The language of passion will not admit simile, which is always the result of study and deliberation. We will not allow a hero the privilege of a dying swan, which is said to chant its approaching fate in the most melodious strain; and, therefore, nothing can be more ridiculously unnatural than the representation of a lover dying upon the stage with a labored simile in his mouth.

The Orientals, whose language was extremely figurative, have been very careless in the choice of their similes; provided the resemblance obtained in one circumstance, they minded not whether they disagreed with the subject in every other respect. Many instances of this defect in congruity may be culled from the most sublime parts of Scripture.

Homer has been blamed for the bad choice of his similes on some particular occasions. He compares Ajax to an ass in the "Iliad," and Ulysses to a steak broiling on the coals in the "Odyssey." His admirers have endeavored to excuse him, by reminding us of the simplicity of the age in which he wrote; but they have not been able to prove that any ideas of dignity or importance were, even in those days, affixed to the character of an ass or the quality of a beef-collop; therefore, they were very improper illustrations for any situation in which a hero ought to be represented.

Virgil has degraded the wife of King Latinus by comparing her, when she was actuated by the Fury, to a top which the boys lash for diversion. This, doubtless, is a low image, though in other respects the comparison is not destitute of propriety; but he is much more justly censured for the following simile, which has no sort of reference to the subject. Speaking of Turnus, he says,

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"———medio dux agmine Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice suprà est,
Ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus
Per tacitum Ganges: aut pingui flumine Nilus
Cum refluit campis, et jam se condidit alveo."

"But Turnus, chief amidst the warrior train,
In armor towers the tallest on the plain.
The Ganges thus by seven rich streams supplied,
A mighty mass devolves in silent pride:
Thus Nilus pours from his prolific urn,
When from the fields o'erflow'd his vagrant streams return."

These, no doubt, are majestic images; but they bear no sort of resemblance to a hero glittering in armor at the head of his forces.

Horace has been ridiculed by some shrewd critics for this comparison, which, however, we think is more defensible than the former. Addressing himself to Munatius Plancus, he says,

"Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam, vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero."

"As Notus often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers,
So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life."—Dunkin.

The analogy, it must be confessed, is not very striking; but, nevertheless, it is not altogether void of propriety. The poet reasons thus: as the south wind, though generally attended with rain, is often known to dispel the clouds and render the weather serene, so do you, though generally on the rack of thought, remember to relax sometimes, and drown your cares in wine. As the south wind is not always moist, so you ought not always to be dry.

A few instances of inaccuracy or mediocrity can never derogate from the superlative merit of Homer and Virgil, whose poems are the great magazines, replete with every species of beauty and magnificence, particularly abounding with similes, which astonish, delight, and transport the reader.

Every simile ought not only to be well adapted to the subject, but also to include every excellence of description, and to be colored with the warmest tints of poetry. Nothing can be more happily hit off than the following in the "Georgics," to which the poet compares Orpheus lamenting his lost Eurydice:

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet."



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"So Philomela, from th' umbrageous wood,
In strains melodious mourns her tender brood,
Snatch'd from the nest by some rude ploughman's hand,
On some lone bough the warbler takes her stand:
The livelong night she mourns the cruel wrong,
And hill and dale resound the plaintive song."

Here we not only find the most scrupulous propriety and the happiest choice in comparing the Thracian bard to Philomel, the poet of the grove; but also the most beautiful description, containing a fine touch of the pathos, in which last particular, indeed, Virgil, in our opinion, excels all other poets, whether ancient or modern.

One would imagine that nature had exhausted itself in order to embellish the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton with similes and metaphors. The first of these very often uses the comparison of the wind, the whirlwind, the hail, the torrent, to express the rapidity of his combatants; but when he comes to describe the velocity of the immortal horses that drew the chariot of Juno, he raises his ideas to the subject, and, as Longinus observes, measures every leap by the whole breadth of the horizon.

*Ὅσσον δ' ἠεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν*
*Ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λευσσων ἐπι οἰνοπα πόντον,*
*Τόσσον ἐπιθρώσκουσι θεῶν ὑψηχίες ἵπποι.*

"For as a watchman from some rock on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air with thund'ring sound
At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound."

The celerity of this goddess seems to be a favorite idea with the poet; for in another place he compares it to the thought of a traveller revolving in his mind the different places he had seen, and passing through them in imagination more swift than the lightning flies from east to west.

Homer's best similes have been copied by Virgil, and almost every succeeding poet, howsoever they may have varied in the manner of expression. In the third book of the "Iliad," Menelaus, seeing Paris, is compared to a hungry lion espying a hind or goat:

*Ὥστε λέων ἰχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας,*
*Εὐρὼν ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν, ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα*, etc.

"So joys the lion, if a branching deer
Or mountain goat his bulky prize appear;
In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground."

The Mantuan bard, in the tenth book of the "Æneid," applies the same simile to Mezentius, when he beholds Acron in the battle:

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"Impastus stabula alta leo ceu sæpe peragrans
(Suadet enim vesana fames), si fortè fugacem
Conspexit capream, aut surgentem in cornua cervum
Gaudet hians immanè, comasque arrexit, et hæret
Visceribus super accumbens: lavit improba teter
Ora cruor."

"Then as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane:
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore."—DRYDEN.

The reader will perceive that Virgil has improved the simile in one particular, and in another fallen short of his original. The description of the lion shaking his mane, opening his hideous jaws distained with the blood of his prey, is great and picturesque; but, on the other hand, he has omitted the circumstance of devouring it without being intimidated, or restrained by the dogs and youths that surround him—a circumstance that adds greatly to our idea of his strength, intrepidity, and importance.

## ESSAY XIX.[1]

### ON THE USE OF HYPERBOLE.

Of all the figures in poetry, that called the Hyperbole is managed with the greatest difficulty. The hyperbole is an exaggeration with which the muse is indulged for the better illustration of her subject when she is warmed into enthusiasm. Quintilian calls it an ornament of the bolder kind. Demetrius Phalereus is still more severe. He says the hyperbole is of all forms of speech the most frigid; Μάλιστα δὲ ἡ Ὑπερβολὴ ψυχράτατον πάντων; but this must be understood with some grains of allowance. Poetry is animated by the passions; and all the passions exaggerate. Passion itself is a magnifying medium. There are beautiful instances of the hyperbole in the Scripture, which a reader of sensibility cannot read without being strongly affected. The difficulty lies in choosing such hyperboles as the subject will admit of; for, according to the definition of Theophrastus, the frigid in style is that which exceeds the expression suitable to the subject. The judgment does not revolt against Homer for representing the horses of Ericthonius running over the standing corn without breaking off the heads, because the whole is considered as a fable, and the north wind is represented as their sire; but the imagination is a little startled when Virgil,

[1] See note, p. 45.

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in imitation of this hyperbole, exhibits Camilla as flying over it without even touching the tops:

> "Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
> Gramina."

This elegant author, we are afraid, has upon some other occasions degenerated into the frigid, in straining to improve upon his great master.

Homer, in the "Odyssey," a work which Longinus does not scruple to charge with bearing the marks of old age, describes a storm in which all the four winds were concerned together:

> Σὺν δ' Εὖρός τε, Νοτός τ' ἴπετον, Ζέφυρός τε δυσαὴς,
> Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγένετης μέγα λῦμα κυλίνδων.

We know that such a contention of contrary blasts could not possibly exist in nature; for even in hurricanes the winds blow alternately from different points of the compass. Nevertheless, Virgil adopts the description, and adds to its extravagance:

> "Incubuêre mari, totumque à sedibus imis
> Unà Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
> Africus."

Here the winds not only blow together, but they turn the whole body of the ocean topsy-turvy:

> "East, west, and south engage with furious sweep,
> And from its lowest bed upturn the foaming deep."

The north wind, however, is still more mischievous:

> "Stridens aquilone procella
> Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit."
>
> "The sail then Boreas rends with hideous cry,
> And whirls the madd'ning billows to the sky."

The motion of the sea between Scylla and Charybdis is still more magnified, and Ætna is exhibited as throwing out volumes of flame which brush the stars.[1] Such expressions as these are not intended as a real representation of the thing specified; they are designed to strike the reader's imagination: but they generally serve as marks of the author's sinking under his own ideas, who, apprehensive of injuring the greatness of his own conception, is hurried into excess and extravagance.

Quintilian allows the use of hyperbole when words are wanting to ex-

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[1] Speaking of the first, he says,

> "Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
> Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ."

Of the other,

> "Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit."

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press anything in its just strength or due energy: then, he says, it is better to exceed in expression than fall short of the conception; but he likewise observes that there is no figure or form of speech so apt to run into fustian. "Nec aliâ magis viâ in κακοζηλίαν itur."

If the chaste Virgil has thus trespassed upon poetical probability, what can we expect from Lucan but hyperboles even more ridiculously extravagant? He represents the winds in contest, the sea in suspense, doubting to which it shall give way. He affirms that its motion would have been so violent as to produce a second deluge had not Jupiter kept it under by the clouds; and as to the ship during this dreadful uproar, "the sails touch the clouds, while the keel strikes the ground."

"Nubila tanguntur velis, et terra carinâ."

This image of dashing water at the stars, Sir Richard Blackmore has produced in colors truly ridiculous. Describing spouting whales in his "Prince Arthur," he makes the following comparison:

"Like some prodigious water-engine made
To play on heaven, if fire should heaven invade."

The great fault in all these instances is a deviation from propriety, owing to the erroneous judgment of the writer, who, endeavoring to captivate the admiration with novelty, very often shocks the understanding with extravagance. Of this nature is the whole description of the Cyclops, both in the "Odyssey" of Homer and in the "Æneid" of Virgil. It must be owned, however, that the Latin poet, with all his merit, is more apt than his great original to dazzle us with false fire, and practise upon the imagination with gay conceits that will not bear the critic's examination. There is not in any of Homer's works now subsisting such an example of the false sublime as Virgil's description of the thunderbolts forging under the hammers of the Cyclops:

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis Austri."

"Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame."—DRYDEN.

This is altogether a fantastic piece of affectation, of which we can form no sensible image, and serves to chill the fancy rather than warm the admiration of a judging reader.

Extravagant hyperbole is a weed that grows in great plenty through the works of our admired Shakespeare. In the following description, which hath been much celebrated, one sees he has had an eye to Virgil's thunderbolts:

"O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,

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Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the *moonshine's wat'ry beams*," etc.

Even in describing fantastic beings there is a propriety to be observed; but surely nothing can be more revolting to common-sense than this numbering of the *moonbeams* among the other implements of Queen Mab's harness, which, though extremely slender and diminutive, are nevertheless objects of the touch, and may be conceived capable of use.

The ode and satire admit of the boldest hyperboles; such exaggerations suit the impetuous warmth of the one, and in the other have a good effect in exposing folly and exciting horror against vice. They may be likewise successfully used in comedy for moving and managing the powers of ridicule.

## ESSAY XX.[1]

### ON VERSIFICATION.

VERSE is an harmonious arrangement of long and short syllables adapted to different kinds of poetry, and owes its origin entirely to the measured cadence, or music, which was used when the first songs or hymns were recited. This music, divided into different parts, required a regular return of the same measure, and thus every strophe, antistrophe, stanza, contained the same number of feet. To know what constituted the different kinds of rhythmical feet among the ancients, with respect to the number and quantity of their syllables, we have nothing to do but to consult those who have written on grammar and prosody: it is the business of a schoolmaster rather than the accomplishment of a man of taste.

Various essays have been made in different countries to compare the characters of ancient and modern versification, and to point out the difference beyond any possibility of mistake. But they have made distinctions where, in fact, there was no difference, and left the criterion unobserved. They have transferred the name of rhyme to a regular repetition of the same sound at the end of the line, and set up this vile monotony as the characteristic of modern verse, in contradistinction to the feet of the ancients, which they pretend the poetry of modern languages will not admit.

Rhyme, from the Greek word Ῥυθμός, is nothing else but number, which was essential to the ancient as well as to the modern versification. As to the jingle of similar sounds, though it was never used by the ancients in any regular return in the middle or at the end of the line, and was by no means deemed essential to the versification, yet they did not reject it as a blemish where it occurred without the appearance of constraint. We meet

[1] See note, p. 45.

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with it often in the epithets of Homer: Αργυρεοιο, Βιοιο—Ανακ Ανδρων, Αγαμεμνων. Almost the whole first ode of Anacreon is what we call rhyme. The following line of Virgil has been admired for the similitude of sound in the first two words:

"*Ore Are*thusa tuo siculis confunditur undis."

Rhythmus, or number, is certainly essential to verse, whether in the dead or living languages; and the real difference between the two is this: the number in ancient verse relates to the feet, and in modern poetry to the syllables; for to assert that modern poetry has no feet is a ridiculous absurdity. The feet that principally enter the composition of Greek and Latin verses are either of two or three syllables: those of two syllables are either both long, as the spondee; or both short, as the pyrrhic; or one short and the other long, as the iambic; or one long and the other short, as the trochee. Those of three syllables are the dactyl, of one long and two short syllables; the anapest, of two short and one long; the tribrachium, of three short; and the molossus, of three long.

From the different combinations of these feet, restricted to certain numbers, the ancients formed their different kinds of verses, such as the hexameter or heroic, distinguished by six feet, dactyls and spondees, the fifth being always a dactyl and the last a spondee; e. g.:

1 2 3 4 5 6
Principi-is obs-ta, se-ro medi-cina pa-ratur.

The pentameter of five feet, dactyls and spondees, is of six, reckoning two cæsuras:

1 2 3 4 5 6
Cùm mala per lon-gas invalu-êre mo-ras.

They had likewise the iambic of three sorts—the dimeter, the trimeter, and the tetrameter; and all the different kinds of lyric verse specified in the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, and Horace. Each of these was distinguished by the number as well as by the species of their feet, so that they were doubly restricted. Now, all the feet of the ancient poetry are still found in the versification of living languages; for, as cadence was regulated by the ear, it was impossible for a man to write melodious verse without naturally falling into the use of ancient feet, though perhaps he neither knows their measure nor denomination. Thus Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and all our poets, abound with dactyls, spondees, trochees, anapests, etc., which they use indiscriminately in all kinds of composition, whether tragic, epic, pastoral, or ode, having in this particular greatly the advantage of the ancients, who were restricted to particular kinds of feet in particular kinds of verse. If we, then, are confined with the fetters of what is called rhyme, they were restricted to particular species of feet; so that the advantages and disadvantages are pretty equally balanced; but, indeed, the English are more free in this particular than any other modern nation. They not only use blank-verse in tragedy and the epic, but even in lyric poetry. Milton's translation of Horace's ode to Pyr-

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rha is universally known, and generally admired, in our opinion much above its merit. There is an ode extant without rhyme addressed to Evening, by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful; and Mr. Warton, with some others, has happily succeeded in divers occasional pieces that are free of this restraint: but the number in all of these depends upon the syllables, and not upon the feet, which are unlimited.

It is generally supposed that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure; but this, we apprehend, is a mistake, owing to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words dispose the ear to receive them in a certain manner; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreeable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry; and this, being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the ancient measure, from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and in that case we should in time be as well pleased with English as with Latin hexameters.

Sir Philip Sidney is said to have miscarried in his essays,[1] but his miscarriage was no more than that of failing in an attempt to introduce a new fashion. The failure was not owing to any defect or imperfection in the scheme, but to the want of taste, to the irresolution and ignorance of the public. Without all doubt, the ancient measure, so different from that of modern poetry, must have appeared remarkably uncouth to people in general who were ignorant of the classics; and nothing but the countenance and perseverance of the learned could reconcile them to the alteration. We have seen several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily composed that, by attaching them to the idea of ancient measure, we found them in all respects as melodious and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Anacreon, or Horace.

Though the number of syllables distinguishes the nature of the English verse from that of the Greek and Latin, it constitutes neither harmony, grace, nor expression. These must depend upon the choice of words, the seat of the accent, the pause, and the cadence. The accent or tone is understood to be an elevation or sinking of the voice in reciting; the pause is a rest that divides the verse into two parts, each of them called an hemistich. The pause and accent in English poetry vary occasionally, according to the meaning of the words; so that the hemistich does not always consist of an equal number of syllables: and this variety is agreeable, as it prevents

[1] "Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet."—POPE *to Augustus.*

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*Sir Philip Sidney*

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a dull repetition of regular stops, like those in the French versification, every line of which is divided by a pause exactly in the middle. The cadence comprehends that poetical style which animates every line, that propriety which gives strength and expression, that numerosity which renders the verse smooth, flowing, and harmonious, that significancy which marks the passions, and in many cases makes the sound an echo to the sense. The Greek and Latin languages, in being copious and ductile, are susceptible of a vast variety of cadences, which the living languages will not admit; and of these the reader of any ear will judge for himself. We shall only mention a few that are remarkably striking.[1] The following, from Denham's "Cooper's Hill," has been admired and imitated as full, flowing, and sonorous. Speaking of the river Thames:

"Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full!"

There cannot be a better specimen of the swift cadence than this line of Milton:

"Light as the lightning's glimpse, they ran, they flew."

(*To be continued.*[2])

## ESSAY XXI.

### DESCRIPTION OF A WOW-WOW.[3]

I AM one of those unhappy mortals who are retired from the fatigues of business in town, to be tired and fatigued for want of business in the country. While I was in trade, I always languished for retirement; now that is obtained, I long for business again. The air which I thought conveyed the blessings of health and vigor, the flowers that regaled every sense, and the babbling streams that I doted on with rapture, are all become insipid.

I spurn at these, and throw them aside as a boy does his toys; and, like him, feel no satisfaction but in the hope of obtaining others that are new. May we not, then, say that all our happiness is centred in expectation, and, like a coy mistress, ever flies before us?

Tired of a village life and of myself, I flew for refuge to the country town whence I date this letter, there hoping to share the mean between

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[1] The poet Vida describes the last groan of our Saviour in these words:

"Supremamque auram, ponens caput, expiravit."—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Which it never was.

[3] From the *Public Ledger*, a daily paper, established in January, 1760, by John Newbery, though "printed for W. Bristow, next the Great Toyshop in St. Paul's Church-yard." Nos. XXII. and XXIII. are from the same paper. "The Citizen of the World" was originally published in the *Public Ledger*. See Vol. III. p. 86.

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London and the country, and to variegate life, and partake of the pleasures both of business and retirement; but here I am again disappointed. The only diversion, and indeed almost the only business, of this place is going to the Wow-wow.

When first I arrived here, I called at a gentleman's house to whom I was recommended by a friend in London, when a servant who came to the door told me it was impossible I could speak to his master then, for he was just gone to the Wow-wow. My wife being indisposed, I sent for an eminent apothecary, but he not coming immediately, I flew with impatience to his house, where finding his spouse, and telling her my wife's case, she cried, "Poor lady, I am sorry for her, and wish, sir, you had happened to come a little sooner, for Mr. ——— would certainly have waited on her, but he is just gone to the Wow-wow." A tradesman who has gained money enough in town to retire, and commence gentleman in the country, thinks himself entitled to as much respect, perhaps, as those who make larger claims, and I own I found myself piqued at this behavior.

Thus disconcerted, I made for my inn, but passing by a tradesman's shop whence I had ordered some goods, I called to pay him. Here I saw only two boys at shuttlecock, to whom I told my business. They were too earnestly engaged to give me any other answer but that if I wanted to pay any money there I must go to the Wow-wow.

Arriving at the inn, I found my wife a little recovered, and therefore rang for dinner: "Lord, my dear," says she, "it is to no purpose to ring, for you can get no dinner here; the master of the house is cook himself, and, not expecting company so late, the drawer says he is just gone to the Wow-wow, which, I suppose, is the next market-town." At this instant entered my landlord with an affected air of complaisance; but, notwithstanding he had set his features to the semblance of a smile, I could perceive he was out of humor at being sent for.

After dinner, curiosity led me to see this wonderful place of entertainment, this Wow-wow, and I made my inquiry accordingly; but I should have missed the place of rendezvous if I had not been directed to it by a number of women who were catechising a man, who, it seems, had made a little mistake; and instead of going for the midwife, as he had been directed, had strolled into the Wow-wow, which I found, to my surprise, was a confused heap of people of all denominations assembled at a public-house to read the newspapers, and to hear the tittle-tattle of the day.

When I entered, the first object that engaged my attention was a middle-aged man seated above the rest, who, with a pipe in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other, was rectifying the mistakes made by several generals engaged in the present war.

"Finck,"[1] says he, "was a fool to do as he has done. Do you think I

[1] The Prussian general who (November, 1759) "chose his position at Maxen with so little skill that he was surrounded and compelled to lay down his arms. No event in Frederick's whole career seems to have more deeply wounded his pride."—Lord Mahon's *History*, chap. xxxvi. Daun was the Austrian general to whom Finck surrendered.

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would have suffered Daun to have cooped me up in this manner? Here lay his army; Daun's was there, and there, and there" (still chalking the table). "Now here lies a morass as big as ours in the dike-mead: he should have drawn his men off here, and guarded this pass, and all had been right; but he was either a fool or feed to do as he has done. There is bribery in other countries, I find, as well as in ours."

He had scarcely finished, when another, taking up a newspaper, read a paragraph, importing that a squadron of Dutch men-of-war were seen with their flag flying in Pondicherry harbor. This brought on the question whether Pondicherry was in Europe or America, which was debated with such warmth by some of the company that we should certainly have had a war at the Wow-wow had not an Oxford scholar, led there by curiosity, pulled a new magazine[1] out of his pocket, in which he said there were some pieces extremely curious and that deserved their attention. He then read the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves," to the entire satisfaction of the audience, which being finished, he threw the pamphlet on the table: "That piece, gentlemen," says he, "is written in the very spirit and manner of Cervantes; there is great knowledge of human nature, and evident marks of the master in almost every sentence; and from the plan, the humor, and the execution, I can venture to say that it dropped from the pen of the ingenious Dr. ———."[2] Every one was pleased with the performance, and I was particularly gratified in hearing all the sensible part of the company give orders for the *British Magazine*. I was surprised, and indeed disgusted, to find in this odd assembly several gentlemen of exceeding good sense, but was somewhat satisfied when they told me that they were drawn thither for want of business and diversions, and that this want had established a Wow-wow, or meeting of news-hunters, in every town in the kingdom. "This odd mixture of company," says one of them, "may to you, sir, seem disagreeable; but in the country a man must club his talents thus unequally, or seclude himself from company entirely; and though this meeting may give you no favorable idea of a country life, it will convince you that the human race, as well as other animals, are impatient for society, and that a man of sense would rather converse with his cook-maid than be alone, and especially if she be handsome."

## ESSAY XXII.[3]

### ON ABUSE OF OUR ENEMIES.

As one of Alexander's soldiers was railing against the Persians, condemning the whole nation as a pack of cowardly, effeminate, and perfidious scoundrels, "My friend," cries the hero, overhearing him, "I have employed you to fight the Persians, not to scold them." The English have

[1] The *British Magazine*. See note, p. 14.
[2] Dr. Smollett.
[3] From the *Public Ledger*.

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learned to fight like Alexander. They have done more: they have relieved those enemies in distress which their valor subdued; they have surpassed the old Macedonians in bravery and generosity. Could they learn to scold their enemies less, all the world must own their superiority in politeness as well as in arms and humanity.

I must own, nothing gives me more uneasiness in conversation than to hear men talk of the French with detestation; to hear them condemned as guilty of every vice, and scarcely allowed any national virtue. I am the more displeased at such ignorant assertions because they are false, and because I don't much care to contradict them. To speak well of France, in some companies, is almost as bad as if one acknowledged himself to be a spy; I am obliged, therefore, to sit silent while I hear unlettered men talk of a people they do not know, and condemn them in the gross they know not why.

The French have been long acknowledged to have much bravery: a great part of Europe has owned their superiority in this respect; and I know scarcely any country but that which has beaten them that dares deny the contrary. In short, I consider them in the same light with the subordinate characters in an epic poem, who are generally described as very terrible, only to heighten our idea of the hero who conquers them.

To beat the French, and to scold them too, is out-heroding Herod; if we were not able to knock them o' the head, I should not be displeased if we showed our resentment by addressing their ears with reproach; but as it is, we only resemble a country justice, who, not content with putting a culprit in the stocks, stands by to reproach him for getting there.

Jack Reptile is a professed Antigallican; he gets drunk with French wine three times a week. To convince the world of his detestation of Monsieur Soup-maigre, he assures the company he has once, when he was young, boxed three Frenchmen, "*one down, t'other come on,*" and beat them all; he wonders how French scoundrels can live who eat nothing but salads and frogs the whole year round. Jack hates everything that is French, except their wine, and has been known to quarrel with some of his countrymen for wearing a bag-wig. His virulence against the enemy has even soured his disposition to his friends, and he seems never happy except when indulging invective.

If the present war or its causes happen to be the subject of conversation, he lays all the blame upon them alone, and can see neither avarice nor injustice in the planters of our side. If peace be the topic, "his counsel is for open war;" nor can he think any terms honorable or advantageous that do not put us in possession, not only of all we have conquered, but almost all the enemy have to lose. Thus, while our soldiers earn victory abroad, Jack enjoys the price of it at home, and, unacquainted with the perils they endure, seems unmindful how long they undergo them. War gives him no uneasiness; he sits and soaks in profound security; the distresses, the calamities, of mankind neither interrupt his tranquillity nor lessen his draught; the miseries of his fellow-creatures, like the pictures of a battle, serve rather to excite pleasure than pain. Ten thousand fallen on one field make a curious article in the *Gazette*. Hundreds sunk to the bottom by

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one broadside furnish out the topic of the day, and zest his coffee; the very tempest guides him to his harbor. In short, he fancies he shows his loyalty by reproaches, and his courage by continuing the war.

What I would intend by all this is to persuade my countrymen by the fireside to behave with the same degree of merit with those in the field; while they cover us with glory abroad, let us not tarnish it by invectives at home. I scarce read a periodical paper that is not filled with indecencies of this kind; and as many of these papers pass into other countries, what idea will they form, not only of our good sense, but humanity, when they see us thus depreciating the enemies we have subdued? This, in fact, is lessening ourselves. An easy conquest is no very honorable one. I remember to have heard M. Voltaire observe, in a large company at his house at Monrion, that at the battle of Dettingen the English exhibited prodigies of valor; but they soon lessened their well-bought conquest by lessening the merit of those they had conquered. Their despising the French then, he continued to observe, was probably the cause of their defeat at Fontenoy: one army fought with all the security of presumption; the other with all the fury of men willing to rescue their character from undeserved contempt.

## ESSAY XXIII.[1]

### THE GODDESS OF SILENCE,

*To the Ladies of London and Westminster, Greeting.*

LADIES,—Though I am personally acquainted with but few of you; though an utter stranger at all your modern entertainments, routs, drums, or assemblies; yet, as I was once well known to your grandmothers, and am still in some esteem with your husbands and lovers, I must be permitted to offer my complaint; I must beg leave to introduce my petition upon the strength of former intimacy, even though I should be heard with as much disgust as the poorest of your poor relations.

It is now many years since I was obliged to give up the amusements of town and fly to a retreat in the country. I own I retired with reluctance, and fondly imagined you would have felt equal reluctance at my departure; but instead of this I find no single creature regrets my absence; every pretty mouth strives which shall make most noise, and all seem to conspire in thinking that company best where I am totally excluded.

And yet, ladies, I have some right to expostulate against this ingratitude; for I will appeal to the opposite sex whether you ever had in Great Britain a sincerer friend than I. I have made more matches in my time than a grass widow, and have reconciled more matrimonial disputes than the fears of pin-money or a separate maintenance. I have taught ladies how to get husbands, and the harder lesson still, how to keep them; and yet for all this I am discarded, rejected from all polite society.

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[1] From the *Public Ledger*.

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But I am not only deposed, the Goddess of Discord has been set up in my stead; all your pleasures seem dictated by her direction; she is constituted mistress of the ceremonies, if I can call that ceremony which is noise and confusion; it is she alone that prescribes the drum, the ball, and the tempests; 'tis she increases the hurry of ridottos, whirlwinds, routs, hurricanes —But my head aches; I must discontinue a catalogue of names more grating than a curtain lecture or the "Grenadier's March."

I never think of the power I once enjoyed without regret. In those happy times when the beautiful sex was dressed in ruffs and fardingales; when your grandmothers showed their skill, not in playing piquet, but in making pies, and were equally remarkable for raising passion and paste—in those happy times, I say, Silence made some figure in every assembly; even court-ladies themselves were then contented with silent pleasures, and a lover who resisted all the eloquence of their eyes above-stairs was after caught in the attractive circle of a custard or a mince-pie, of my lady's own making, below in the larder.

Here I had enjoyed a peaceful reign from time immemorial; had flattered myself that modesty and I were to be inseparable companions; but it seems I was mistaken. I was first deposed at court by Miss Jenny Up-and-down and my lady Betty Roundabout; they hunted me from drawing-room to drawing-room, pursued me from family to family; for wherever they came, I was never after admitted. Those two ladies had led the fashion for many years; they continued tip-top talkative toasts for almost half a century; I wished a thousand times to see them peaceably married out of the way; but they continued their visiting and virginity to the last, and I was undone.

From court I was obliged to retire into the city. Here I sought for some time, though in vain, for refuge; but at last happily took shelter in the family of the Widow Slumber. I had no fears of having my repose disturbed in this family; for though it consisted mostly of women, there was no great noise; the widow herself being lethargic, and Mrs. Abigail dumb from her cradle. Yet, who would have thought it? A captain of grenadiers attacked the widow with success, and discharged both me and the dumb waiting-maid in the flash of a pistol!

We both travelled together for some time; and, whatever she thought of me, I found her excellent company; so borrowing wings from poverty, we flew up together to a garret in Drury Lane. Here all was perfect tranquillity; even carts and hackney-coaches from below could scarce be heard; the very woman that cried sprats was unable to interrupt our repose; and yet, after all, our repose was interrupted. Scandal, in the shape of our landlady, began to intrude upon our retirement; she did not care, she said, to lodge single women; she lived in a very honest neighborhood, and would not have her house get a bad character for our scurvy two shillings a week. So giving us warning, we were obliged to decamp; Abigail to the workhouse, and I to the place of my nativity near Penman-maur.

From this retreat, then, it is, ladies, that I address you. Though I hate noise, I am equally averse to solitude. Permit me once more to return to be admitted at your entertainments; permit a banished goddess once more

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to show her friendship to the sex and add lustre to your beauty. I do not know that I ever disgusted one of your lovers, though I have attracted thousands. I never knew a husband complain that I kept his wife too much company, and even on the most critical occasions my presence has been regarded as an omen of victory; for silence gives consent.

I am, Ladies, etc., etc.

## ESSAY XXIV.[1]

### FEMALE CHARACTERS.

MAN'S province is universal, and comprehends everything, from the culture of the earth to the government of it: men only become coxcombs by assuming particular characters, for which they are particularly unfit, though others may shine in those very characters. But the case of the fair sex is quite different; for there are many characters which are not of the feminine gender, and, consequently, there may be two kinds of women coxcombs: those who affect what does not fall within their department, and those who go out of their own natural characters, though they keep within the female province.

I should be very sorry to offend, where I only mean to advise and reform; I therefore hope the fair sex will pardon me, when I give ours the preference. Let them reflect that each sex has its distinguishing characteristic; and if they can with justice (as certainly they may) brand a man with the name of a cotquean[2] if he invades a certain female detail which is unquestionably their prerogative, may not we, with equal justice, retort upon them when, laying aside their natural characters, they assume those which are appropriated to us? The delicacy of their texture and the strength of ours, the beauty of their form and the coarseness of ours, sufficiently indicate the respective vocations. Was Hercules ridiculous and contemptible with his distaff? Omphale would not have been less so at a review or a council-board. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soothe and soften ours; their tenderness is the proper reward for the toils we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation our desirable retreat from the labors of study and business. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic offices; and when they stray beyond them, they move eccentrically, and consequently without grace.[3]

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[1] From the *Ladies' Magazine.*

[2] "A man that is too busy in meddling with women's affairs."—PHILLIPS'S *New World of Words.*

[3] "Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are

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Aggripina, born with an understanding and dispositions which could, at best, have qualified her for the sordid helpmate of a pawnbroker or usurer, pretends to all the accomplishments that ever adorned man or woman, without the possession, or even the true knowledge, of any one of them. She would appear learned, and has just enough of all things, without comprehending any one, to make her talk absurdly upon everything. She looks upon the art of pleasing as her masterpiece, but mistakes the means so much that her flattery is too gross for self-love to swallow, and her lies too palpable to deceive for a moment; so that she shocks those she would gain. Mean tricks, shallow cunning, and breach of faith constitute her mistaken system of politics. She endeavors to appear generous at the expense of trifles, while an indiscreet and unguarded rapaciousness discovers her natural and insatiable avidity. Thus mistaking the perfections she would seem to possess, and the means of acquiring even them, she becomes the most ridiculous, instead of the most complete, of her sex.

Eudosia, the most frivolous woman in the world, condemns her own sex for being too trifling. She despises the agreeable levity and cheerfulness of a mixed company; she will be serious, that she will; and emphatically intimates that she thinks reason and good sense very valuable things. She never mixes in the general conversation, but singles out some one man, whom she thinks worthy of her good sense, and in a half voice, or *sotto voce*, discusses her solid trifles in his ear, dwells particularly upon the most trifling circumstances of the main trifle, which she enforces with the proper inclination of head and body, and with the most expressive gesticulations of the fan, modestly confessing every now and then, by way of parenthesis, that possibly it may be thought presumption in a woman to talk at all upon those matters. In the meantime, her unhappy hearer stifles a thousand gapes, assents universally to whatever she says, in hopes of shortening the conversation, and carefully watches the first favorable opportunity, which any motion in the company gives him, of making his escape from this excellent solid understanding. Thus deserted, but not discouraged, she takes the whole company in their turns, and has, for every one, a whisper of equal importance. If Eudosia would content herself with her natural talents, play at cards, make tea and visits, talk to her dog often and to her company but sometimes, she would not be ridiculous, but bear a very tolerable part in the polite world.

Sydaria had beauty enough to have excused (while young) her want of common-sense. But she scorned the fortuitous and precarious triumphs of beauty: she would only conquer by the charms of her mind. An union of hearts, a delicacy of sentiments, a mental adoration, or a sort of tender quietism, were what she long sought for and never found. Thus nature struggled with sentiments till she was five-and-forty, but then got the better of it to such a degree that she made very advantageous proposals to an Irish ensign of one-and-twenty: equally ridiculous in her age and in her youth.

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confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace."—*The Citizen of the World*, Letter LXII. Vol. IV. p. 62.

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Canidia, withered by age and shattered by infirmities, totters under the load of her misplaced ornaments; and her dress varies according to the freshest advices from Paris, instead of conforming itself (as it ought) to the direction of her undertaker. Her mind, as weak as her body, is absurdly adorned; she talks politics and metaphysics, mangles the terms of each, and, if there be sense in either, most infallibly puzzles it; adding intricacy to politics, and darkness to mysteries, equally ridiculous in this world and the next.

I shall not now enter into an examination of the lesser affectations (most of them are pardonable, and many of them are pretty, if their owners are so), but confine my present animadversions to the affectation of ill-suited characters; for I would by no means deprive my fair countrywomen of their genteel little terrors, antipathies, and affections. The alternate panics of thieves, spiders, ghosts, and thunder are allowable to youth and beauty, provided they survive them. But what I mean is, to prevail with them to act their own natural parts, and not other people's; and to convince them that even their own imperfections will become them better than the borrowed perfections of others.

Should some lady of spirit, unjustly offended at these restrictions, ask what province I leave their sex? I answer that I leave them whatever has not been peculiarly assigned by nature to ours. I leave them a mighty empire—Love. There they reign absolute, and by unquestioned right, while beauty supports their throne. They have all the talents requisite for that soft empire, and the ablest of our sex cannot contend with them in the profound knowledge and conduct of those arcana. But then, those who are deposed by years or accidents, or those who by nature were never qualified to reign, should content themselves with the private care and economy of their families, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties.

I take the fabulous birth of Minerva, the goddess of arms, wisdom, arts, and sciences, to have been an allegory of the ancients calculated to show that women of natural and usual births must not aim at those accomplishments. She sprung armed out of Jupiter's head, without the co-operation of his consort Juno, and, as such only, had those great provinces assigned her.

I confess one has read of ladies, such as Semiramis, Thalestris, and others, who have made very considerable figures in the most heroic and manly parts of life; but, considering the great antiquity of those histories, and how much they are mixed up with fables, one is at liberty to question either the facts or the sex. Besides that, the most ingenious and erudite Conrad Wolfang Laboriosus Nugatorius, of Halle, in Saxony, has proved to a demonstration, in the fourteenth volume, page 2891, of his learned treatise "De Hermaphroditis," that all the reputed female heroes of antiquity were of this epicene species, though, out of regard to the fair and modest part of my readers, I dare not quote the several facts and reasonings with which he supports this assertion; and as for the heroines of modern date, we have more than suspicions of their being at least of the epicene gender. The greatest monarch that ever filled the British throne (till very lately) was Queen Elizabeth, of whose sex we have abundant reason to doubt, history



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furnishing us with many instances of the manhood of that princess, without leaving us one single symptom or indication of the woman; and thus much is certain, that she thought it improper for her to marry a man. The great Christina, Queen of Sweden, was allowed by everybody to be above her sex; and the masculine was so predominant in her composition that she even conformed at last to its dress, and ended her days in Italy. I therefore require that those women who insist upon going beyond the bounds allotted to their sex should previously declare themselves hermaphrodites, and be registered as such in their several parishes; till when I shall not suffer them to confound politics, perplex metaphysics, and darken mysteries.

How amiable may a woman be! what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations, her lover, or her husband, in keeping strictly within her character! She adorns all female virtues with female softness. Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural cheerfulness of mind, tenderness and benignity of heart, which justly endear them to us, either to animate our joys or soothe our sorrows; but how are they changed, and how shocking do they become, when the rage of ambition or the pride of learning agitates and swells those breasts where only love, friendship, and tender care should dwell!

Let Flavia be their model, who, though she could support any character, assumes none; never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason; whatever she says or does is the manifest result of a happy nature and a good understanding. Though she knows whatever women ought, and, it may be, more than they are required, to know, she conceals the superiority she has with as much care as others take to display the superiority they have not; she conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in, but in a way of rather avoiding to be distanced than desiring to take the lead. Are they merry, she is cheerful; are they grave, she is serious; are they absurd, she is silent. Though she thinks and speaks as a man would do, still it is as a woman should do; she effeminates (if I may use the expression) whatever she says, and gives all the graces of her own sex to the strength of ours; she is well-bred, without the troublesome ceremonies and frivolous forms of those who only affect to be so. As her good-breeding proceeds jointly from good-nature and good-sense, the former inclines her to oblige, and the latter shows her the easiest and best way of doing it. Woman's beauty, like men's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment which seldom accompanies a great degree of either: her beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind; she knows the true value of it, and, far from thinking that it authorizes impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid those errors that are its usual attendants. Thus, she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others; for she is loved and esteemed, though envied by all.

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# ESSAY XXV.[1]

## ZENIM AND GALHINDA.

*An Eastern Tale.*

In the early ages of the world, all the inhabitants of earth were subject to Firnaz, the genius of pleasure. He was a good spirit, and favorite of the Most High. The air, the mountains, the woods, the rivers, the seas, and the subterranean abyss obeyed his commands; the nymphs, the sylphs, and groves acknowledged his jurisdiction. To do services to mankind was his greatest satisfaction; and no sooner was an infant brought into the world than he appointed proper guardians to incite the rising mortal to virtue, or turn him from vice.

But, of all his favorites, none shared a greater degree of his affections than Zenim and Galhinda, two children descended from the race of kings—one the most sensible youth, the other the fairest girl of all Circassia. As they surpassed their companions in merit, the genius was resolved to supply them with an adequate proportion of happiness, and mutually bless them with each other. He inspired Zenim, as yet but a boy, with sentiments of courage, justice, and virtue. He adorned Galhinda with charms, that none could behold without the most ardent sensibility.

But, in order to render the education of both still more complete, the genius separated the young prince at the earliest period from the breast of his fond mother to where he could have no commerce with the bewitching beauty of the opposite sex. A forest, remote from the habitations of men, became his retreat. Instructors the most celebrated were appointed both for his morals, exercises, and amusements. His mind was formed by the most prudent counsels, and tinctured with every science, without its vain subtleties, that only serve to discourage and perplex. Two sages, whose songs had often engaged the attention even of the genius of the woods, were particularly dear to him: those he heard with pleasure, while in the intervals of more serious study they sung the actions of heroes and the distresses of suffering virtue. Thus was his understanding formed by precepts, while the manly exercises gave strength and grace to his limbs, and in all these none could dispute with him the victory.

In every gesture, every look, something noble might be discovered, and all his conversation announced the hero. Sixteen years were expired, and as yet he was ignorant that there was a more beautiful part of the creation hitherto concealed from his view. Firnaz had imposed silence in this respect upon all his attendants; neither the voice of friendship nor the love-breathing lyre had yet told him anything of the happiness of mutual love.

While Zenim, thus unconscious of the power of beauty, grew up in soli-

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[1] From the *Ladies' Magazine.*

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tude and advanced in wisdom, Galhinda was formed by Firnaz himself to give perfect happiness. She had, by the orders of the genius, been shut up remote from men in a retired palace, where she passed the first years of innocence among companions almost as fair and quite as harmless as she. Here she strayed among cool meadows and refreshing streams, attended by twelve nymphs, as beautiful and fresh as the morning; her young heart was not as yet agitated with any desire, and virtue only had a power of giving her any emotions. She would, at proper intervals, descend from her palace of marble to a retired valley, and there with her lute, joined to the sweetness of her voice, celebrate the charms of piety, charity, content, and friendship. These were all the pleasures she knew, and even her dreams had never informed her that there were any still greater.

In the meantime, she approached that period when age has expanded every charm. Her desires seemed to increase with her years, and she found in her breast a chasm that friendship alone was not sufficient to supply. She chanced to wander near a glassy fountain: the polished surface reflected back her beauties. Surprised, she stood in silent contemplation of her charms. "Strange!" cried she; "to what purpose are all these charms, or why have I been made thus lovely? The rose is beautiful, to obtain a place in my bosom; the violet sheds perfume for me only. But why am I thus fair? am I only formed beautiful in vain?" It was thus the beautiful Galhinda reasoned with herself, while Firnaz, the guardian genius, concealed in a cloud, attended the soliloquy.

While Galhinda was thus agitated, Zenim felt not less strong though equally inconceivable emotions. His brow, once so serene, resembled now the sun hid in clouds. He sought for solitude, and fled from his friends, who offered their company. Here he usually gave way to the torrent of his reflections, while Firnaz, his guardian, secretly and unobserved, watched all his uneasinesses, and enjoyed his perturbation. "Now," cried the genius—"now will be the time to gratify their desires, and to make two of the most deserving objects on earth happy. With what rapture shall I not enjoy their mutual astonishment at first meeting each other! How refined a pleasure that of being able to please!"

Thus saying, he flew upon the zephyr's wing to where Galhinda was enjoying a balmy slumber. A dream which had been produced by the genius presented to her imagination the image of the prince. She fancied him searching the forest in pursuit of a lost friend with seeming inquietude. She seemed to fly; and, while he appeared to pursue, the illusion was dissolved by her awaking.

She had, in the meantime, been transported while she slept, with a rapidity swifter than thought, to the retreat of the young prince, and upon awaking, she perceived nothing but what was strange around. But what were her emotions when she perceived approaching the very image that had been so lovely in her dream! She seemed quite disordered; and the prince himself suffered not less than she. Expression is unable to paint their circumstances at that juncture; their fears, their transports, can only be conceived by souls formed for tenderness and each other. In the meantime, Galhinda, incapable of resisting her natural timidity, modestly looked down,

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as if dazzled with his charms. The prince was absorbed in a succession of pleasingly painful ideas, yet found courage to approach the object of all his desires. He attempted to speak, but found his voice as if fled from him. He attempted to grasp her hand, while she gently repressed his temerity.

In this state of fear, desire, and mutual admiration, they continued for some time, when Firnaz spread a shining light around them, and, appearing before them under a celestial form, thus addressed the happiest lovers that ever added grace to humanity: "Happy, happy mortals! in me behold the cause of your present felicity. Fate designed you for each other, and I charged myself with executing its decrees. Yet trust not to personal beauty alone for a continuance of your mutual passion; that love that is of long continuance must be founded truly in mutual esteem; that passion which deserves the name of love must arise only from an union of those sentiments which form the basis of the soul. Lovers formed for each other are attracted to this happy union, even without perceiving the cause of this attraction. Let humanity teach you to turn a part of that regard you have for each other on those around you. Let not that virtue in which you have been early instructed ever forsake you; and still continue to improve, by the brightness of each other's example, till you have attained the perfection of the celestial flame."

Thus saying, Firnaz surrounded them with a cloud, and disappeared. But he left them as companions Wisdom, Joy, and Peace. Those tender lovers were still attended by that celestial guard, and the most distant posterity have learned to admire the fidelity and virtue of Zenim and Galhinda.

## ESSAY XXVI.[1]

### THE HISTORY OF A POET'S GARDEN.

Of all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardor of his hopes that they often are equal to actual enjoyment; and he feels more in expectance than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if a man knew how little he can do! How wretched a creature

[1] From the *Westminster Magazine; or, The Pantheon of Taste* (vol. i. p. 2, 8vo, 1773), "printed for W. Goldsmith, No. 24 Paternoster Row;" introduced into the volume of "Essays" published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801. Nos. XXVII. and XXVIII. are from the same magazine.

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would he be, if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone,[1] who was himself a poet, and possessed of that warm imagination which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following reverie:

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a prattling brook, the Genius of the Place appeared before me, but more resembling the God of Time than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of gardens. Instead of shears, he bore a scythe; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedgerows that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius with a sigh received my condolement, and assured me that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing further, he went on:

"You see in the place before you the paternal inheritance of a poet; and, to a man content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence: but a strong imagination and a long acquaintance with the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its future enjoyment; and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner went forward; one beauty attained, led him to wish for some other; but he still hoped that every emendation would be the last. It was now, therefore, found that the improvement exceeded the subsidy, that the place was grown too large and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire: the garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly re-

[1] "The Leasowes," a *ferme ornée* between Birmingham and Hagley, of great beauty, but which Shenstone was too poor to support. The poet, however, was in advance of his age as a landscape gardener, though now (1854) few traces remain of his skill in directing nature. I have heard Mr. Rogers (the poet) speak most highly of the beauty of "The Leasowes," as he in his youth remembered the *ferme ornée*.

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sign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life was found unfaithful; so that, instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his improvement.

"In consequence of this hope which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples and the walls of his retreats were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

"In this situation, the poet continued for a time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden by this time was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were grown dark; the brook assumed a natural sylvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

"The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every urn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

"As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker's were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hog-sties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

"The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend; but, unfortunately, he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or a temple; the improvement was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

"In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand

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to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally have been twisted into serpentine windings. The color of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favorite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a dryad or a wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might perhaps find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia."

## ESSAY XXVII.[1]

### A COMPARISON BETWEEN LAUGHING AND SENTIMENTAL COMEDY.

THE theatre, like all other amusements, has its fashions and its prejudices; and when satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement. For some years tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late it has entirely given way to comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and the unnatural rant are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

But as in describing nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our modern writers find themselves at a loss which chiefly to copy from; and it is now debated whether the exhibition of human distress is likely to afford the mind more entertainment than that of human absurdity.

Comedy is defined by Aristotle to be a picture of the frailties of the lower part of mankind, to distinguish it from tragedy, which is an exhibition of the misfortunes of the great. When comedy therefore ascends to produce the characters of princes or generals upon the stage, it is out of its walk, since low life and middle life are entirely its object. The principal question, therefore, is, whether in describing low or middle life an exhibition of its follies be not preferable to a detail of its calamities? Or, in other words, which deserves the preference—the weeping sentimental comedy, so much in fashion at present, or the laughing and even low comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrugh and Cibber?[2]

If we apply to authorities, all the great masters in the dramatic art have but one opinion. Their rule is, that as tragedy displays the calamities of

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[1] From the *Westminster Magazine* for 1773 (vol. i. p. 4), introduced into the volume of "Essays" published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801.

[2] "The undertaking a comedy not merely sentimental was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw the piece in its various stages, always thought it so."—GOLDSMITH, *Dedication to Dr. Johnson of "She Stoops to Conquer."*

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the great, so comedy should excite our laughter by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind. Boileau, one of the best modern critics, asserts that comedy will not admit of tragic distress:

> "Le comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs,
> N'admet point dans ses vers de tragiques douleurs."

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in nature, as the distresses of the mean by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great. When tragedy exhibits to us some great man fallen from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in the same manner as we suppose he himself must feel, and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from whence he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathize with one born in humbler circumstances, and encountering accidental distress: so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarce give halfpence to the beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity, the other our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of tragedy, since the great excite our pity by their fall; but not equally so of comedy, since the actors employed in it are originally so mean that they sink but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, tragedy and comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, yet always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the *vis comica*. All other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous, but never exalt their characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humorously calls "a tradesman's tragedy."

Yet notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced under the name of *sentimental comedy*, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favorite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *tin* money on the stage; and though they want humor, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught not only to pardon, but to applaud, them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the comedy aims at touching our passions, without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are likely to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for while the comic poet is invading the province of the tragic muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, however, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

But it will be said that the theatre is formed to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If mankind find delight in weeping at comedy, it would be cruel to abridge

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them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of comedies, yet call them by any other name, and if they are delightful, they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit, and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an inlet to amusement.

These objections, however, are rather specious than solid. It is true that amusement is a great object of the theatre; and it will be allowed that these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? The question is, whether a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of bastard tragedy, which only is applauded because it is new?

A friend of mine, who was sitting unmoved at one of the sentimental pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent? "Why, truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his counting-house on Fish Street Hill, since he will still have enough left to open shop in St. Giles's."

The other objection is as ill-grounded; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of mulish production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank-verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favor of sentimental comedy which will keep it on the stage in spite of all that can be said against it. It is of all others the most easily written. Those abilities that can hammer out a novel are fully sufficient for the production of a sentimental comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the characters a little: to deck out the hero with a ribbon or give the heroine a title; then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humor, into their mouths; give them mighty good hearts, very fine clothes; furnish a new set of scenes; make a pathetic scene or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole; and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humor, at present, seems to be departing from the stage; and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at a play as gloomy as at the tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it would be but a just punishment that when, by our being too fastidious, we have banished humor from the stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the art of laughing.

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# ESSAY XXVIII.[1]

## THE HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO, THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day and a beggar in our dreams by night, or, inverting the question, a beggar by day and a monarch while sleeping. It has been usually decided that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch, in reality, feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none surely more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream.

Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy; a little, brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candor; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality, for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but, awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began,

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[1] From the *Westminster Magazine* for 1773 (vol. i. p. 133), introduced into the volume of "Essays" published in 1797 by Isaac Reed, and included by Percy in the "Miscellaneous Works" of 1801.

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when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances occurred. One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immovable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then, snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff. Not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside, as if to find some. He next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immovable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo had gone no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little beaufet beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but, not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and, finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other, and, thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell: there, hiding his ill-got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and, going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there. He went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there, and, learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

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His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady who had long been a benefactor to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honor, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

## ESSAY XXIX.[1]

### A REGISTER OF SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

*To the Editor of the Westminster Magazine.*

Sir,—As I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to set young people together as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavors, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that in which a young couple find themselves when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the land of promise. When the post-chaise is driving off and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it! And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

But if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company, to be sure. It is then the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and

[1] From the *Westminster Magazine* for 1773 (vol. i. p. 137).

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the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed; and I do not find that it anyways diminished my happiness with my husband while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old family way; I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in inquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and of an history of twenty-five that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

Imprimis, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a tailor, who, to be sure, for a tailor, was a very agreeable sort of a man. But, I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rachel Runfort went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but, being deceived in their expectations, they parted, and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary Lane.[1]

The next couple of whom I have any account actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter and one of the prettiest, modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking

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[1] See note, Vol V. p. 248.

"*Olivia.* But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

"*Landlady.* Maybe not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman. Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge Lane."—*The Good-natured Man*, act v. (Vol. I. p. 209).

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gentleman, all dressed in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blessed for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce. He now dresses at the York ball, and she is in keeping by the member for our borough in Parliament.

In this manner, we see that all those marriages in which there is interest on one side and disobedience on the other are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw anything but design and falsehood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty-thousand-pounder, professing his passion while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

Of all the sincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run away with his mistress to Scotland, was the most so. An old exciseman of our town, who, as you may guess, was not very rich, had a daughter, who, as you shall see, was not very handsome. It was the opinion of everybody that this young woman would not soon be married, as she wanted two main articles, beauty and fortune. But, for all this, a very well-looking man, that happened to be travelling those parts, came and asked the exciseman for his daughter in marriage. The exciseman, willing to deal openly by him, asked if he had seen the girl; "for," says he, "she is hump-backed."—"Very well," cried the stranger, "that will do for me."—"Ay," says the exciseman, "but my daughter is as brown as a berry."—"So much the better," cried the stranger; "such skins wear well."—"But she is bandy-legged," says the exciseman.—"No matter," cries the other; "her petticoats will hide that defect."—"But then she is very poor, and wants an eye."—"Your description delights me," cries the stranger: "I have been looking out for one of her make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beasts, and intend to show her off for a chimpanzee."

## ESSAY XXX.[1]

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon and less understood than that of friendship: to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship,

[1] From the *Universal Magazine* for April, 1774, p. 171, where it is entitled "Essay on Friendship, written by the late Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Not published in his Works."

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dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them.

Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind: they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it in some measure make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first in pursuit only of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honor; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavors. That circle of beings which dependence gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connection more nearly equal; and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burden; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches; and, as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men around him. Among the number of his dependents was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor, proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such, indeed, in the common acceptation of the word, it was. Whenever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favors, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

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To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. "Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good-fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion, under the famous John, who headed a particular party of Jewish malcontents.

"From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the Temple History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms and crying out to his friend to leap down from the top and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot: one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall."

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# PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS,

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Mr. Wright, in his edition of 1837, added largely and importantly to this portion of Goldsmith's labors. Retaining all that he has given, I have added a brief Preface or Letter "To the Publisher" of "An History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son" (2 vols. 12mo), 1764; a Letter from the same work (No. XVI.) containing Goldsmith's views of the Augustan Age of English Literature (a good specimen of his style); and a brief Advertisement to "Dr. Goldsmith's Roman History, Abridged by Himself for the Use of Schools," 12mo, 1772.

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# PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS, Etc.

## THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.[1]

The praise by which a translator attempts to advance the reputation of his original is usually considered as an indirect claim to applause on his own account. Though he may not stand in the full lustre of his own panegyric, yet such are his connections with his author that he receives it by reflection, and tacitly compliments himself at least for judgment in his choice.

Assurances on his part, however, seldom influence the approbation of the public, but frequently incur its contempt; for if he be so unfortunate as to fail in his promises, falsehood is added to swell the number of his other imperfections.

Sensible of this truth, it is not expected to enhance the excellences or palliate the faults of the succeeding memoir. The public will scarce be influenced in their judgment by the obscure prefacer; and perhaps the work might rather suffer by his misplaced admiration. To confess a truth, he hardly knows how to introduce it to the public attention, and even to procure it a reading, among the multiplicity of modern publications.

Perhaps what he thinks its excellences may be considered as defects; what he hopes may give it popularity will contribute to assign it to neglect. Thus, for instance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful entertainment to the numerous readers of reigning romance, as it is strictly true. No events are here to astonish; no unexpected incidents to surprise; no such high-finished pictures as captivate the imagination, and have made fiction fashionable. Our reader must be content with the simple exhibition of truth, and consequently of nature; he must be satisfied to see vice triumphant and virtue in distress; to see men punished or rewarded, not as he wishes, but as Providence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the face of sincerity.

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[1] Prefixed to "The Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion. Written by Himself. In two volumes. Translated from the original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington. London: Printed for R. Griffiths, at the Dunciad, in Paternoster Row; and E. Dilly, at the Rose and Crown, in the Poultry, 1758." 2 vols. 12mo. The original, entitled "Mémoires d'un Protestant," was published at Rotterdam in 1757. Willington was the name of one of Goldsmith's fellow-students in Dublin (Prior, i. 253–4).

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The author, indeed, who is still alive, and known to numbers not only in Holland, but London, has, from prudential motives, thought proper to suppress his name; and the same reasons that have induced him to conceal it equally influence the translator.

His keeping himself concealed may probably, to some, appear suspicious; yet let it be considered that were this the work of fiction, nothing could have been easier than to invent fictitious names also—a practice almost universally adopted by those who are indebted to invention alone for their materials. But such the author chose to imitate in nothing; and his conduct in the present case is a proof of the authenticity of his performance.

As there are little hopes of pleasing those who delight in improbabilities, so there is another class of readers whom it is as little expected to satisfy: those who, upon hearing that the author suffered persecution with constancy, may expect also to find him talk upon all occasions like our enthusiasts; who attach formal phrase and disgusting ejaculation to their ideas of religion; and imagine that every part of history which serves to amuse is certainly an infringement on piety. Such he cannot expect to have for his admirers; so that, between the lovers of an idle tale and the partisans of cant and formality, the translator almost trembles for his author's reception.

As he has expressed his fears, permit him to speak his hopes also: and if there be any reader who can for a moment lay aside romance for history—who can prefer a picture taken from nature to the more glaring colorings of fancy—if there be any who can be pleased with a narrative inspired by truth, and perhaps executed with modesty; if we cannot deserve the approbation of such readers, we shall contentedly acquiesce in their censure.

The present memoir commences where the historians of those times discontinue their accounts. It carries on the relation of a national persecution almost too shocking for belief, though too well attested not to be a lasting monument of disgrace to humanity.

Louis XIV. of France, induced by some pretended conversions, and incited by those who took care of the royal conscience, revoked the Edict of Nantes. This charter was settled by Henry IV., and was the great bulwark of Protestant security against ecclesiastical persecution. The revocation of this edict gave popery a full power to tyrannize; and its unpitying tribunals were erected over all the kingdom. The miseries of that period are pathetically described, even by their own historians. Protestants were dragged from their families; exposed to all the insults of unguided zeal; emaciated in dungeons; denied the consolation of friendship; brought to the rack; turning their eyes to take a last farewell of their children, but only meeting an odious priest; the executioner, bathed in the blood of their expiring friends, chiding their delay; their carcasses blackening in the sun, or exposed to rot on dunghills!

Such was a part of the accumulated miseries of the times; while Louis, surnamed the Great, was feasting at Versailles, fed with the incense of flattery, or sunk in the lewd embraces of a prostitute! Can an Englishman hear this and not burn with indignation against those foes to religion, to liberty, and his country? And should not every attempt to promote this

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generous indignation meet at least indulgence, though it should not deserve applause? Could the present performance teach one individual to value his religion by contrasting it with the furious spirit of popery; could it contribute to make him enamoured with liberty by showing their unhappy situation whose possessions are held by so precarious a tenure as tyrannical caprice; could it promote his zeal in the cause of humanity, or give him a wish to imitate the virtues of the sufferer, or redress the injuries of oppression—then, indeed, the author will not have wrote in vain. A convert of this kind is worth a thousand admirers; and to attain these ends was probably his design, and not to gratify idle curiosity or erect himself into the minute hero of his own memoir.

# PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.[1]

## PREFACE.

In whatever light we regard the present war, which has disturbed all Europe, we shall find it the most important of any recorded in modern history. Whether we consider the power of the nations at variance, the number of the forces employed, or the skill of the generals conducting, we shall equally find matter for improvement and admiration. We shall see small kingdoms forced by the prudence of one man into an astonishing degree of power, and extensive countries scarcely able to support their own rights or repel the invader.

But whatever these contentions may be thought of by others, they will never be regarded by Britons but as instances of her power, her bravery, and her successes. In this war England will appear in greater splendor than in any period of the most boasted antiquity; it will be seen to poise the fates of Europe, and bring its most potent and most ambitious states into the lowest degree of humiliation. This is a glory which should excite every lover of his country to celebrate as well as to share in.

The desolation of war, the insolent severity of victors, and the servitude of those who happen to be overcome have been often the topics of declamatory complaint, and employed the reasoner as well as the rhetorician.

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[1] This Preface and Introduction (included in Goldsmith's Works for the first time in 1837) form the preface and introduction to a detail of the events of the war commencing in 1757 down to the period in which they were written, which, from the internal evidence, would seem to be 1761. That they were ever published is uncertain. The original MS. belonged to Isaac Reed, who has written on the blank leaf, "This MS. is one of the productions of, and in the handwriting of, Dr. Goldsmith. It was given to me by Mr. Steevens, who received it from Hamilton, the printer." On the sale of Reed's collection, it passed into the hands of Mr. Heber, by whom it was lent to Mr. Prior.

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But still I should doubt whether even wars have not their benefits; whether they do not serve, as motion to waters, to depurate states of all, or a great number of, vices contracted by long habits of peace. If we attentively examine the records of history, we shall ever find that long indolence in any country was only productive of mischief; and that those very arts which were brought to perfection in peace often serve to introduce new vices with new luxury. The Roman State stood firm until Italy had no longer any enemies to fear: contented with enjoying the fruits of victory, they no more desired to obtain it; their wars were carried on by mercenary soldiers, their armies were levied in distant provinces, and those very provinces at length became their masters.

But to what purpose is it to cite ancient history when we have so recent and so near an instance in the Dutch? That people, once brave enthusiasts in the cause of freedom, and able to make their State formidable to their neighbors, are, by a long continuance of peace, divided into faction, set upon private interest, and neither able nor willing to usurp its rights or revenge oppression. This may serve as a memorable instance of what may be the result of a total inattention to war and an utter extirpation of martial ardor. Insulted by the French, threatened by the English, and almost universally despised by the rest of Europe—how unlike the brave peasants their ancestors, who spread terror into either India, and always declared themselves the allies of those who drew the sword in defence of freedom![1]

The friendship between the English and the Dutch was at first conceived to be inseparable; they were termed, in the style of politicians, faithful friends, natural allies, Protestant confederates, and by many other names of national endearment. Both had the same interest as opposed to France, and some resemblance of religion as opposed to popery; yet these were but slight ties with a nation whose only views were commerce. A rivalry in that will serve to destroy with them every connection. No merely mercantile man or mercantile nation has any friendship but for money; and an alliance between them will last no longer than their common safety or common profit is endangered—no longer than they have an enemy ready to deprive them of more than they can be able to steal from each other.

A long continuance of property in the same channel is also very prejudicial to a nation. In such a state emulation is in some measure destroyed, fortune seems to stand still with those who are already in possession of it; they who are rich have no need of an exertion of their abilities in order to preserve their wealth, and the poor must rest in hopeless indigence. But war gives a circulation to the wealth of a nation; the poor have many opportunities of bettering their fortune, and the rich must labor in order to support the necessary expenses required in defraying it. Thus all are in action; and emulative industry is the parent of every national virtue.

A long continuance of peace in England was never productive of advantageous consequences; upon such occasions we have ever seen her divided into factions, her senates becoming venal, and her ministers even avowing

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[1] "Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold," etc.—*The Traveller.*

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corruption. But when a foreign enemy appears, private animosities cease, factions are forgotten, and party rage is united against the common foe. I am not an advocate for war; but it were happy if mankind did not require such a scourge to keep them within those bounds which they ought to observe with respect to their country and themselves. It is not likely, however, the English should relax into the abject state of debility of a neighboring nation; they will ever have cause of distrust while France continues to cherish views of ambition—a nation that seems the enemy of Britain by nature. Different in religion, government, and disposition, it is almost impossible they can ever be thoroughly reconciled; and perhaps this rivalry will continue to preserve them both in circumstances of vigor and power longer than any other nations recorded in history, since, from the situation of each country, it does not seem easy to conceive how the one will ever be able to oppress the other.

The system of politics at present pursued by the English may properly be said to have taken rise in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At this time the Protestant religion was established, which then allied us to those countries who embraced the Reformation, and made all the popish powers our enemies. A habit of politics, once contracted, is seldom discontinued: thus, those connections which were at first made from religious motives were still observed when religion was out of the question. The English began in the same reign to extend their trade, by which it became necessary to watch the commercial progress of their neighbors, and to hinder their own traffic from being impaired by too great an increase of that of their rivals. They then likewise settled colonies in America, which was become the great scene of European ambition; for, seeing with what treasures the Spaniards were annually enriched from Mexico and Peru, every nation imagined that an American conquest, or plantation, would pour the same quantity of riches into the mother-country. This produced a large extent of very distant dominions, the advantage or encumbrance of which was not at this time foreseen. Every state, however, concluded itself more powerful as its dominions were enlarged.

The discoveries of new regions which were then every day made, the advantages of remote traffic, and, consequently, the desire of long voyages, produced in a few years a great multiplication of shipping. The sea came to be considered as the element of wealth; and by degrees a new kind of sovereignty arose, called naval dominion. As the chief trade of the world, so the chief maritime power was in the hands of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who, by a compact to which the consent of other princes was not asked, had divided the newly discovered countries between them; but the crown of Portugal having fallen to the King of Spain, or being seized by him, he was master of the ships of the two nations, with which he kept all the coasts of Europe in alarm, till the Armada, which he had raised at a vast expense for the conquest of England, was destroyed, which put a stop, and almost an end, to the naval power of the Spaniards.

At this time the Dutch, oppressed by the Spaniards, and fearing yet greater evils than they felt, resolved no longer to endure the insolence of their masters, and, after a struggle, in which they were assisted by the

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money and forces of England, erected an independent, and at that time powerful, commonwealth. When the inhabitants of the Low Countries had formed their system of government, and some remission from the war gave them leisure to form schemes of future prosperity, they easily perceived that, as their territories were narrow and their numbers few, they could preserve themselves only by wealth, and that this wealth was to be acquired only by commerce. From this necessity, so justly estimated, arose a plan of commerce, which was for many years prosecuted with industry and success, perhaps never seen in the world before. By this the poor tenants of mud-walled villages and impassable marshes erected themselves into high and mighty states, who put the greatest monarchs at defiance, whose alliance was courted by the proudest and whose power dreaded by the fiercest nations. By the establishment of this state, England saw a new ally, but at the same time a new rival.

At this time, which seems to be the period destined for the change of the face of Europe, France began to rise into power; and, instead of dreading the insults and invasions of England, as was formerly the case, she was not only able to maintain her own territories, but prepared on all occasions to invade others—dead to every sense of liberty herself, yet disposed to deprive all others who possessed it.

Such was the state of England and its neighbors when Elizabeth left the crown to James of Scotland. The union of the two kingdoms happened at a very critical juncture. Had England and Scotland continued separate kingdoms when France was established in the full possession of her newly acquired power, the Scots, upon every instigation of the French court, would have raised an army with the money of France, and harassed England with an invasion, in which they would have thought themselves successful whatever numbers they might have left behind them. To a people warlike and indigent an incursion into a rich country is never hurtful. The pay of France, and the plunder of the Northern counties, would always have tempted them to hazard their lives; and England would have been subject to continual alarms, from ambition on one side and avarice on the other.

This trouble, however, we escaped by the accession of King James; but it is uncertain whether his natural disposition did not injure us more than this accidental good-fortune benefited us. He was a man of some speculative knowledge, but no practical wisdom; he was unable to discern the true interest of himself, his kingdom, and his posterity, but sacrificed it upon all occasions to his present pleasure or his present ease; so conscious of his own knowledge and abilities that he would not suffer a minister to govern, and yet so very inattentive or so timorous that he was unable to govern himself. With such dispositions, James calmly saw the Dutch invade our commerce; the French grew every day stronger and stronger, and the Protestant interest, of which he boasted himself the head, was oppressed on every side. James, however, took care to be flattered at home, and was neither angry nor ashamed at the figure he made, and at the jests thrown out against him in other countries. England, therefore, grew weaker, or, what amounts to the same thing, saw her neighbors grow stronger, without receiving proportionable additions to her own power. Not that the mischief was so great

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as is generally conceived or represented, for to the attentive it will appear that the wealth of this nation was at that period considerably increased, though that of the crown was less. Our reputation for war was impaired; but commerce seems to have been carried on with great industry and vigor, and nothing was wanting but a generous spirit of resentment, or rather self-defence. The inclination to plant colonies in America still continued; and, this being the only project in which men of adventure and enterprise could exert their qualities in a pacific reign, multitudes who were discontented with their condition in their native country—and such multitudes there will always be—sought relief, or at least change, in the regions of America, where they settled on the northern part of the continent, at a distance from the Spaniards, at that time almost the only nation that had power or will to obstruct us.

Such was the condition of this country at the accession of Charles I. During a reign so turbulent, it was not to be expected that commerce could flourish; wherefore, while the English were, during these unhappy times, embroiled among themselves, the power of France and Holland was every day increasing. The Dutch had overcome the difficulties of their infant commonwealth, and, as they still retained their vigor and industry, every day increased in riches, and power—the attendant of well-regulated opulence. They extended their traffic, and had not yet admitted luxury; so that they had the means and the will to accumulate wealth without any incitement to spend it. The French, who wanted nothing to make them powerful but a prudent regulation of their revenues and a proper use of their advantages, by the successive care of skilful ministers, became every day stronger, and more and more conscious of their strength. They turned their thoughts to traffic and navigation, and seemed, like other nations, sensible of the advantages of an American colony.

All the fruitful and valuable parts of the Western World were already either occupied or claimed, and nothing remained for France but what other navigators had thought unworthy of their notice: she was contented, therefore, to fix upon Canada, a desolate northern country, as yet claimed by no other power; for she was not yet arrived at that pitch of influence as to seize what the neighboring powers had already appropriated.

When the Parliament of England had at length prevailed over the king, the interests of the two commonwealths of England and Holland appeared to be opposite, and the new government declared war against the Dutch. In this contest was exerted the utmost powers of the two nations, and the Dutch were finally defeated, yet not with such evidence of superiority as left us much reason to boast of our victory; they were obliged, however, to solicit peace, which was granted them on easy conditions, and Cromwell, who was now possessed of the supreme power, was left at leisure to pursue other designs. The European powers had not yet ceased to look with envy on the Spanish acquisitions in America, and therefore Cromwell thought that if he gained any part of those celebrated regions he should exalt his own reputation and enrich the country. He therefore quarrelled with the Spaniards upon such pretences as were only the result of an inclination for war, and sent Penn and Venables into the Western seas. They first landed

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in Hispaniola, whence they were driven off with no great reputation to themselves; and, that they might not return without having done something, they afterwards invaded Jamaica, where they found less resistance, and obtained that island, which was afterwards consigned to us, being probably of little value to the Spaniards, but which to us is the source of great wealth and a retreat for the discontented at home.

The endeavor to distress Spain was at this time an error in the politics of Cromwell. They had for more than half a century fallen from their pristine greatness, while France seemed rising upon her ruins. To distress them, therefore, was the only way to increase the power of France. But our own troubles gave us little time to look upon the Continent; nor did we consider that, of two monarchs, neither of which could be long our friend, it was our interest to have the weaker near us; or, that if a war should happen, Spain, however wealthy or strong in herself, was, by the dispersion of her territories, more obnoxious to the attacks of a naval power, and consequently had more to fear and less power to injure.

During this time, however, our colonies, which were less disturbed by our commotions than the mother country, naturally increased: it is probable that many who were unhappy at home took shelter in those remote regions, where, for the sake of inviting greater numbers, every one was permitted to live and think in their own way. The French settlement, in the meantime, went slowly forward; too inconsiderable to raise any jealousy, and too weak to attempt any encroachments.

During the reign of Charles II. the power of France was every day increasing; and, as he never disturbed himself with remote consequences, he saw the progress of her arms and the extension of her dominions with very little uneasiness. He was, indeed, sometimes driven by the prevailing faction into confederacies against her; but, as he probably had a secret prepossession in her favor, he never persevered long in acting against her, nor ever acted with much vigor; so that by his feeble resistance he rather raised her confidence than obstructed her designs.

But that we may not condemn other countries as wanting perseverance or wisdom who took no such large strides to establish commerce and navigation as France, it must be considered that their ministers had a power of acting which freer governments do not allow. They could enforce all their orders by the power of an absolute monarch, and compel individuals to sacrifice their private profit for the public good; they could make one understanding preside over many hands, and remove difficulties by quick and violent expedients. Where no man thinks himself under any obligation to submit to another, and, instead of co-operating in one great scheme, every one hastens through by paths of private profit, no great change can suddenly be made; nor is superior knowledge of much effect where every man resolves to use his own eyes and his own judgment, and every one applauds himself only in proportion as he becomes richer than his neighbor.

Colonies are always the effects and the causes also of navigation. They who visit many countries will be always inclined to settle in some; and these settlements once made must keep a perpetual correspondence with the original country to which they are subject, and on which they depend for

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protection when in danger, and for supplies when in necessity. So that a country once discovered must always find employment for shipping, more certainly than any foreign commerce which, depending on casualties, it is in the power of the nations so traded to to suppress. A trade to colonies can never be much impaired, being in reality only an intercourse between distant provinces of the same empire, from which intruders are easily excluded; likewise the interest and affection of the corresponding parties, however distant, is still the same.

Such is the fate of England and France, that the colonies of each country are not less contiguous than the mother countries are to each other; so that the least disagreement even in the most distant region—and such disagreements must always be—must more or less affect the countries of Europe, and they will be most powerful who are capable of giving those distant dependents the most speedy relief.

We live in a country where at length our interests and our liberties seem to be understood by the people, and not infringed upon by the great; the advantages of our colonies, therefore, must be considered to be the same with our own. It is different with our enemies; they are not permitted to see their own interests, or if they do they are obliged to act in conformity with the will of others. The time is now come in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs, because he himself is immediately concerned in their carrying on. That is a part of his liberty; it insures his certainty of that liberty, and he has a right to be gratified in his expectation. Whatever may be urged by ministers or their dependents concerning unbounded confidence in our governors, or of the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, yet surely it will be always proper to disentangle corruption and illustrate obscurity; to show by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to show whence happiness or calamity is derived, and from whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the people what inquiry can gather of the past and conjecture can estimate of the future.

Productions of this nature, which promise to instruct or amuse the reader, are already so numerous that the writer of the present history finds himself under the necessity of informing the reader in what he differs from his rivals in order to solicit public attention. True it is that promises made by undertakers imply somewhat of demerit in their performance; every man thinks himself at liberty to deride them, and yet every man expects that he who offers himself a candidate to the public should name his pretensions.

The reader is here offered a regular connected history of the present war, and the motives previous to it, which he has hitherto seen only in the desultory and partial accounts of the papers of the month or the day. The facts are related with simplicity and examined with candor, stripped of all the rancor or the blind applause, lavished without judgment or discretion, by diurnal compilers, those echoes of the vulgar. He will probably see many things stated in lights which had before escaped him, and many anecdotes of persons and things with which he was before unacquainted. The materials are not collected from newspapers unless when more authentic information could not be found. I have neither acted the part of a flatterer nor

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a satirist; for there are few things that deserve praise, and fewer still that deserve censure; as men are oftener fools than knaves, and act wrong from want of skill rather than through corruption. Whether I have done justice to public merit, or drawn private worth from obscurity, the reader must determine. In a word, I have some expectations from his judgment and skill, but still more from his candor and indulgence.

## INTRODUCTION.

### Chapter I.—Of England.

It has been remarked by all writers of the Continent who have occasion to mention the English, that they are the proudest people upon earth. I shall not take upon me to determine whether this pride proceeds from the superior liberty of our government, or whether the freedom of our constitution proceeds from the prevalence of this disposition: certain it is that though other countries may have more popularity in their constitution, not one is possessed of so much intrinsic liberty. It is this which is regarded as the Englishman's birthright; this gives him a power of examining into the conduct of his governors, and of considering himself as a part of the legislature, in however subordinate a situation. As the Briton is reckoned to have greater freedom than the inhabitant under any government in Europe, so his country is allowed to be richer, if we take in the products of the soil and the commodities imported, than any other. From this combination of liberty and property results what is generally called "the good of our country." This is an expression used by many, yet few properly understand in what it consists, since men generally regard that to be their country's good which is correspondent with their own connection, or which lies nearest to their limited views. Thus, the merchant shall regard the welfare of his country as consisting only in commerce, the soldier in war, the politician in well-guaranteed treaties, and the landholder in a freedom from taxes. The one clamors against armies and Continental connections, the other against luxury and the effeminating arts of peace; a third desires the prosecution of vigorous measures; and a fourth clamors for a change of every governing minister, who is the supposed instrument of taxation. From this opposition of interests and sentiments, however, results a real advantage, and as in mechanics a multiplicity of opposite attractions is equivalent to absolute rest, so this diversity in government produces tranquil security.

The first order of our politicians are those who still preserve the maxims of our patriots of the beginning of the last century. They place the true interest of the nation in keeping our affairs as distinct as possible from those of the Continent, as our country is removed from it by nature—which, by surrounding it with the sea, seems to have made it a world of itself. We are, say they, only to protect our commerce, and every other advantage will necessarily follow. It must be confessed that many plausible things have been advanced, as well as great authorities alleged, in support of this doctrine; but whatever truth there might have been in it a century ago, it has

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little, however, to do with the present state of affairs. It will be proper, however, to examine it, to perceive what influence such an opinion ought to have in the conduct of our affairs.

The expeditions made by our ancient princes for the maintenance of the countries they possessed in France, or in support of their claim to that crown, might very probably impoverish this nation; and, how much soever their success might enlarge the power or exalt the glory of those monarchs, they might be far enough from being useful to their subjects. Notwithstanding what has been said, it is possible they might also be in some measure necessary, as our constitution then stood. France might serve as a drain, to carry off the peccant humors in the political constitution at home; and we shall have the more reason to be of that opinion if we consider that such of our princes were always most popular at home as made themselves renowned for their victories abroad; and that such as pursued a contrary conduct were very seldom free from domestic insurrections or foreign invasions. The figure that Great Britain makes at present in Europe arises from her being in a situation very different from that of times past; our present greatness is owing to maxims very different from that of neglecting everything that passes without the bounds of our own island. The wise Queen Elizabeth, who laid the foundation of that wealth and power which we now possess, acted upon quite different principles, and was so far from disregarding foreign affairs that it will be found they never were better managed or understood than in her time. She it was that deterred the Spaniards from their views of universal empire, not barely by providing for the security of her dominions at home, but by employing money and men to occupy them with perpetual diversions abroad. She prevented France from becoming a province of Spain, which must have been fatal to the liberties of Europe; and she afforded that assistance to the estates of the United Provinces that enabled them to become an independent republic, which has contributed in succeeding times to assist in the leagues formed against the growing power and ambitious designs of France.

At that time Continental connections were thought necessary: how much more should they be so at present, when our colonies are so numerous, our commerce so extensive, and our trade so much in the power of potent neighbors! Were any single power to usurp a larger dominion on the Continent than they at present possess, what certainty would England have of continuing her power at sea? What security could she have for her colonies abroad? Add to this, the people, relying only on commerce for support, may in the end be fatally mistaken. The nations to whom a trade is at present beneficial may in the end be prevailed upon to carry on that traffic themselves: revolutions may happen in their governments, and several other accidents may intervene either to obstruct commerce or to turn its currents another way. Upon such a failure, the nation which has no other support, no intrinsic strength nor well-regulated alliances, must necessarily be a prey to every invader. Elated with all the pride of former wealth, yet enfeebled by all the misery of present distress; fancying itself strong, but actually weak—such a nation may and will engage in wars which will at length turn to its own ruin. Venice and Antwerp may serve



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as instances of the truth of an assertion which seems self-evident, without the assistance of history to confirm it.

The expediency of Continental connections being shown, it will be proper, in the next place, to consider the most natural of those connections which Great Britain should cultivate: what countries are most likely to be of service to her and to posterity, and what will probably be the consequence of her alliances already contracted. It is almost unnecessary to mention that whatever promotes our wealth and secures our liberties is conducive to the good of the country; and whatever weakens, impairs, or circumscribes either is repugnant thereto. We may easily, considering things in this light, derive from thence a true notion of the interests of Great Britain with respect to the others of Europe, and be able to judge when the interest is really pursued, and when it is either neglected or abandoned.

The first point which our interest demands is the maintaining others in their rights, and to support the independence of the other powers of Europe; because an accumulation of power in any one potentate naturally diminishes the inhabitants of the country put under subjection; it extinguishes industry and impoverishes them, and consequently must be detrimental to us, whose wealth is, in some measure, derived by commerce from those countries oppressed by another's power. Besides, inordinate power upon land may, in time, produce an equal degree of naval strength; and a rivalry there would be inevitably fatal.

Another point is the stipulating with foreign nations proper terms of security, indulgence, and respect for our subjects, and for the effects which, from time to time, they shall carry into those countries; in return for which we must covenant on our parts to perform what may be thought reasonable. When these kind of alliances are made with proper deliberation, they become binding to us in the most solemn manner, and we are obliged to fulfil them punctually; so that whatever different form appearances may wear, the true interest of Great Britain is always to comply exactly with her treaties. A third rule is to resent wrongs done us vigorously, and without delay, more especially where it is in our power to do it by employing our naval strength; as in such a case it redresses the present injury, raises our reputation for the future, and employs that force which might be enfeebled by long habitudes of peace. We ought, likewise, to assist any nation that is unjustly attacked, or in danger of oppression, not only from the motives already assigned, but in order to testify our love of freedom, to show that we are not only ready to assert, with respect to ourselves, the natural prerogatives of mankind, but vindicate the privileges of others.

Then there still remains another demand we have from foreign powers—viz., the same protection from them that we afford to others, and a reciprocal intercourse of good offices; for instance, it is expected that no foreign power professing friendship with England will give to others the title or ensigns of royalty contrary to what the body of this nation have established by law. This point our liberty demands to be complied with, and on this Britons should ever insist.

These rules constantly attended to are sufficient to keep us upon good terms with all the world, and to make it the interest of every potentate and

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state of Europe to court and to respect our friendship, which should never be venal, but given with the generosity of a people too rich to receive rewards and too brave to desert the oppressed. If these rules should at any time be incompatible with private interest (as no doubt they often will), the happiness of individuals or any private body of men should ever be sacrificed to public advantage, and a less immediate good to one greater likely to accrue to posterity.

It appears, in some measure from our history, and much more from our records, that we have always had a close connection with the Northern powers. Our old treaties with Sweden, Denmark, and Poland confirm this, and our alliances with Russia seem older than those contracted with most other powers. We have, as occasion required, acted either as mediators or allies in favor of all those powers. The Swedes in particular have been frequently indebted to us for assistance; and in the last century they detached themselves, in great measure, from the interest of France, for the sake of our friendship, which was a measure beneficial to all Europe. Their friendship must ever be more useful to us than ours is to them; as it must, in general, with all those countries from whence we have materials for employing industry at home, and commodities which we may manufacture for foreign markets. Whatever wars, then, they carry on among themselves; whatever alliances they contract or friendships they experience, it is our interest to take no part that may embroil us with either. With them we can always act a neutral part, unaffected by their jealousies, and unendangered by their most violent debates. From their situation and climate—from the nature of the people and barrenness of their soil—it is impossible they should ever be able to rival us in commerce: it is our business, therefore, rather to cherish than repress those Northern nations, since even if they should at any time grow too powerful by land, there is a wide extended frontier, not less than the greatest part of Europe, between us. But this is a change not likely to happen—at least, within the compass of human foresight.

The next natural connection—by which I mean such connections as are prejudicial to neither party—is with Italy. Notwithstanding the remote situation of this country, we have hitherto shown a just and laudable regard to its interests; in truth, distance is a consideration of small consequence, especially to a maritime power. Our commerce in the Mediterranean and Levant is of the utmost importance, and we cannot but be sensible that whatever alterations may have been made in Italy have affected our commerce also in a high degree; so that whatever steps we have taken, either during the continuance of peace by negotiations, or in time of war by supporting the only prince in Italy who declared for the common cause and was true to his own interests, which were likewise ours, were right and just measures, and have left those impressions which will never be effaced by any arts or intrigues; whatever may be given out, to serve their own purposes, by those who have an interest in pursuing contrary measures.

Spain is next to be considered, with which crown our affairs have a long time been in a very perplexed situation, notwithstanding that it is generally thought the Spanish ministers have such true notions of their own interests

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as never to be willing to give any cause of jealousy to the crown of England. They have long been sinking in the estimation of the rest of the powers of Europe; it is certainly, therefore, their interest to stand neuter in the controversies of other potentates, but at the same time to infuse such jealousies into the powers with whom they might desire to appear formidable as to make their enmity dreaded, at the same time that they may be courted for their friendship by the opposite party. Without all doubt, it is our interest to live in a perfect correspondence with that court: such measures have been long since pursued, and no pains have been spared that are requisite to remove all jealousies and discontents on both sides. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was ineffectual for this purpose; and it is owing to the address of our ministers since that time that those differences have been concluded in such a manner as to prevent at least any color for beginning a new war. It is, however, from future negotiations, when Great Britain is more unemployed, and consequently at leisure for the inspection of minute matters, that we are to hope an absolute conclusion and adjustment of the terms of friendship to be observed by both nations. It is true, delays are disagreeable; but they are sometimes necessary, and at present to demand abrupt explanations might be attended with consequences repugnant to our mutual interests. At a proper time it is to be hoped that each nation will go to the bottom of their grievances, that succeeding ministers may have a full, explicit, and well-concerted treaty for their guide, upon which the subjects of both crowns may rely, without ambiguities to perplex, or any other color for collusive evasion.

We have long lived in a state of the utmost friendship with the crown of Portugal. The subjects of each country carry on a very extensive traffic to their mutual advantage; we have had, till very lately, all the benefits and advantages that the most sanguine avarice could expect, in favor of our merchants; and if there happen to be at present some little discontents, it is to be hoped that they will be redressed upon the proper remonstrance. The Portuguese have always been considered, and deserve the appellation of, our faithful friends and allies. These have been the rules of behavior between both courts in times of perfect tranquillity, and when nothing farther was necessary to evince the cordiality of esteem on both sides. But when a difference arose between them and their neighbors of Spain, our fleets were ready to assist them; when, from the unforeseen stroke of Providence, their capital was laid in ruins, our treasures were generously employed in their relief. Such are the connections which at first blush appear convenient to both parties, and are the natural result of our commercial views and interests. In our connection with these, liberty is out of the consideration; since that can be impaired neither by the enmity nor the friendship of the powers of which I have been speaking. With those we consider ourselves only as a commercial nation; they have but a small influence on our politics, since that part of them which affects our wealth alone is concerned; but there are other nations of Europe with whom we contend, not only for riches, but for freedom. To establish both, we cultivate their alliance or form combinations against them; we may, when at war with these, in a literal sense be said to contend *pro aris et focis*, for all

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that is valuable or all we regard as such. The powers I refer to are France, Germany, Prussia, and Holland. They and Great Britain may be said properly to be the governing nations of the republic of Europe. In their hands lies the balance of power, which is kept in equipoise perhaps not less by their wars than their treaties. By the accretion of power in the house of Brandenburg, and the diminution of that of the United Provinces, have arisen a new system of policy and new cause for contention, which will probably, like other hostile commotions which have of late disturbed the face of Europe, leave each of the belligerent powers in a similar state to that in which they began the war.

But, to take a more exact view of these countries, let us examine their political views and connections separately, and endeavor to investigate the wishes and the fears of each; survey their past conduct as far as it influences their present, and conjecture what may be the result of their present views and operations.

### Chapter II.—Of France.

It is generally agreed upon that the power of the kings of France was anciently restrained, not only within narrower bounds than at present, but that in reality they were as much limited as any monarchs could be. But still they had an extensive frontier to defend, and aspiring neighbors, who at that time aimed at universal monarchy; this obliged the French kings to keep on foot a large standing army, which at once preserved the inhabitants from the incursions of their enemies, and gained their kings a vast degree of popularity among the vulgar, who are capable of perceiving no other but that of a conqueror. By degrees, however, these armies, which were at first levied for the protection of the subject, became, in the hands of ambitious monarchs, the means of oppressing them; so that in proportion as France became more formidable to her enemies, her subjects lost their freedom.

From this arose in the kingdom two separate interests—that of the king and that of the people. The views the court proposes to itself are absolute power in the monarch, and unbounded dominion over its neighbors. These at first sight appear very different from, or, to speak the truth, are directly opposite to, the true interests of the nation; for, considering the soil, climate, and situation of the country, and the number of its inhabitants, as they have no reason to fear, so they have no cause to distrust, their neighbors; and as the several provinces of the kingdom furnish almost all that can contribute to the pleasures or wants of mankind, they might enjoy within themselves all the happiness a people could desire. A government, therefore, that consulted the good of the people and the general benefits of its subjects would labor to preserve peace, and be assiduous in cultivating those arts which are the consequences of ease: this would, perhaps, tend as much to increase the power and fix the security of such a government as the contrary measures which are now pursued tend to strengthen and aggrandize that absolute monarchy which has been erected there on the ruins of their ancient constitution by the present reigning family.

A scheme, however, entirely opposite to this has been carried on for at

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least a century past, with great steadiness and conformable success. We have, therefore, no reason to hope that the court of France will be induced to change her measures, which might now be looked upon as altering the model of government; so that, looking upon things in a political light, we must consider the court and its interests without having any regard to the interests of the people, who are quite out of the question. The grandeur of the crown, which, with great impropriety, is in that country styled the glory of France, appears to be the ultimate aim of her ministerial measures: upon this they have fixed their attention so long, and have magnified it so much, that but very lately it occupied solely the cares and fixed the attention of all the people. When I say very lately, I have in my eye the glorious but ineffectual struggles of their Parliament for liberty: the country now seems to assert the privileges of human nature, to regard the pre-eminence of monarchs only as artificial compacts; their writers, in spite of power, inculcate those principles, and perhaps we may see this nation one day rival us in freedom, as they do now in the arts of peace. But hitherto we have seen only the dawnings of that spirit; their court still goes on in the same tract of politics they have long pursued, and endeavor to work principles of absolute submission into the very spirit of all their laws. To propagate this, every measure of state is employed, treaties made, wars undertaken, and alliances agreed upon.

The great instrument in the hands of despotism is a large standing army; but those forces which in time of war may be serviceable, in times of peace may be equally pernicious. Large armies must be provided with employment, or they will be apt to make it for themselves; or should military discipline be so well preserved as to keep the army in subjection to the civil power, yet in a long peace their vigor is destroyed, and they become relaxed by every effeminacy in fashion. Besides, a soldier in peace becomes contemptible and poor; war is the only season for promotion, and consequently soldiers are more easily recruited when they expect immediate rewards. Thus a despotic monarchy ever finds it its interest to be at war; but then the prudence of its measures lies in the choice of a proper object to be at war with. A power more strong or formidable than itself can never be the object on such an occasion; it must, to act with conformity to its own maxims, make a selection of some neighbor who may make a small but an unequal resistance. This has been the policy of France for many years—to attack some neighboring power, and continue the war until such alliances were formed as made the power attacked able to oppose her projects: then it was always thought high time to patch up a peace, and to remain content with part of the advantages acquired in the beginning of the war. With this view the wars of France have for more than a century been carrying on, and their power increasing. Whatever may be pretended by other courts, that of France was certainly the secret and original cause of the present commotion in Europe. The empress queen, though naturally ambitious and revengeful, though stripped of what she thought her just dominions, and lying under the ignominy of being compelled to compliance, yet even she found these passions too expensive for her to gratify either, and in all probability would have rested contented under irremediable

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losses. But France wanted a war, and such an one as might diminish the force of her rivals for power without impairing her own. Nothing could be more for her advantage than the discontents between the house of Brandenburg and Austria, since the diminution of their power was, in political estimation, an accession of power to herself. Such were her intentions when a quarrel with England was found unavoidably necessary. A long undecided frontier was to be adjusted in America. These were to have remained on the footing of former treaties; and lands could not be settled at that time in Europe that were thought wholly useless or were utterly unknown. So distant a quarrel France was entirely unequal to; a superiority at sea must necessarily give the advantage there, and England was greatly her superior in this respect; all that was to be done was to bring the flames of war into Europe as speedily as possible, to attack England on some pretext or other in her closest allies, and at the same time to embroil other powers, so as to prevent their succoring the countries they should invade. In short, Hanover was to be the theatre of French invasion; and as it was thought to be incapable of any vigorous resistance, they intended to keep possession of it as a pledge for the conduct of Great Britain. The affairs of Europe being thus adjusted, and sufficient work, as they imagined, cut out for the armies of England, they threw off the mask with regard to America, sent their troops to secure their possessions there, and invade what they termed the encroachments of England. The erection, acquisition, and maintenance of a few paltry forts were pretended as the grounds of the contest; but the scheme was much deeper laid, and affected the very vitals of the English empire in America, and consequently in Europe. By the help of their missionaries, men who at once served the interests of religion and their country, they gained over to their side the savage but warlike inhabitants of this country, who generally lived by hunting and wandering along those trackless deserts for a precarious subsistence. In these regions they built forts, and used every art for exterminating English interests wherever they came. Their power here they imagined sufficiently established to endure a war, and therefore it was begun, as usual, by invasion. Their generals were mostly regular-bred soldiers, an advantage which they knew the English were wholly destitute of; but, above all, their common men, inured to hardships and poverty of living, kept in the field in seasons when the English could not even in their camps sustain the severity of the season, and served with cheerfulness upon provisions on which an Englishman must have starved. Their first successes were answerable; notwithstanding which they would have found the undertaking more difficult than they at first imagined, had not a fatal division in our public councils entered the English governments which they were to attack, and who, like the Jews of old when besieged by the Romans, were destroying each other while the enemy was entering their gates with fire and sword. But in one respect they were far more unpardonable even than that deluded people, who generally discontinued their bickerings when the common foe was to be assaulted, which was not the case with the English colonists; unreasonable obstinacy on the side of power, and unreasonable avarice on that of property, kept them divided in the greatest dangers.

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Meanwhile it was matter of amazement to all Europe that France, in the acquisition of a territory which, to all appearance, was not worth the conquering, should spend such immense sums and form such dangerous intrigues as she did upon the continent of Europe. Her designs, though long suspected, were not absolutely detected till the management of her commissaries, who were appointed to treat with those of England and to settle her limits in America, made it extremely plain that she had formed such pretensions there as, had they been carried into execution, must have totally ruined the most beneficial of our colonies, and must have engrossed to herself the commerce of the New World. The court as well as the people of England were fully sensible of this, and therefore resented it accordingly; but their resentment France thought insignificant, as it was put into execution at four times the sum of what it cost them to carry on the war. They knew the state of our finances, and thought government credit strained so high as to be in danger every day of breaking; they knew the immense charge of hiring transports, the only method the English had of sending troops to that part of the world—a charge almost beyond credibility, perhaps greater than if those transports had been the actual property of government. The charge of embarking and disembarking troops, artillery, and baggage was equal in proportion; but, above all, the inconvenience of having no port upon the ocean from which our armaments could sail directly gave this enemy of Great Britain infinite advantage every year; and every season's experience showed the irreparable inconveniency of being obliged to fit out our armaments from the Tower of London, from whence it requires two or three winds before they can proceed directly on their voyage. Some ships have been known to wait so long in port as to consume their whole stock of provisions for America, and this twice successively, while they have been as often revictualled. The French, on the contrary, by sailing directly from Brest, have not only a cheap, but, what was more precious, an expeditious, passage to their colonies: they knew the importance of this, and availed themselves of it. They thought it was the worst economy in the world to burden the public as we did with unnecessary and immense charges for transports, only that the captains and other officers of their ships might have more room and live more commodiously. Thus the war in America must cost the English treble the expense of her enemies; wherefore it is ever the interest of France to begin the war, as thus she loads her enemies with extraordinary expenses, and ever gains great advantages before they are prepared.

With regard to expense, peace and war are almost always alike to a nation who makes peace only an interval in which to prepare for a vigorous infraction of it. Thus, it is probable France will be ever ready to declare war with England, and as ready to make peace when she finds her enemies properly prepared to resist her. She may, and it is highly probable she will, at times of peace dissemble her real views in favor of trade, which there is no question she will encourage and promote all that lies in her power, that it may in some measure repair the losses occasioned by her wars; but there is no room to suppose that she will at any time remain quiet for several years together, because that must many ways endanger a

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government like hers, by creating factions in the court, relaxing the military discipline of her armies, and giving time to her neighbors to put themselves into a state of security against her ambition.

How England should behave in the present crisis is a subject not easy to be determined. France certainly wants a peace; all her views of going to war have been already answered; she has loaded her enemies with debt; she has weakened that government whose greatest strength lay in their treasury; she only desires to sit down for a while, with all things in the same situation they were at the beginning of the war.

Whether it be the interest of England to make a peace upon such concessions, it should be next our business to inquire. We may, however, upon this occasion be permitted to remark that, as peace is the end of war, it is extremely injurious to the government to render a peace difficult, by prescribing impracticable conditions, by teaching the multitude to expect concessions from the enemy which every reasonable being knows our enemies cannot be compelled to make, and precluding the benefits which might accrue to us from the real advantages which will forever do honor both to our councils and arms, by an absurd exaggeration of them. However, should affairs be adjusted, at the conclusion of the present war, upon the same footing they stood upon at its commencement, it is extremely evident that the French will ever have the advantage of us by beginning the war afresh, and that each advantage so obtained will in the end contribute to weaken us and add strength to them. But it may not be easy, or perhaps proper, to determine the degree of power that may be expedient for us to leave the French in America, in case we should be so successful in all our attempts as to bring them to our measures. That stubborn disregard of the English government which in times of the greatest danger manifested itself in several of our provinces seems to make it necessary they should be continued in a condition to be obliged always to have recourse to, and dependence on, their mother country; which would perhaps not be long the case, were they entirely rid of all apprehension from the French. As to the supposition of their joining the French, it would be a measure of so much rashness and folly, as well as wickedness, that it seems to deserve no farther notice.

The French possessions, therefore, in America should be restored; as they at once serve to prevent our colonies from forgetting their dependence and to awe the court of France by our manifest superiority in that part of the world. We have been long considered as superior at sea: were it in the power of any articles of peace to get that power ascertained, by preventing the enemy from building above a certain number of ships of war, then, indeed, we might on both sides hope for a long and lasting peace. It is necessary that the power of France by land should have some counterpoise; her strength and her riches are never so well known as by her losses. We see that notwithstanding she has, within the space of two years, lost upwards of a hundred thousand men in Germany; notwithstanding the immense sums she has dissipated among the Northern powers in keeping them either neutral or steady to her interest; and notwithstanding her furnishing the Queen of Hungary, the electors of Saxony and Bavaria, and the other

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German princes in the alliance, with all the money which helped to put their troops in motion, yet we still see her able to pour new armies to her assistance, and fresh supplies of money into the coffers of her friends. Such amazing strength, I say, should have some counterpoise. From Prussia it cannot be expected, since the strength of that kingdom at present is merely artificial and transitory; as it rose to its highest pitch under the present monarch, so it probably will decline when he is no longer to support it. All the other powers whose interest it is to check the growth of French power, either bribed by her wealth or persuaded by her councils, conspire with her against their own independence; it lies, therefore, upon England alone to prescribe the proper terms of peace, and to provide such a treaty as will disable France from beginning a new war but at a manifest disadvantage. The house of Bourbon will not, indeed cannot, relinquish her present system, which must always render her terrible to her neighbors; but still there wants not a power sufficient to render all her intrigues abortive, and to defeat all her enterprises, though supported by her utmost force.

### Chapter III.—Of Prussia.

The interests of this monarch, if considered at large, might take up a large treatise. A man whose whole time is spent in studying the welfare of his subjects has many connections unseen by the vulgar, and many designs which are known only to himself. The house of Brandenburg, for more than a century, has been growing into power by a succession of wise and excellent princes, who laid out their lives in encouraging arts, promoting industry, inviting foreigners into their dominions, and levying such armies as might render them respected by their neighbors. By wisdom and by justice they have raised a kingdom whose power is great, if we regard the shortness of its existence, but small in comparison with that of other monarchs whose strength has been confirmed by time. Whatever artificial strength the dominions of the King of Prussia could acquire has been added to it; but unless a happy concurrence of the same events that gave this kingdom power continue in its preservation, it is to be feared it will again sink into its primeval obscurity. The kings of Prussia have long had two objects in view: they regarded themselves as members of the common confederacy against the ambition of France, at the same time that they were plainly, as princes of Germany, the only guardians of the Germanic constitution. Here, then, was a very difficult part to act: the house of Austria's ambition was to be restrained, who aimed at destroying those liberties which Prussia thought herself entitled to defend; but every resistance to the Austrian power was a diminution of it, and consequently an accession of power to her rival of France, and the common enemy of Europe. A third power was therefore requisite to regulate these alliances and disputes, and to prevent the ill consequences that might result from too great an increase of power in the states of Austria and France. It was the Prussian interest to see the balance of Europe kept exactly even: the king, therefore, paid constant attention to the measures pursued by Sweden and Denmark, and had ever a watchful eye upon the empire of Russia, as upon

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his diligence in those respects he fancied the security and grandeur of his state to depend. This was a scheme which for a while was conducted with the most refined policy and the greatest stretch of human prudence. From each of these powers he, by his address, drew some advantages, and, without offending any, was considered as the natural ally of each. But how weak is human prudence against unexpected contingencies; and how little avails the wit of man when Providence thinks proper to controvert his designs! He imagined the empire of Russia secure in his interests; but by the late revolution in the empire of Russia, the whole system of his affairs were changed with respect to that alliance. Instead of a close conjunction, it brought about a division of interests; and from an intimate union, created a distant civility, at first intermixed with some degree of jealousy, so much harder to be removed from his close alliance with the excluded family, with whom he had all the connections of friendship and mutual interests. Nor was his alliance with the crown of Sweden more fortunate. By marrying his sister to the then successor and now king of Sweden, he expected to secure the amity of that country, which, from other motives, he also expected would befriend him upon every occasion; but a late unfortunate attempt to enlarge the prerogative of the crown of that kingdom has rendered the senate of Sweden more powerful, or at least established their former pretensions, by which he is looked upon with a jealous eye, and his connections with the royal family only serve to render him more obnoxious to the hatred of the members of the Swedish aristocracy. The house of Austria saw the distress of his situation, and was desirous of taking the advantage of it, but had neither strength nor courage to avow her designs. France, however, privately offered her assistance, and the empress queen meditated the rescuing her Silesian dominions, which she regarded still as hers, though ceded to Prussia by all the formality of treaty. Notwithstanding all the obligations she lay under to his Britannic majesty, who wisely foresaw that being sincere in that cession was the only means of restoring tranquillity to Europe, she suffered symptoms of dislike to escape her on every occasion; and an apparent reluctance discovered itself in every measure of even common civility which she was obliged to observe towards his Prussian majesty. Such a behavior could not fail of putting so penetrating a monarch upon his guard, and even obliged him to continue those forces for his interest which he might otherwise be willing to do from inclination. France still continued her apparent friendship to the house of Brandenburg: she was ready to lend her assistance to any power that could serve to embroil the affairs of Germany; but soon, however, they perceived Prussia to have greater strength, and consequently, from sound politics, thought themselves bound to side with the weaker, as this might give their assistance at once the appearance of equity and draw the war to greater length, which was to be the grand result of all their designs.

Whatever politicians may fancy of unexpected occurrences, the junction of the houses of Austria and Bourbon was certainly foreseen when he concluded an alliance with England. But at the time he regarded Hanover as a sufficient barrier between him and France; and by the good conduct of

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its generals it appears to be such at this time. He long desired the alliance of England, a power so capable of giving him real assistance in his commercial views; and this friendship could be purchased only by the loss of that of France. By France taking part in the war, he knew that he should encounter some difficulties, but at the same time he hoped greater advantages at the conclusion of a peace. Besides, he imagined that Russia would perform her treaties with England, and in her, from a suspected foe, he hoped a powerful friend. Such considerations made it both his interest and inclination to cultivate the friendship of the English—a league which, though it did not happen to turn out entirely to his advantage, will probably, in the end, be more beneficial to him than any other he could have contracted.

The King of Prussia has great forces, large revenues, a genius capable of conducting both, and a moderation that will restrain him from attempts superior to these. He knows perfectly well that the grandeur of the sovereign must be established upon the welfare of the subject; and this has excited him to show the same regard for the happiness of his people as for the extension of his own power, or rather has induced him to make the latter always subservient to the former. Without a constant resource, he knows his power must be transitory; and this he can have by no other method so much as commerce. He has ever been known to have an inclination to become a maritime power, or, which is the same thing in other words, to enable his subjects to increase their wealth by their industry, through the channels of foreign trade. What power, therefore, could so much promote his designs of this kind as England?—a power which cannot fear him for a rival in greatness; which has no inclination to restrain, and has great abilities to protect, her enterprises of that nature. Whenever the struggles of power, which at present raise all Europe to arms, shall be composed, we have very little room to doubt that his majesty of Prussia will turn his whole views to commerce, since the very important and commodious port of Embden lies open to facilitate his schemes. There he may form such plans as will reimburse those expenses he has been at in securing his acquisitions, if not to the present generation, at least to posterity.

### Chapter IV.—Of Germany.

Naturally, in the course of our design, we proceed to the empire of Germany, which is to be considered in two lights: first, as a country composed of many different states, in their civil government independent one of another, and under sovereigns absolute within themselves; secondly, as these above-mentioned states, forming one great confederacy under a common head, upon which they have a political dependence, though that very supreme power is under control by the constitution of the empire and the regulations of its own tribunals.

With respect to the first, it is necessary the uninformed reader should be told that all things relating to the government of the German empire ought to be regulated according to a writing called the Golden Bull. This was prepared by the Emperor Charles IV. in the year 1356, and received the

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consent of all the states of the empire. It regulates the election of the emperor, his privileges, his vicars, the rights of electors in general, the privilege of each elector in particular, the prerogative of the princes and states, the diets, and the sentences of the empire. Notwithstanding the strict adherence to this writing in general, these regulations have sometimes been dispensed with; for though it ordains that the election of an emperor should be made with the consent of all the electors, yet in 1742 the Emperor Charles VII. was chosen without the suffrage of the Elector of Bohemia, who was Queen of Hungary, and would never acknowledge him. Likewise the city of Aix is the place where the emperor ought to be crowned; yet the Emperor Joseph was crowned at Augsburg, in 1690; Charles VI. at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1711; as well as Charles his successor, in 1742. By this Bull, the number of electors were fixed to seven; yet this did not hinder the house of Bavaria from obtaining that dignity in 1623, nor the house of Hanover in 1692. The number of electors at present is nine—viz., 1. Mentz; 2. Treves; 3. Cologne; 4. Bohemia; 5. Bavaria; 6. Saxony; 7. Brandenburg; 8. Palatine; 9. Brunswick-Lunenburg. Of this number, Mentz, Treves, and Cologne are archbishops. The emperor has no estates in quality of his prerogative, nor any revenue to support his dignity; and therefore they always choose one who has dominions of his own. The throne may become vacant several ways; as by death, resignation (as was done by Charles V.), and by deprivation, which happened to the Emperor Wenceslaus. The power of the emperor consists in appointing a meeting of the Diet and other imperial assemblies, as well as in dissolving them. He has a right to authorize their determinations, and afterwards to put them in execution in his own name. He can confirm alliances and treaties which his predecessors have made for the good of the empire. He can create and confer high secular dignities, such as king, prince, archduke, duke, marquis, landgrave, count, and baron. He can require an oath of fidelity from all the electors, princes, and other members of the empire. He has the entire disposal of the states and principalities which devolve to the empire by forfeiture or otherwise, and he can institute and confirm universities and academies. All this may be done from his sole authority; but he must have the consent of the electors when he would alienate or mortgage anything belonging to the empire, or grant the privilege of coining money, or confiscate the goods and estates of rebels. The consent of all the states of the empire is necessary when he would regulate anything relating to religion, declare war in or out of the empire, impose subsidies or general contributions, raise troops, build new fortresses, put garrisons into old ones, make peace and alliances. But if the case is very urgent, the consent of the elector is sufficient; and he can, by his own authority, agree to a truce, or a suspension of arms. He may issue out admonitions, directions, and prohibitions in writing; but these are not binding unless authorized by the Diet, and then they have the force of a law.

When the emperor is elected, he is obliged to certain restrictions of his power, in consequence of a capitulation made with the electors and states of the empire. It is a sort of contract, which he agrees to before he is declared emperor, and which he ratifies after his election. When there is no

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emperor, or he is absent, the King of the Romans acts in his stead; but if there is no King of the Romans, it devolves to two vicars—the Elector of Saxony and the Elector Palatine. The former exercises his prerogative in Upper and Lower Saxony; as does the latter on the Rhine, Swabia, and Franconia; for these are the places where the ancient laws of the Franks were established.

The empire of Germany, in its present state, is only a part of those states that were once under the dominion of Charlemagne. This prince was possessed of France by right of succession: he had conquered by force of arms all the countries situated between the Baltic Sea and the Danube. He added to his empire the kingdom of Lombardy, the city of Rome and its territory, together with the exarchate of Ravenna, which were almost the only possessions that remained in the West to the emperors of Constantinople. Those vast estates were at that time called the Empire of the West, being only a part of what the Roman emperors were formerly in possession of. In succeeding times, and particularly after the extinction of the race of Charlemagne, France was separated from the empire, and the Germans elected Otho the Great for their sovereign, who again made the conquest of Rome and Italy, and reunited them to his dominions. At length, when the bloody disputes between the priesthood and the empire engaged the government from attending to the conduct of its vassals, several petty and almost independent sovereignties were erected under different pretences; and the emperors, being unable to repress their usurpations, were at last contented with a very precarious homage, and confirmed by their authority the possessions of the usurpers. Not contented with this, those who had acted thus wrongfully had influence enough to get their encroachments continued by an hereditary succession. The emperors at that time had no other method of balancing the power of these vassals, which was frequently greater than their own, but by granting several lands to the Church, and liberty to several cities. Such is the true original of the power of the states which compose the German empire. However, the emperors have often testified inclinations to revive their ancient rights, and have claimed dominion over Italy and Rome. But scarcely anything now remains of those possessions but empty titles without any real jurisdiction.

Several authors have found a great difficulty in determining in what class of government that of the German empire ought to be placed. In fact, if we consider it as having at its head a prince to whom the estates of the empire are obliged to render homage, to swear fidelity and obedience, and to receive from him the investiture of their fiefs, we shall be induced to regard the empire as a monarchical state. But, on the other hand, the emperor can be regarded only as the representative of the empire, since he has not even the power of making laws. In the same manner, he has no possessions annexed to his dignity; he may grant the investiture of fiefs, but he can upon no pretence recall this grant, once made, without the consent of the empire; besides, in speaking of the states, the emperor always calls them the vassals of us and the empire.

If we consider the power and prerogatives of the states, the part which they have in the legislation, and the privileges which each of them exert in

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their own proper dominions, we shall have reason to consider the empire as an aristocratical state. Lastly, we shall find in their Hanse towns democracy prevail, and they have voices at the Diet, or council of the empire; from all which we may conclude that the government of the empire is that of a mixed republic.

Thuanus, in speaking of the German empire, remarks that it is astonishing that so many powerful people, without being forced either by a fear of their neighboring nations or by necessity, could ever concur in forming a state so powerful—a state which has subsisted for so many ages, and of surprising strength, considering the weakness of the greatest part of the members which compose it. This observation, however, we must take the liberty to contradict; for those people have never been united to form one state, but those subjects have rendered themselves independent who before were in subjection, still, however, preserving that degree of subordination which was consistent with their mutual safety. Interest keeps them together, and this is surely a most prevailing consideration.

It is not to be doubted but that the empire, composed as it is of several very powerful states, must be considered as a combination that deserves great respect from the other powers of Europe, provided that all the members which compose it would concur in the common good of their country. But the State is subject to very great inconveniences; the authority of the head is not great enough to command obedience; fear, distrust, and jealousy reign continually among the members; none are willing to yield in the least to their neighbors; the most serious and the most important affairs with respect to the community are often neglected for private disputes, for precedencies, and all the imaginary privileges of misplaced ambition. The frontiers are ill guarded and ill fortified; the troops of the empire are but few in number, and ill paid; nor are there any public funds to supply these defects, as none are willing to contribute to them. The so much boasted liberty of the Germanic body is nothing more than the exercise of arbitrary power which a small number of men happen to enjoy; while the emperor is incapable of preventing them from oppressing the people, who are reckoned as nothing and used like slaves, although the force of a nation consists in these alone. Commerce is subject among them to continual exactions, from the multiplicity of rights which are claimed by every power through whose states the goods must be necessarily transported. This renders their fine and navigable rivers almost useless. The tribunals of justice have but small salaries, and even these ill paid; yet, still worse, the number of judges is insufficient. In the diets of the empire, their deliberations are carried on with the most insupportable tediousness, and render this government ridiculous to the nations around; to whom the dilatory proceedings of Germany are almost grown into a proverb. This slowness is sufficiently described in the following Latin lines, which, though rough, are, however, replete with meaning:

Protestando convenimus
Conveniendo competimus
Competendo consulimus
In confusione concludimus.
Conclusa rejicimus
Et salutem patriæ consideramus
Per consilia lenta, violenta, vinolenta.

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From this epitome, we may see that the interests of the reigning emperor are very different from those of the electing states, and that the present house of Austria have views very different from the good of the electors on the Diet in general. Let us then consider the interests of this house, and we shall find them naturally fall under the following heads; in almost every one of which we shall find it at present acting contrary to its real interests, and laying a train which will, in the end, turn to its own destruction. Their first consideration should be to preserve the imperial dignity in the family to which it is at present restored; as it is the interest of the princes and states of the empire, for preserving a bulwark against the infidels, a proper balance against the power of France, and the tranquillity of Germany, to place the imperial dignity in that family which shall regard the Turks with jealousy, France with envy, and the powers of Germany without any degree of envy. The house of Austria, therefore, should have ever conspired with the views of her associates in empire, should have endeavored to maintain the freedom and independence of the empire, together with the privileges and immunities of all its members. This conduct alone could secure to that house the support of the empire upon all occasions; which, though from past experience politicians may possibly consider as a thing rather of show than of consequence, yet it might become of great efficacy and importance. For as the interests of the emperor and the empire in sound policy should be always the same, so, if they were constantly and firmly united, it is very evident that the Germanic body would always be an equal, if not an overmatch, for France, her natural foe, without the assistance of any other power whatever. A gentle and mild administration, therefore, without any formidable preparations that, by their nature, must seem intended only against the liberties of the constitution; an administration that might serve to conciliate the hearts of the German princes, so as to bring them to feel just and warm sentiments of their own interest, would have been a most easy and expeditious means of inducing them to confide in, and pay a proper respect and duty to, the head of the empire. This would have detached them from France, and from every other foreign power; none of which ever had, or ever can have, any influence over them, but from their real or imaginary apprehensions of the power of the house of Austria, and its desire to reclaim privileges which time has confirmed others in the possession of. Had these precautions been observed, the emperor might in time become one of the greatest and most formidable powers of Europe, that is, considered in a defensive light, if attacked without reason or just provocation; and would therefore be revered by his neighbors instead of being dependent upon them, and be capable of protecting his allies, without ever falling under the necessity of seeking beyond the limits of Germany for assistance. This opinion may be easily supported, if we consider that the emperor, by his prerogative, has many opportunities to benefit and oblige most of the princes and states of the empire, and can always defend and protect them. This power, therefore, wisely and seasonably exerted, might suffice to bring about all that I allege might have been expected from it. But if we consider the present conduct of the emperor in this light, in what despicable circumstances of prudence will he appear! his

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empire torn with factions; his inveterate enemy, by assisting one part weakening both, and consequently, in political estimation, growing itself stronger; a part of the empire disgusted merely upon a religious account, and the balance of Europe grown an empty sound!

The next point that claims our regard is the interest of the house of Austria as a member of the Germanic body. As to this, it is apparent that her power was, at the beginning of the present war, sufficiently great to be compatible with the interest of the other powers of the Germanic body, and that it cannot be for her advantage to endeavor to increase it at the expense of her neighbors; which is, indeed, the sole thing which has hitherto turned, or can at any time turn, to her prejudice. Had she remained satisfied with her possessions, and formed no designs upon the dominions of others, it is highly probable that she would have found her neighbors disposed to live with her upon terms of friendship, amity, and respect. The house of Austria misplaced her ambition in attempting to grow greater by war; the commerce of her dominions, the navigation of her rivers, and the cultivation of those immense barbarous countries that lie within her jurisdiction would have given sufficient employment to any sovereign, and procured immense happiness to the people. Almost all her hereditary countries are capable of great improvement, the kingdom of Bohemia and the provinces that border on the Adriatic more especially. Some of those nations that in the last and present war are famous for furnishing her armies with irregulars are known to have a great turn for trade, and, if properly encouraged, might render her more effectual services by the arts of peace than by their valor in war. But that spirit this family, ever destined to be the tools of the designing and the bigots of ill-directed zeal, have taken all opportunities to suppress. Those brave people want religious liberty; for the house of Austria piques itself upon its attachment to the Popish faith, and has already persecuted those very inhabitants who, in her former wars, served as her strongest bulwark against the invasions of her enemies, and were the warmest friends in her cause and the cause of liberty. And yet, for all this attachment to the court of Rome, her returns have been very few; nay, she has upon all occasions shown a manifest attachment to the house of Bourbon. Any relaxation in this kind, arising from Christian charity, sound policy, or the gratitude of the court of Vienna, would have wonderful effects; for it would not fail of rendering all the countries under her obedience more populous, and consequently more rich and fruitful, than they are at present. Neither should this liberty of conscience have extended to the Lutherans and the Reformed only, but also to the members of the Greek Church, to the Moravians, and to every denomination of Christians. This would have drawn multitudes out of the Turkish dominions into those of Austria, and contributed at once to strengthen the empress and weaken her enemies.

Our last consideration is the interest of the house of Austria with regard to the sovereignty of the Low Countries — a point of the greatest consequence to that family, as well as to the interest of Europe in general. It is by her being in possession of these provinces that she, in sound politics, should have continued the natural and perpetual ally of the maritime



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powers, who had never failed to show, upon all occasions, the utmost readiness to support her interest. By her being in possession of these countries, she was considered as a barrier between Holland and France, and might have been said to be placed there as a guardian of the liberties of Europe. Had she inviolably preserved those countries, she could not fail of preserving the affection of her neighbors, or, at least, they would not have the imprudence to avow their enmity; those were pledges of her universal respect, and amounted almost to universal empire. She had fatal experience, by former distresses, of the dreadful consequences which followed the neglecting her frontiers on that side; and all people imagined she would avoid like mistakes for the future. But the giving up the port of Ostend to be garrisoned by the French, without any other deposit for its restitution but barely the promise of his most Christian majesty, was such a blunder in politics as cannot be well reconciled even to common-sense. Is it to be doubted that the French are so eager to place a garrison there from interested motives; or can a calm spectator think that they who can find pretexts to cover the most flagrant injustice will not be able to furnish enough to keep possession of a garrison which unlocks the liberties of mankind, and which, while possessed, must continue them truly formidable to all the powers of Europe? The giving up this port was not only injustice to the Germanic body, but was betraying the trust of Europe. In her hands it was placed as the most sacred deposit; it was not so much given her to possess as to preserve, nor had she a right to alienate it without the universal consent of those powers from whom she received the investiture. Thus, in whatever light we regard the politics of the house of Austria, we shall find them destructive of its own interests, tending towards the aggrandizement of its enemies, and subversive of the general liberties of Europe. We shall find its politics without sagacity, its reasonings tinctured with zeal, and its councils embarrassed by factions. The interests of the house of Austria had always been justly regarded as incompatible with each other: France had risen into opulence from the spoils of that family, and they two were generally considered to poise the fates of Europe between them; yet still some very whimsical circumstances attended this dissension. The family of Austria, the most bigoted votaries of popery, and the most abject tools of superstition, was, however, the chief prop of the Protestant interest in Europe. The family of Bourbon, on the other hand, had saved the liberties of the Germanic body, and supported the freedom of its constitution. While those two great powers were thus mutually employed in humbling each other, their counteraction had operated to salutary purposes; but their struggles now ceasing, and an inauspicious alliance taking place, the balance that regulated their motion is lost, and, till that can be recovered, their movements will only end in the loss of public liberty, both civil and religious. This balance scarcely now continues to subsist; or, at least, the present combination of interests bids fair to destroy it.

The present emperor was raised to the bed of the most august princess, and to the throne of the most august empire in Europe, merely because he was so totally insignificant that his acquiring them gave no jealousy to any

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power in the world. The specimens he gave of his temper and disposition, from the time of his marriage to that of his election, were such as could no way alarm any of his contemporaries. This, however, has been proved by experience to be by no means a measure of the most refined policy; for a prince who had great interests of his own to pursue, with a proper spirit to support them, never would have been conducted by a weak woman, who at best was conducted by a priest.

Gratitude was never one of the most shining jewels in the imperial crown when worn by the family of Austria; nor, indeed, have the princes of that house ever been so much distinguished by their virtue and abilities as they have been by their fortunes and dominions; and perhaps there is not in all the experience of history an instance of any other family where so many men reputed great have risen out of so little merit. Cunning, ambition, and a conjuncture of happy accidents are all that could recommend Charles the Fifth, their greatest boast; while a thousand despicable qualities, both civil and religious, contribute to turn his character into contempt, if not detestation. The present empress, in the early time of her life, bade fair to atone by her virtues for all that blind partiality which fortune had manifested for her family. Her youth, her beauty, her wrongs, her spirit, and her intrepidity rendered her the public care of England, and raised a compassion for her sufferings which sprung rather from motives of humanity than reasons of state. Our sovereign was employed in her cause, and our best troops sacrificed in her defence. But there are certain situations of life in which the ruling passion is discovered, however disguised or concealed by circumstances in the beginning. Unprovoked and unprepared, her imperial majesty therefore formed a design upon the house of Brandenburg; which, when carried to such a height as to be past all possibility of being disowned, was, by the caution of her adversary, first detected and then defeated. Still, however, she had it in her power to make a tolerable retreat; but, far from that, she united herself with her professed enemies, put all her most valuable possessions into their hands, and, availing herself of the fluctuating councils of England, flattered herself to be able to disunite the Protestant power in Germany by setting up its most redoubted defenders in opposition to each other. In this last measure, though she did not succeed to her wishes, yet, by a conjuncture of circumstances, she did not entirely want success. Yet, let us suppose this deluded woman, at the summit of her wishes, gratifying private resentment, satiating her ecclesiastical advisers with Protestant blood; let us suppose every power humbled so far as to own her sway—does she expect that the French will tamely resign what they shall happen to conquer? does she imagine that the Russians will not find some pretence for settling a colony in Germany? Thus, possessed of newly usurped and precarious privileges, will she be left in the midst of powerful enemies, who will undoubtedly reclaim something for fighting her battles; nor will they sacrifice millions of their countrymen for the empty glory of succoring an ally whom they still must regard with the rancor of ill-cemented friendship! Nothing can be more certain than that France could show no reason for invading Hanover but in order to execute the imperial commissions and those sentences which the forms of the

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Germanic constitution prescribe against those princes who fall under the displeasure of the house of Austria. The electorate of Hanover was so far from affording any pretence for attacking it that it was offered a neutrality the conditions of which were both shameful and dangerous; but they were such as many powerful princes of the empire have, without any imputation, been obliged to submit to when prescribed either by the French or Austrians, as either happened to prevail. But nothing, surely, could have been more ill-judged than to make France execute the imperial decrees; this was adding strength to the enemy in that part where he chose that strength should be exerted.

As the conduct of the German princes in the present war is so blended with one another that they do not admit of separate considerations, the end of this sketch will be best answered by comprehending them under one view. The Elector of Saxony lay under the greatest obligations to the generosity of his Prussian majesty, who but some years before was master of his capital; but that prince was governed by a wife warmly attached to the house of Austria, and a favorite, who was a bigot to the mischievous politics of Machiavel. I call Count Bruhl a favorite rather than a minister; because some abilities are required in the latter capacity, and we know of none he ever discovered either in the field or the cabinet. In his master's court and in his own palaces he shone with a prodigality that the electoral revenues, large as they are, could not supply; which might be one of the true reasons why his master, contrary to all sound politics, was brought into the schemes of the courts of Vienna and Petersburg against his Prussian neighbor. It is true the situation of Saxony, and the weight which that elector was supposed to have in Poland, rendered this operation extremely convenient and advantageous for her imperial majesty's designs. His Prussian majesty foresaw this; he knew how much depended upon the success of the first blow, and that the Poles would be determined by that event. The Poles possess a large extended country, without any army to defend their frontiers. Neutrality is their chief aim; their interest is to have the forces of their neighbors so balanced that neither party may force them from their scheme of siding with neither. Had the Prussian monarch waited until his enemies had an opportunity of putting their designs into execution, the Poles must infallibly have been forced into the league; but so formidable a junction the prudent monarch of Prussia knew how to prevent. His preparations, his march, his progress, and his success were all equally rapid. The Saxons, enervated by two successive luxurious reigns, could not stand the terrible array of so formidable a power. The victor, though in possession of the whole of the electorate of Saxony, did not, however, make either an impotent or insolent use of his advantages; and though he still retains it as a deposit for the expenses which the elector's unguarded conduct had forced him upon, yet the contributions he has exacted of the inhabitants amount not to one half of the sums they were obliged to pay to their natural sovereign: perhaps the only instance in history in which a conquered nation found their religion protected, their taxes diminished, and their liberties extended by being overcome.

From what has been said of the German empire, it will no longer appear

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extraordinary that the empress queen was able to make no better stand against the power which she was long preparing to attack, but who at last put himself into the light of an aggressor. She was possessed of large funds, her armies headed by able generals, and her councils directed by able politicians; but what are these advantages to a power that wants economy? She has the art, in one rejoicing night, to dissipate sums that would serve to subsist a small army. The news of a defeat served only to make a night of festivity at her court; and the cries of her subjects for redress were drowned in the symphonies of music or the shouts of riotous entertainments. The funds appropriated for her military operations were mortgaged to devouring commissaries, the sons either of extortion or parade; and the lucky stand she did make was mostly owing to the affection of the grandees for her person and family.

The battle of Colin, which his Prussian majesty lost, led both the court of Vienna and that of Versailles into a fatal error. Unacquainted as they were with the sentiments and resolution of a great hero fighting in his own person and for his own interests, they determined to give him no other concessions but what he must receive in the character of a suppliant. We are not to suppose the King of Prussia one of those unconsidering heroes who know no difference in junctures, or that he would at that time have refused a fair and honorable accommodation; but he knew that any other was worse than none. The convention entered into by the Hanoverians served to increase the insolence of his enemies. The Queen of Hungary would offer no terms without the advice of France, and France found it her interest to offer no terms at all.

We need add very little to what has been already observed, to convince the intelligent reader that, should the four great crowns now in alliance succeed, a new system of power and property must take place in Europe. This is not only obvious to common-sense, but demonstrable by notorious proofs. Not only the dominions of Prussia, but those of Hanover, are to be wrested from their former possessors and shared between the invaders, particularly France and Austria; while the other two powers of the alliance are to be contented with what they can secure for themselves.

This view of the Austrian schemes would, however, be very imperfect did we here omit laying before the reader one observation—namely, that as it is by no means the interest of this house that the princes of the empire should be too powerful, so the figure she now makes is owing to the greatness of those very powers she now endeavors to suppress; not to reduce, but to ruin. Systems of power are no other than combinations of interests; and every fluctuation of interests produces an alteration of system. He who some years ago should have heard of the present system would have thought it incredible, and would never have conceived that the Elector of Hanover and the house of Austria would have embraced separate interests, and acted in contradiction to all their former maxims. Leopold, the grandfather of the present Queen of Hungary, the most bigoted prince of his age, joined heartily in every measure that could aggrandize the house of Hanover, because he thereby secured his interest in England. His two sons, except in a few unnatural starts, followed the same maxims for the same

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reason; but France has had address enough to suppress the natural jealousy of her ancient rival, and now the object of its terror is changed. Germany is now truly destroying itself, and feels all the miseries of a civil war, without expecting a change for the better, which is generally the effect of intestine commotions.

### Chapter V.—Of the United Provinces.

We now take our leave of Germany and proceed to the United Provinces, but in reality provinces united only in name. Perhaps their importance in the government of the European republic is now nothing: their spirit is lost, or directed into wrong channels; their councils are factious or direct wrong operations; they let individuals batten on the spoils of their constitution; with all the feebleness of luxury, they indulge all the vanity of unperforming threats and inactive resentment. France is not only now their neighbor, but their master, prepared to pour in its myriads upon their little spot of ground, once saved from the sea, and now in danger of as formidable a deluge. No longer do we see there the industrious citizen planning schemes to defend his own liberty and the liberty of Europe, but the servile, money-meditating miser, who desires riches to dissipate in luxury, and whose luxuries make him needy. All the spirited memorials presented them on the part of Great Britain to vindicate her honor and their own, all the warm remonstrances made them by their best patriots, have produced nothing but new cause for discontent and faction, and fresh instances of a selfish spirit and a desire of being slaves. What shall we think of such a people? or shall we give up their case as desperate? By no means! Calamity may again reduce them to their pristine virtue; and as here light follows darkness, their potent neighbor will not be long ere he gives them reason to summon all their constancy and all their courage. Their beautiful palaces, gay equipages, and all the gilded trappings that adorn inventive luxury will only serve to invite the invader; for never did history furnish a single instance of a country very wealthy and very weak that was not at last the prey of its more potent and poorer neighbors. But still I say their calamity may bring them to an exertion of their former virtue; for in no country is that political maxim more likely to take place—that dominion is to be maintained by the same arts with which it was acquired. Like the old Romans, they owed their rise to oppression; and when the like circumstances returned they had recourse to the same measure, which was the election of a stadtholder, and which saved them as effectually as that of a dictator did the Romans. But the wanton exercise of the measure defeated its ends in both countries. While the Dutch had recourse to it only in times of extremity, it always answered the purposes expected from it; but as that distress was always brought upon them by the prevalence of French councils or arms in their country, there has still been a perpetual opposition between the people and their natural government, which is republican. The members who compose the body of the legislature, and who consider themselves as distinct from the people (the never-failing consequence of riches long continued in the same family),

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succeeding to their magistracies by a kind of never-failing rotation, have ever been fond of the protection of France. The maxims of the De Witts, who were the first who may be properly said to have rendered the government of the United Provinces aristocratical, riveted this principle in their government. On the other hand, the common people ever lean to the family of Orange and a stadtholdership, since by that means their liberties were first secured. The critical rise of William III. to that high office was effected by a violent convulsion in their state, and it long operated to salutary purposes for public liberty. The accession of the royal dignity to that of stadtholder, his unabating zeal against France, and the sincere love he ever bore his country rendered him the darling of that people. He bent all the subordinate branches of their government to the ply of his own favorite passion, which was the hatred of France; and he chanced to be happy in the choice of his creatures, for his spirit remained in that republic for some years after he was dead. The magistracy of Holland soon, however, resumed their ancient principles.

The superiority which the Duke of Marlborough obtained amongst them upon the death of King William was only apparent, and was in reality balanced by D'Albuquerque and the other leading members of the republic, who were very well pleased that France was diminished in power, but invariably opposed all measures for carrying the war into the vitals of France, as the Duke of Marlborough and the other allies had one year actually projected. Had not the English, therefore, at this time, the utmost reason, upon any terms, for concluding a peace? The Dutch, it is certain, had infinite advantages through the continuance of that war; and though they opposed a peace, it was only to prolong the benefits they reaped from war; for certain it is, they have ever appeared desirous of involving England in quarrels without sharing the danger themselves. Their merchants look upon those of England as rivals in trade, and consider war as the proper interval in which they may step in and monopolize the whole. But though immediate profit may be the consequence of such politics, their posterity will severely feel their defects; they will find England strong at sea, and capable of giving laws to the ocean, merely from a long habitude of war.

But to proceed: King George the First and his friends continued to have a strong party in their government, which balanced the party that was ever in the French interest; and by this means the republic, though it made no acquisition in strength, lost but little of its former vigor until the year 1726, when they began to lean entirely to the French interests, some through fondness and others through fear. The residence of Van Hoey, a man weak by nature, rendered more so by age, who was their ambassador in France, gave Cardinal Fleury an opportunity of bringing the great members of their government back to the French principles, which had been long sown in their republic. Still, however, the people had courage sufficient to thwart their governors, or at least to intimidate them from pursuing any measures avowedly in favor of France. The marriage of the Prince of Orange with the eldest princess of England still further contributed to suppress the French faction, and gave the republic once more an opportunity of resuming its former lustre. In the late war against France they were

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brought with the utmost difficulty to take a part; but their visible backwardness in that war, to call it by no harsher a term, proved that the spirit of their government was averse to it. The people, among whom a love of country and the honor of their ancestors is always last remaining, plainly saw the treachery of their governors to the common cause, and were resolved once more to have recourse to a dictator, and the late Prince of Orange was elected stadtholder. We shall not enter into any disquisition whether this creation was made at that period of distress that would justify it in point of sound policy; but his death, that happened soon after, blasted all the hopes the public had conceived of his virtues, which were undoubtedly as great as any that ever had existed in that family. The minority that succeeded, notwithstanding all the wise provisions made by the late princess, notwithstanding her virtues and abilities, has been of infinite prejudice to the cause of liberty in that country; and now the French party have got a complete victory, and seem to dictate every measure which is pretended to be enacted for public safety. This unfortunate commonwealth has already tamely submitted to the indignities of France; it has remonstrated against the encroachments of England; and has shown its weakness by its incapacity of redress. What, then, will be its fate when France has time to breathe from her present wars? Every slight pretence will be caught in order to pick a quarrel; for it is natural for mankind to desire fighting when they are sure to be conquerors. To whom, in such circumstances, can the Dutch fly for support? England is irretrievably alienated from her interests; and even though the politicians of England should be desirous of saving her from ruin, yet the people, who form a large part in our legislature, would dissent. In short, they must be left to themselves to feel all the miseries of present slavery, with the painful aggravation of a consciousness of former freedom.

### Chapter VI.—Of Spain.

Spain is the next country which deserves our notice; between which and England such a correspondence subsists as will render it very prejudicial for either to be an enemy to the other. Spain, by nature and interest, is more closely connected with England than any other country whatsoever; however the disparity of religion, inclination, and manners may have interrupted the good understanding between them, which policy points out to both. The first connection which England had with Spain, in a commercial way, was through the Dukes of Burgundy, who were at the same time kings of Spain. This was in the reign of our Henry the VII., when the treaty which has been called since by the name of the "great," and the "golden" treaty, was entered into between the two courts. The provisions of that treaty secured to the Spaniards all the advantages of their American commerce as it then stood. Queen Elizabeth was by no means satisfied that it extended to an absolute exclusion of the English from trading in those parts, especially in those dominions that had been acquired by the Spaniards in the intermediate time; nor could she ever be brought to give up to the Spaniards that exclusive right of navigation to and from their own colonies which they have ever since considered as so capital a point. Sir Robert

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Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who negotiated the definitive treaty with Spain, at London, in the reign of James I., found great difficulties on this head. The nation was in great hopes that a person instructed as he had been by Queen Elizabeth would have followed her maxims, and would have either acquired some new privileges for the English in that navigation, or at least have left the matter open, in which case they did not doubt of being able to make their party good against the Spaniards. But James, being at all events resolved upon a peace with Spain, gave up to her the exclusive right of trading to her own colonies in the same manner as had been practised till that time. Salisbury, who greatly dreaded an impeachment on this head, exulted in getting the matter settled in these indefinite terms; and, to say truth, they left the English traders pretty much at liberty to make what constructions they pleased on the words of the treaty, since there were few places in Spanish America to which they had not traded.

Matters between Spain and England remained in this situation till, by the peace of Münster in 1648, Spain reasserted her exclusive right of trade and navigation to and from her American colonies, with all the other powers of Europe, excepting England, who had no plenipotentiary at those conferences. Cromwell, who always had flattered himself with the hopes of being one day master of Spanish America, availed himself of England being left out of that treaty, and strenuously insisted upon the privilege the English had to trade to the Spanish colonies. The Spaniards, who feared Cromwell more than they hated him, made him very extraordinary offers if he would give up his claim, which they said was absolutely inconsistent with the very first principles of their monarchy; adding, in their peculiar manner of speaking, that the exclusive right to trade to their own colonies was one of the eyes of Spain, as the Inquisition was the other. Cromwell, however, obstinately insisted upon it, and several proposals were offered Spain, desiring peculiar privileges for the English all over Spanish America. There is some reason to think that Cromwell, had he lived, would have been able to effect this design by making himself a moderator between France and Spain; and thus, while both were weakened by mutual animosity, he might have obtained from either, through threats or from friendship, the concessions he so much desired. Charles II. was somewhat inclined to revive the claims of England; but it was now begun to be perceived that France was growing potent from the downfall of the Spanish power, and England judiciously interposed in order to save Spain from ruin. This monarch, however, concluded two formal treaties with Spain—one in the year 1667, relating to the Spanish European trade; the other in the year 1670, relative to our trade in America. This treaty has been couched in terms so ambiguous that upon its interpretation both courts have been at variance almost ever since. The subject is of such importance to both crowns that neither are willing to concede, and even the indefinite treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle has left it to future discussion. The part which the crown of Spain has acted in the present war has been wise, honest, and greatly to the advantage of both nations. A war with Spain may enrich individuals in Britain, but can never be of public utility; nay, it must be of the most terrible national consequences, as the marine of Spain, if acting vigorously

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in conjunction with that of France, might form a fleet that would endanger the empire of the seas to England.

Upon a review of what has been said, if England considers its successes in the present war, she will have the utmost reason to exult; but if the situation of the other states of Europe, she must feel all the terrors of painful apprehension. Such leagues, formed of the greatest and the most ambitious powers, look with the most inauspicious aspect on the liberties of Europe; and even allowing the small power opposed to such a combination ever so victorious, yet his own victories will in the end undo him. Like a sword long employed, he will be at last worn out, and glory alone can be the only advantage he may acquire. A prospect so gloomy cannot but fill the mind with sadness; no courage can resist multitudes, no prudence can ward off fortuitous events, and no virtue can secure its possessor from ruin. Glory, respect, and honor are only the rewards of a few; and though a hero should possess them in the most unbounded degree, still may the people be unhappy. After an expenditure of the most exorbitant sums of money; after a breach of every tie that can oblige mankind; after an effusion of blood that scarcely any other period can equal; after all the calamities, burnings, rapes, and desolations of war; if, after so frightful a picture of the present age, every power would sit down and be contented with the same state which they enjoyed before the war, how happy might Europe still be! But this we can hardly expect while ambition, on one hand, and obstinacy, on the other, prevent any accommodation; while every victory, instead of procuring overtures of peace, only gives spirits to prolong the war. While rapacious ministers find their account in prolonging, and the deluded people find glory in continuing, war, what hopes can mankind have once more to repose in tranquillity; to talk again over the dangers of war with all the pleasing satisfaction that past dangers will afford; to cultivate the arts of peace, and leave to posterity the truly valuable possession of newly invented arts, sciences carried nearer to truth, and a constitution nicely regulated by all the caution of political wisdom?

## PREFACE.[1]

This is an attempt to separate what is substantial and material from what is circumstantial and useless in history. That of the late war forms the brightest period of any in the British annals, and the author has endeavored to do it justice by the manner in which he has recorded the several transactions, and the impartiality he has observed.

As to the first, it is matter of opinion, and he must stand or fall by the judgment of his readers. His own intention acquits him of every charge with regard to the latter. He is sensible that in many passages he has

[1] To "The Martial Review; or, A General History of the Late War." 12mo. 1763.

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the prepossessions of party to encounter; and the same must have been his fate had he adopted different opinions. He disclaims all systems in politics, and has been guided in his narrative by matters of fact only. In his reflections and conjectures, where his own lights failed him, he had recourse to those who were capable of giving him information; and he has the satisfaction to believe that when the prejudices of party are buried with their authors, the following pages, whatever defects they may have in point of composition, will be acquitted of every imputation of partiality, as rational entertainment and undeviating candor has been his only object.

# PREFACE AND FAMILIAR INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE PREFACE.[1]

Of all the studies which have employed the industrious or amused the idle, perhaps natural history deserves the preference. Other sciences generally determine in doubt or rest in bare speculation; but here every step is marked with certainty; and, while a description of the objects around us teaches to supply our wants, it satisfies our curiosity.

The multitude of nature's productions, however, seems at first to bewilder the inquirer rather than excite his attention; the various wonders of the animal, vegetable, or mineral world seem to exceed all power of computation, and the science appears barren from its amazing fertility. But a nearer acquaintance with this study, by giving method to our researches, points out a similitude in many objects which at first appear different; the mind by degrees rises to consider the things before it in general lights, till at length it finds nature, in almost every instance, acting with her usual simplicity.

Among the number of philosophers who, undaunted by their supposed variety, have attempted to give a description of the productions of nature, Aristotle deserves the first place. This great philosopher was furnished by his pupil Alexander with all that the then known world could produce to complete his design. By such parts of his work as have escaped the wreck of time, it appears that he understood nature more clearly, and in a more comprehensive manner, than even the present age, enlightened as it is with so many later discoveries, can boast. His design appears vast, and his knowledge extensive; he only considers things in general lights, and leaves every subject when it becomes too minute or remote to be useful. In his

[1] To "A New and Accurate System of Natural History, etc. By R. Brookes, M.D., author of the General Practice of Physic. In six volumes. London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1763."

Mr. Murray possesses one of Goldsmith's original receipts for a payment from Newbery on account of the Preface and Introduction.

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"History of Animals" he first describes man, and makes him a standard with which to compare the deviations in every more imperfect kind that is to follow. But if he has excelled in the history of each, he, together with Pliny and Theophrastus, have failed in the exactness of their descriptions. There are many creatures described by those naturalists of antiquity which are so imperfectly characterized that it is impossible to tell to what animal now subsisting we can refer the description. This is an unpardonable neglect, and alone sufficient to depreciate their merits; but their credulity and the mutilations they have suffered by time have rendered them still less useful, and justify each subsequent attempt to improve what they have left behind.

The most laborious as well as the most voluminous naturalist among the moderns is Aldrovandus. He was furnished with every requisite for making an extensive body of natural history. He was learned and rich, and during the course of a long life indefatigable and accurate. But his works are insupportably tedious and disgusting; filled with unnecessary quotations and unimportant digressions. Whatever learning he had he was willing should be known, and, unwearied himself, he supposed his readers could never tire: in short, he appears an useful assistant to those who would compile a body of natural history, but is utterly unsuited to such as only wish to read it with profit and delight.

Gesner and Johnson, willing to abridge the voluminous productions of Aldrovandus, have attempted to reduce natural history into method, but their efforts have been so incomplete as scarcely to deserve mentioning. Their attempts were improved upon, some time after, by Mr. Ray, whose method we have adopted in the history of quadrupeds, birds, and fishes, which is to follow. No systematical writer has been more happy than he in reducing natural history into a form, at once the shortest yet most comprehensive.

The subsequent attempts of Mr. Klein and Linnæus, it is true, have had their admirers, but, as all methods of classing the productions of nature are calculated merely to ease the memory and enlighten the mind, that writer who answers such ends with brevity and perspicuity is most worthy of regard. And in this respect Mr. Ray undoubtedly remains still without a rival: he was sensible that no accurate idea could be formed from a mere distribution of animals in particular classes; he has therefore ranged them according to their most obvious qualities; and, content with brevity in his distribution, has employed accuracy only in the particular description of every animal. This intentional inaccuracy only in the general system of Ray, Klein and Linnæus have undertaken to amend, and thus by multiplying divisions, instead of impressing the mind with distinct ideas, they only serve to confound it, making the language of the science more difficult than even the science itself.

All order whatsoever is to be used for the sake of brevity and perspicuity; we have therefore followed that of Mr. Ray in preference to the rest, whose method of classing animals, though not so accurate perhaps, is yet more obvious, and, being shorter, is more easily remembered. In his lifetime he published his "Synopsis Methodica Quadrupedum et Serpentini

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Generis," and, after his death there came out a posthumous work under the care of Dr. Derham, which, as the title-page informs us, was revised and perfected before his death. Both the one and the other have their merits; but as he wrote *currente calamo*, for subsistence, they are consequently replete with errors; and though his manner of treating natural history be preferable to that of all others, yet there was still room for a new work, that might at once retain his excellencies and supply his deficiencies.

As to the natural history of Insects, it has not been so long or so greatly cultivated as other parts of this science. Our own countryman, Moufett, is the first of any note that I have met with who has treated this subject with success. However, it was not till lately that it was reduced to a regular system, which might be, in a great measure, owing to the seeming insignificancy of the animals themselves, even though they were always looked upon as of great use in medicine; and upon that account only have been taken notice of by many medical writers. Thus Dioscorides has treated of their use in physic; and it must be owned some of them have been well worth observation on this account. There were not wanting also those who long since had thoughts of reducing this kind of knowledge to a regular form; among whom was Mr. Ray, who was discouraged by the difficulty attending it: this study has been pursued of late, however, with diligence and success. Réaumur and Swammerdam have principally distinguished themselves on this account; and their respective treatises plainly show that they did not spend their labor in vain. Since their time, several authors have published their systems, among whom is Linnæus, whose method, being generally esteemed, I have thought proper to adopt. He has classed them in a very regular manner, though he says but little of the insects themselves. However, I have endeavored to supply that defect from other parts of his works, and from other authors who have written upon this subject; by which means, it is hoped, the curiosity of such as delight in these studies will be in some measure satisfied. Such of them as have been more generally admired have been longest insisted upon, and particularly caterpillars and butterflies, relative to which, perhaps, there is the largest catalogue that has ever appeared in the English language.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Buffon, one in the History of Birds, the other of Quadrupeds, have undoubtedly deserved highly of the public, as far as their labors have extended; but as they have hitherto cultivated but a small part in the wide field of natural history, a comprehensive system in this most pleasing science has been hitherto wanting. Nor is it a little surprising, when every other branch of literature has been of late cultivated with so much success among us, how this most interesting department should have been neglected. It has been long obvious that Aristotle was incomplete, and Pliny credulous; Aldrovandus too prolix, and Linnæus too short, to afford the proper entertainment; yet we have had no attempts to supply their defects, or to give a history of nature at once complete and concise, calculated at once to please and improve.

How far the author of the present performance has obviated the wants of the public in these respects is left to the world to determine; this much, however, he may without vanity assert, that whether the system here pre-

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sented be approved or not, he has left the science in a better state than he found it. He has consulted every author whom he imagined might give him new and authentic information, and painfully searched through heaps of lumber to detect falsehood; so that many parts of the following work have exhausted much labor in the execution, though they may discover little to the superficial observer.

Nor have I neglected any opportunity that offered of conversing upon these subjects with travellers upon whose judgments and veracity I could rely — thus comparing accurate narrations with what has been already written, and following either, as the circumstances or credibility of the witness led me to believe. But I have one advantage over almost all former naturalists; namely, that of having visited a variety of countries myself, and examined the productions of each upon the spot. Whatever America or the known parts of Africa have produced to excite curiosity has been carefully observed by me, and compared with the accounts of others. By this I have made some improvements that will appear in their place, and have been less liable to be imposed upon by the hearsay relations of credulity.

A complete, cheap, and commodious body of natural history being wanted in our language, it was these advantages which prompted me to this undertaking. Such, therefore, as choose to range in the delightful fields of nature will, I flatter myself, here find a proper guide; and those who have a design to furnish a cabinet will find copious instructions. With one of these volumes in his hand, a spectator may go through the largest museum, the British not excepted, see nature through all her varieties, and compare her usual operations with those wanton productions in which she seems to sport with human sagacity. I have been sparing, however, in the description of the deviations from the usual course of production; first, because such are almost infinite, and the natural historian who should spend his time in describing deformed nature would be as absurd as the statuary who should fix upon a deformed man from whom to take his model of perfection.

But I would not raise expectations in the reader which it may not be in my power to satisfy: he who takes up a book of science must not expect to acquire knowledge at the same easy rate that a reader of romance does entertainment. On the contrary, all sciences, and natural history among the rest, have a language and a manner of treatment peculiar to themselves; and he who attempts to dress them in borrowed or foreign ornaments is every whit as uselessly employed as the German apothecary we are told of who turned the whole dispensatory into verse. It will be sufficient for me if the following system is found as pleasing as the nature of the subject will bear—neither obscured by unnecessary ostentation of science, nor lengthened out by an affected eagerness after needless embellishment.

The description of every object will be found as clear and concise as possible, the design not being to amuse the ear with well-turned periods, or the imagination with borrowed ornaments, but to impress the mind with the simplest views of nature. To answer this end more distinctly, a picture of such animals is given as we are least acquainted with. All that is in-

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tended by this is, only to guide the inquirer with more certainty to the object itself as it is to be found in nature. I never would advise a student to apply to any science, either anatomy, physic, or natural history, by looking on pictures only; they may serve to direct him more readily to the objects intended, but he must by no means suppose himself possessed of adequate and distinct ideas, till he has viewed the things themselves, and not their representations.

Copper-plates, therefore, moderately well done, answer the learner's purpose every whit as well as those which cannot be purchased but at a vast expense: they serve to guide us to the archetypes of nature, and this is all that the finest picture should be permitted to do; for nature herself ought always to be examined by the learner before he has done.

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## INTRODUCTION, ETC.

### Part I.—Of Quadrupeds in General, and their Way of Living.

When we turn our eyes to that variety of beings endued with life, which share with us the globe we inhabit, we shall find that Quadrupeds demand the foremost place. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and our own; those instincts which they seem to enjoy in a superior degree to the other classes that live in air or water; their constant services to man, or the unceasing enmity they bear him, all render them the foremost objects of his curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature.

In the first ages of the world it is probable that all living creatures were nearer an equality than at present. Man, while yet savage himself, was but ill qualified to civilize the forest. While yet naked, unarmed, and without shelter, every wild beast was a formidable rival, and the destruction of such was the first employment of heroes. But when he began to multiply, and arts to accumulate, he soon cleared the plains of its brute inhabitants; he soon established an empire over all the orders of animated nature: a part was taken under his protection and care, while the rest found a precarious refuge in the burning desert of the howling wilderness.

The most obvious and simple division, therefore, of Quadrupeds is into the domestic and savage: by domestic I mean such as man has taken into friendship or reduced to obedience; by the savage, those who still preserve their natural independence and ferocity; who either oppose force by force, or find safety in swiftness and cunning.

The savage animal preserves at once his liberty and instinct, but man seems to have changed the very nature of domestic animals by cultivation and care. A domestic animal is a slave, which has few other desires but those which man is willing to grant it. Humble, patient, resigned, and attentive, it fills up the duties assigned; ready for labor, and content with subsistence.

But not only its native liberty, its very figure is changed by the arts and industry of man. What an immense variety in the ordinary race of dogs or

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horses! what a difference between the large English mastiff and the small Spanish lap-dog! Yet the whole has been effected by the nature of the climate and food, seconded by the industry of man in continuing the species without mixture.

As in external figure they bear evident marks of human cultivation, so is there also some difference in the internal structure of their bodies. The stomach of the domestic animal is not usually so large; for such receiving food at certain and expected intervals, and that but by little at a time, this intestine seems to contract to its contents, and fits the animal for the life it is obliged to lead.

Thus we, in some measure, see nature under a continual constraint in those creatures we have taught to live about us. But it is otherwise when we come to examine the savage tenants of the forest or the wilderness; there every species preserves its characteristic form, and is strongly impressed with the instincts and appetites of nature. The more remote from the tyranny of mankind, the greater seems their sagacity. The beavers in those distant solitudes where men have rarely passed exert all the arts of architects and citizens; they build neater habitations than even the rational inhabitants of those countries can show, and obey a more regular discipline than ever man could boast: but as soon as man intrudes upon their society, their spirit of industry and wisdom ceases; they no longer exert their social arts, but become patient and dull, as if to fit them for a state of servitude.

But not only their industry, but their courage also, is repressed by the vicinity of man. The lion of the deserts of Nubia, that has been only taught to measure his strength with weaker animals, and accustomed to conquer, is possessed of amazing courage; instead of avoiding man, as other animals are found to do, he attacks whole caravans crossing the desert, and, when overpowered, retires still facing the enemy. But the lion of Morocco, which is a more populous country, seems to acknowledge a superiority, and is even scared away by the cries of women and children.

Wherever man approaches, the savage beasts retire; and it is thought, not without some share of reason, that many species of animals had once birth which are now totally extinct. The elk, for instance, which we are certain was once a native of Europe, is now no longer, except in Canada. Those monstrous bones of the mammoth, as the Siberians call an animal which must have been at least four times as big as the elephant, which are dug up in that country, and which by no means belong to the whale, as has been falsely imagined, may serve to convince us that there were once animals existing which have been totally extirpated. The histories of Aristotle and Pliny serve to confirm us in this opinion; for in them we find descriptions which have not their archetypes in the present state of nature.

It is in the forest, therefore, and remote from man, that we must expect to find those varieties, instincts, and amazing instances of courage and cunning which quadrupeds exert in a very high degree. Their various methods of procuring subsistence may well attract our admiration; and their peculiar conformation for the life in which they find greatest pleasure is not less surprising. The rapacious animal is in every respect formed for war; yet the various kinds make their incursions in very different ways.

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The lion and tiger pursue their prey by the view alone, and for this purpose they have a most piercing sight. Others hunt by scent, while some lie in wait and seize whatever comes near them or they are able to overpower.

The teeth of carnivorous animals differ in every respect from those which feed upon vegetables. In the latter they seem entirely designed for gathering and comminuting their simple food; but in the rapacious kinds, for holding and tearing their prey. In the one, the teeth serve as grindstones; in the other, as weapons of offence. In both, however, the surfaces of the grinding teeth are unequal, with cavities and risings which fit each other when the jaws are brought into contact. These inequalities serve the better to grind and comminute their food, but they grow smoother with age; which is the reason why old animals take a longer time to chew their food than those in the vigor of life.

The legs and feet of quadrupeds are admirably suited to the motion and exercises of each animal. In some they are made for strength only, and to support a vast unwieldy body, as in the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the sea-horse, whose feet in some measure resemble pillars. Deer, hares, and other creatures that are remarkable for swiftness have theirs slender, yet nervous. The feet of some serve for swimming, as the otter and beaver; the toes of these animals are joined together with membranes like those of geese and ducks, which is a sufficient demonstration that they are designed to live in water as well as on land; though the toes of the fore-feet of the beaver are not thus united, because they use them as hands. The feet of some are made for walking and digging, of which the mole is a remarkable instance; and others for walking and flying, as the bat. The legs of some are weak, and of others stiff and strong, that they may traverse the ice with less danger. The common goat, whose natural habitation is on the rocks and mountains, has legs of this kind, and the hoof is hollow underneath, with sharp edges, so that, when become domestic, it will walk as securely on the top of a house as on level ground. Many are shod with rough and hard hoofs, of which some are whole and others are cloven; some, again, have only a callous skin, and these are composed of toes which supply the place of hands, as in all of the monkey kind. Many have only short nails, for their more ready and safe running or walking; while others have sharp and strong talons, as the lion and most ravenous beasts, to destroy their prey.

The heads of quadrupeds also differ greatly from each other; for in some they are square and large, suitable to their slow motion, food, and abode; in others, slender and sharp, the better to fit them for turning up the earth, of which a hog is an instance. Some quadrupeds have long necks, and not very strong, serving chiefly to carry their mouths to the ground in order to feed; in others they are shorter, brawny, and strong, as in moles and hogs, thereby the better to turn up its surface; while in general the quadrupeds that feed upon grass are enabled to hold down their heads by a strong tendonous ligament, that runs from the head to the middle of their back; by the help of which the head, though heavy, may be held down a long while, without any labor, pain, or uneasiness to the muscles of the neck.



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The stomach is generally proportioned to the quality of the animal's food: those who live upon flesh and such nourishing substances have it small and glandular, affording such juices as are best adapted to digest and macerate its contents. On the contrary, ruminating animals, or such as chew the cud, who feed entirely upon vegetables, have four stomachs, all which serve as so many laboratories to prepare and turn their simple food into proper nutriment. In Africa, however, where the plants afford greater nourishment than in our temperate climate, several animals which with us have four are there found to have but two. But in all, the difference in the manner of living seems to arise from the internal conformation; and each animal lives upon food more or less nourishing in proportion to the size of its intestines, which are to digest it.

In general, whatever be the food, nature seems finely to have fitted the creature for procuring it, though never without a proper exertion of its strength or industry. Large animals of the forest, such as the elephant and lion, want swiftness and a distinguishing scent for catching their prey, but have strength to overcome it; others who want strength, such as the wolf and the fox, make it up by their cunning; and those to whom nature has denied both strength and speed, as the hound and the jackal, follow by the smell, and at last overtake their prey by perseverance. Thus, each species seems only possessed of one talent in perfection, so that the power of destruction in one class may not be greater than the power to escape in another.

Few wild animals seek their prey in the daytime, but about night the whole forest echoes with a variety of different howlings. That of the lion resembles distant thunder; the tiger's and leopard's notes are something more shrill, but yet more hideous; while the jackal, pursuing by his scent, barks somewhat like a dog, and hunts in a pack in the same manner. Nor is it uncommon for the strongest animals to follow where they hear this cry begun; and, when the jackal has hunted down the prey, to come in and monopolize the spoil. It is this which has given rise to the report of that little animal's being the lion's provider; but, in fact, the jackal hunts for himself alone, and the lion is an unwelcome intruder upon the fruits of his industry.

This is a common method with larger animals; yet their most usual way is to hide and crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink, and with a bound seize them instantly. The lion is said to leap twenty feet at a spring, and, if we can credit Father Tachard, the tiger goes still farther. However, notwithstanding this surprising force, it would often happen that they might perish for want of food, had not nature endowed them with an amazing power of sustaining hunger for a long time; for, as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying. When once they have seized their prey, they devour it in the most voracious manner, often bones and all, and then retire to their retreats, continuing inactive till the calls of hunger again excite their courage and industry. But as all their methods of pursuit are counteracted by their prey with all the arts of evasion, in this manner they often continue to range without success, supporting a life of famine and fatigue for eight or ten

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days successively. Beasts of prey seldom devour each other, nor can anything but the greatest degree of hunger induce them to it. But in such extremities, and when hunger makes them less delicate, the weakest affords its antagonist a disagreeable repast. What they chiefly seek after is the deer or the ox, those harmless creatures which are made to embellish nature; of which, when caught, they first suck the blood and then devour the carcass: between such there is cause of enmity. Yet there are antipathies among the rapacious kinds which render them enemies to each other, even though noways instigated to it by hunger. The elephant and the tiger, the dog and the wolf, are mortal foes, and never meet without certain death to the weaker side.

"When at Siam," says Father Tachard, "I had an opportunity of seeing a combat between three elephants and a tiger. The place of engagement was in a sort of railed amphitheatre, and the elephants were defended by a kind of armor which covered their heads and a part of their trunk; but, as if this were not sufficient, the tiger was also restrained by cords from making the first onset. When one of the elephants approached, he began the combat by giving his enemy three terrible blows with his trunk on the back, which stunned the other so much that he continued for some time as if insensible; but the instant he was let loose, he flew at the elephant with an hideous howl, and attempted to seize him by the trunk; this the elephant artfully evaded by wrinkling in his trunk, and then receiving his antagonist upon his armor, he in the most dexterous manner flung him up into the air. This served entirely to intimidate the tiger, who durst no longer face him, but made many efforts to escape; now and then trying to fly up at the spectators, but the three elephants now beginning to press him, they struck him such terrible blows that they would soon have despatched him had not the signal been given for finishing the combat."

But to have a more distinct idea of the life of a beast of prey, let us turn to one among the number—the wolf, for instance—and view him in his native deserts. With the most insatiable appetite for animal food, nature seems to have granted him the most various means of satisfying it. Possessed of strength, agility, and cunning, he seems fitted for finding, overcoming, and devouring his prey; yet, for all this, the wolf often dies of hunger, for he is the declared enemy of man. Being thus proscribed, he is obliged to frequent the most solitary part of the forest, where his prey too often escapes him, either by swiftness or cunning, so that he is most frequently indebted to hazard alone for subsistence. He remains lurking whole days in those places where the lesser animals most frequently pass, till at last, becoming desperate through want, and courageous through necessity, he ventures forth to attack such animals as have taken refuge under the protection of man. He therefore falls in among the fold, destroys all he meets, kills merely from a pleasure in slaughter, and, if this succeed, he returns again, till, being wounded or frighted by dogs or men, he ventures out only by night, ranges the fields, and destroys whatever he has strength to conquer. He has been often seen, when those sallies have proved unsuccessful, to return back to the woods and pursue the wild animals; not so much with the hope of overtaking them himself as in expectation of

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their falling a prey to some other of his own species, with whom he may come in to divide the spoil. In short, when driven to the last extremity, he attacks even man himself, and, grown quite furious, encounters inevitable destruction.

Such are the beasts of the forest, which are formed for a life of hostility, and, as we see, possessed of various methods to seize, conquer, and destroy. Nor are such as are their destined prey less sagacious in their efforts to escape destruction. Some find protection in holes in which nature has directed them to bury themselves; others seek safety by their swiftness; and such as are possessed of neither of these advantages generally herd together, and endeavor to repel invasion with united force. The very sheep, which seems the most defenceless animal of all, will yet make resistance — the females falling into the centre, and the males with their horns forming a ring round them. Some animals that feed upon fruits which are to be found only at one time of the year have the sagacity to provide against winter; thus the badger, the hedgehog, and mole fill their holes with several sorts of plants, which enable them to lie concealed during the hard frosts of the winter, contented with their prison, which affords them safety. These holes are constructed with so much art that the builders seem endowed with an instinct almost approaching reason. In general there are two apertures, one by which to escape when an enemy is in possession of the other. The doublings of the hare, and the various tricks of the fox to escape the hounds, are not less surprising. Some animals have the power of raising such an intolerable stench that no dogs will follow them: many creatures which herd together place a sentinel upon the watch, to give notice of an approaching enemy, and take this duty by turns. These are the efforts of instinct for safety, and they are, in general, sufficient to repel the hostilities of instinct only; but no arts the wretched animal can use are sufficient to repress the invasions of man. Wherever he has spread his dominion, terror seems to follow: there is then no longer society among the inferior tenants of the plain; all their cunning ceases; all their industry is at an end; the whole is then only subsistence; and human art, instead of improving brutal sagacity, only bounds, contracts, and constrains it.

The wild animal is subject to few alterations till he comes under the dominion of man. In their native solitudes they live still in the same manner; they are not seen to wander from climate to climate; the forest where they have been bred seems to bound and satisfy their desires; they seldom leave it, and when they do, it is only because it can no longer afford security. Nor is it their fellow-brutes, but man, they in such cases seem to avoid. From the former their apprehensions are less, because their means of escape are greater. In their fellow-brutes they have an enemy to whom their powers are equal; they can oppose fraud to their force, and swiftness to their sagacity. But what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen, and, though remote, destroys them?

We have observed that among animals of the same kind there is little variety, except what is produced by the art of man; but we would have this observation extend only to animals of the same climate. As in the

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human species many alterations arise from the heat or cold and other peculiarities of the region they inhabit, so among brute animals the climate marks them with its influence, and in a few successions they entirely conform to the nature of their situation. In general it may be remarked that the colder the country, the longer and warmer is the fur of each animal, to defend it from the inclemency of the season. Thus the fox and the wolf, which in temperate climates have but short hair, have it much longer in the frozen regions near the north pole. Those dogs which with us have long hair, when carried into the hot tropical climates, in a few years cast their thick covering and assume one more fitted to the place. The elephant and rhinoceros, which live in the hottest countries, have no hair at all; while the beaver and the ermine, which are found in greatest plenty in the cold regions, are remarkable for the warmth and the fineness of their furs. There is one exception to this general rule, in the quadrupeds of Syria, which, though a hot country, are remarkable for the length and fineness of their hair; the Syrian cat, sheep, and other animals affording sufficient quantity to be manufactured into that stuff called camlet, so common over all Europe.

The quantity of food in any country, or its nutriment, adapted to each peculiar species, serves also to make a variety in the size of the respective animal. Thus, the beasts which feed in the valley are much larger than those which glean a scanty subsistence on the mountains; such as live in those hot countries where the plants are much larger and more succulent than with us are equally remarkable for their bulk. If Africa has been remarked to a proverb by antiquity for its monstrous serpents, it is no less remarkable for its lions, its elephants, and leopards also. Their dispositions, too, seem to partake of the rigors of the climate; and, being bred in the extreme of heat or cold, they show a peculiar ferocity that neither the force of man can conquer nor his adulations allay.

The same physical causes which have rendered the men of those wretched climates barbarous and unsocial seem to extend their influence even to brutes; for ever where the men are most savage, the brutes are most fierce. The reasoning powers, on one hand, being less, while the active powers, on the other, being greater, the forces on both sides seem almost levelled to an equality; and in those regions brutes and men seem to struggle for divided dominion. All the attempts which have hitherto been made to tame the savage animals brought home from the pole or the equator have proved ineffectual. While young, the lion, and even the leopard, are harmless and gentle, but they acquire all their natural ferocity with age; catch at the hand that feeds them, and as they grow up become more dangerous and more cruel. A person who showed wild beasts about the country, some years ago, had confined a young mastiff and a wolf cub from Senegal in the same room. While young they played together, and seemed much delighted with each other's company: but as the wolf grew older, he began to acquire new fierceness, and they often had slight quarrels about their food, which was given them together. It always began upon the wolf's side, who, though there was much more than both he and the mastiff could possibly consume, yet still kept the mastiff away, and watched over the remainder

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This ill-matched society therefore every day became more turbulent and bloody, till it ended in the death of the dog, whom the wolf caught at an unguarded moment and tore in pieces.

Thus we find that even among carnivorous animals there are different dispositions, some generous and valiant, others cruel and cowardly: some animals are rapacious merely to satisfy their hunger; but the tiger, hyena, and the panther destroy whatever they meet—slay without distinction, and are cruel without necessity.

It has been observed that the extensive deserts of Africa, lying between the tropics, produce the largest and fiercest animals, yet in the same latitudes in America the animals are in no wise so terrible. It may, indeed, be remarked, in general, that all the quadrupeds of that New World are less than those of the Old; even such as are carried from hence to breed there are often found to degenerate, but are never seen to improve. If with respect to size we should compare the animals of the New and the Old World, we shall find the one bear no manner of proportion to the other. The Asiatic elephant, for instance, often grows to above fifteen feet high; while the tapurette, which is the largest native of America, is not bigger than a calf of a year old. The llama, which some also call the American camel, is still less; nor is the bison, though really bulky, by any means large to appearance. Their beasts of prey also are quite divested of that courage which is so often fatal to man in Africa or Asia. They have no lions, nor, properly speaking, either leopard or tiger. Travellers, however, have affixed those names to such ravenous animals as are there found most to resemble those of the ancient continent. However, the cougar, the jaguar, and the jaguarette, among them, are despicable in comparison of the tiger, the leopard, and the panther of Asia. The tiger of Bengal has been known to measure twelve feet in length, without including the tail; while the cougar, or American tiger, as some affect to call it, seldom exceeds three. All the animals, therefore, in the southern parts of America are different from those in the southern parts of the ancient continent; nor does there appear to be any common to both, but those which, being able to bear the rigors of the north, have travelled from one continent to the other. Thus the bear, the wolf, the reindeer, the stag, and the beaver are known as well by the inhabitants of Canada as Russia; while the lion, the leopard, and the tiger, which are natives of the south with us, are utterly unknown in Southern America.

But if the quadrupeds of America be smaller than those of the ancient continent, they are in much greater abundance; for it is a rule that obtains through nature, that the smallest animals multiply in the greatest proportion. The goat, imported from Europe to Southern America, in a few generations becomes much less, but then it becomes more prolific, and instead of one kid at a time, or two at the most, generally produces five, six, and sometimes more. The wisdom of Providence in making formidable animals unprolific is obvious; had the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion the same degree of fecundity with the rabbit or rat, all the arts of man would soon be unequal to the contest, and we should soon perceive them become the tyrants of those who affect to call themselves the masters of the

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creation.[1] Final causes are obvious, but, as the great Bacon says, "Investigatio causarum finalium sterilis est, et veluti virgo Deo dedicata, nil parit." Such, in fact, produce no discoveries; it is for the efficient cause we should inquire; and yet such is the darkness of the subject that we must be contented, in the present instance, only with the former. Upon anatomical inspection, the matrix of smaller creatures is evidently fitted to produce many at a time, while that of larger quadrupeds is adapted for the gestation of one alone, or of two at the most. As large animals require proportional supplies from nature, Providence seems unwilling to give new life where it has denied the necessary means of subsisting.

In consequence of this pre-established order, the larger creatures, which bring forth but few at a time, seldom produce their species till they have acquired, or almost acquired, their full growth. On the other hand, those which bring forth many, engender before they have arrived at half their natural size. The horse and the bull come almost to their acme before reproduction; the hog and the rabbit scarcely leave the teat before they become parents themselves. The large animals also go with young in proportion to their size. The mare continues eleven months with foal; the cow nine; the wolf five; and the bitch nine weeks. In all, however, the young are produced by the female without hemorrhage, and mostly without pain, the intermediate litters being ever most fruitful.

Whatever be the natural disposition of animals at other times, they all acquire new courage and fierceness in defence of their young. Even the mildest, if wild, will then resist and threaten the invader; but such as have force, and subsist by rapine, are at such times terrible indeed. The lioness seems more hardy than even the lion himself; she attacks men and beasts indiscriminately, and when she has overcome carries them reeking to her young, whom she accustoms betimes to slaughter. We are told by some travellers, but with what truth I will not take upon me to determine, that the hunters who find her cubs and carry them off have no other method to escape her pursuit but by dropping one at some distance from the den, which finding, she takes care to carry back before she attempts to rescue the rest, and so the hunter escapes with a part.

The first aliment of all quadrupeds is milk, which is a liquor at once both nourishing and easily digested; this being in carnivorous animals in much less quantity than others, the female often carries home her prey alive, that its blood may supply the deficiencies of nature in herself.

But their care in the protection of their young is not greater than their sagacity in choosing such months for bringing forth as afford the greatest quantity of provision, suitable to the age and appetite of each peculiar kind. In general, they couple at such times as that the female shall bring forth in the mildest seasons, such as the latter end of spring or the beginning of autumn. The wolf and the fox, for instance, couple in December, so that the time of gestation continuing five months, they may have their young in April. The mare, which goes eleven months, admits the horse in summer,

[1] "The reasons of this fecundity are not so easily assigned as the Creator's motives for this difference."—GOLDSMITH.

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and foals in the beginning of May. On the contrary, all those which lay up provisions for the winter, as the beaver and marmot, couple in the latter end of autumn, so as to have their young about January, for which severe season they have already laid in the proper supplies. This provisional care in every species of quadrupeds, of bringing forth at the fittest seasons, may well excite human admiration; in man the business of procreation is not marked by seasons, but brutes seem to decline indeterminate copulation, as if conducted less by appetite than the future subsistence of their offspring.

Their choice of situations, too, may be remarked; for in most of the rapacious kinds the female takes the utmost precautions to hide the place of her retreat from the male, who, when pressed with hunger, would be apt to devour her cubs. She seldom, therefore, strays far from the den, and never returns while the male is in view, nor visits him again till her young are out of danger or capable of resistance. Such animals as are of tender constitutions take the utmost care to provide the warmest lodging for their young; those, on the contrary, that are hardy, and are found to subsist in northern climates, are not so cautious in this particular. The rapacious kinds bring forth in the thickest woods; the ruminant, with the various species of lesser creatures, choose some place in the neighborhood of man; some choose the hollow of a tree, and all the amphibious kinds bring up their young by the water, and accustom them betimes to either element. There are, however, some animals which leave their brood to chance alone and their own early instinct for their preservation; I mean the oviparous kinds, or those which bring forth eggs, such as the tortoise, the lizard, and the crocodile. These take no farther care of their young than by burying their eggs in the sand, and the heat of the sun alone brings them to perfection. As soon as hatched, without any other guide than instinct, they immediately make to the water, though not without having their numbers diminished in their passage by such birds as make them their peculiar food.

All the kinds of oviparous animals are covered with shells or scales; those of the viviparous, or such as bring forth their young alive, with hides and hair. The oviparous are much more fruitful; a tortoise or a crocodile laying not less than an hundred eggs at a time. These, as being more imperfectly formed than animals of the viviparous kind, sooner arrive at a state of maturity; for, in general, it may be observed that the more imperfect each animal is, the sooner it arrives at its greatest state of perfection. The lizard is capable of providing for itself as soon as hatched; the otter swims in quest of food at one day old; the dog takes longer time; the horse and the lion are more slow in their advances; while man, the most perfect work of nature, labors under the longest imbecility.

But while I divide animals into viviparous and oviparous, perhaps it may be observed that a distinction is made where nature has made none, and that all creatures are produced in the same manner, equally proceeding from eggs. The generation of animals has excited curiosity in all ages, and the philosophers of every age have undertaken to explain the difficulty. Hippocrates has supposed fecundity to proceed from the mixture of the seminal liquor of both sexes, each of which equally contributes to the for-

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mation of the incipient animal. Aristotle, on the other hand, would have the seminal liquor in the male alone to contribute to this grand effect, while the female only supplied the proper nourishment for its support. Such were the opinions of these two great men, and they continued to be adopted by physicians or schoolmen for a long succession of ages with blind veneration, till Steno and Hervey, guided by anatomical inspection, perceived in every viviparous animal two glandular bodies near the womb, resembling that cluster of small eggs which is found in fowls; and, from the analogy between both, they gave these also the name of ovaria. However, as they seemed detached from the womb, it was objected at first that such could contribute noway to the formation of the fœtus; but upon more minute inspection, Fallopius, the great anatomist, perceived two tubular vessels depending from the womb, which, like the horns of a snail, had a power of erecting themselves, embracing the ovaria, and receiving the eggs in order to be fecundated by the seminal liquor. This discovery soon altered the opinion of philosophers; and as the followers of Aristotle ascribed the rudiments of the fœtus to the male, the followers of Hervey gave it entirely to the female. This last opinion, therefore, was established in the schools a long time without much controversy, till Leuwenhoeck discovered that the seminal liquor in the male had numberless living creatures, each of which might be considered as a miniature of the future animal. The business of generation was now, therefore, given back to the male a second time, though not without long controversy and some abuse. Succeeding speculators, willing to compound the matter, were of opinion that the seminal animal might enter the egg predisposed for its reception; and thus both sexes might conspire in the formation. The subject offered infinite scope for conjecture. M. Buffon loved to speculate, and he was unwilling to let slip so fair an opportunity of speculation. He therefore broached a new theory; he found by microscopical inspection that the seminal liquor, both of males and females, equally abounded with the moving beings, first taken notice of by Leuwenhoeck. These he takes not to be real animals, but living substances, which have the property of making a part in all organized bodies, without being organized themselves. All animals, he continues to observe, as well as vegetables, are composed of these living unorganized substances, a part of which are taken up for the animal's own support and growth, and the superfluity thrown off in the seminal liquor of both sexes, for the reproduction of other animals of the same species.

This hypothesis, as well as all the rest, is embarrassed with unsurmountable objections, and only serves to show that too minute a pursuit of nature leads to uncertainty; in such cases, every last opinion serves to overturn the preceding, while itself only waits to be overturned by some succeeding speculation more pleasing because more new. Happily for mankind, the most intricate inquiries are generally the most useless. Modest nature has concealed her secret operations from rash presumption; it may suffice man to be certain that she always acts with uniformity and success. Though we cannot discover how animals are generated, we know that every species is still transmitted down without mixture, and that the same characteristic marks which distinguished them in the times of Aristotle and Pliny divide

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them to this day. Creatures of different kinds may be brought to produce between them, indeed, an animal partaking something of each, yet different from either, but here the confusion ends; for this new being, this monster of nature, is incapable of continuing the breed, and is marked with perpetual sterility. Nor does this arise from the figure, for there is more difference between the mastiff and lap-dog, with respect to external shape, than between the horse and the ass; yet the animal produced between the two former is prolific, while the mule, which is begotten by the latter, continues unalterably barren.

But though nature has provided that every species of animals should be thus kept distinct, yet we have many reasons to believe, as has been observed before, that she has not been so solicitous for the preservation of them all. We have already taken notice of the mammoth, which is computed to have been at least five times as big as the elephant, and, if so, might consequently require the produce of an immense tract for its subsistence. How so huge a body, therefore, could be supported upon earth, or if the bones once belonged to an inhabitant of the deep, how they came buried at such an immense distance as they are found from the sea, are questions that ignorance may ask, but sagacity never resolve; the use, and not the cause, of things is all allowed us here. 'Tis sufficient for us that everything we see is good, and that all those good things have been granted for our enjoyment. A mind willing to employ itself in vain conjectures can never want subjects upon which to expatiate; thus, for instance, whether brutes have souls? whether they reason? whether they have memory? or are only mere machines? these are topics that may employ the speculative, but that can never recompense the inquiry. They are questions concerning which we may form doubts and ask questions, but can never have them resolved till brutes themselves find language to inform us and farther enlighten our philosophy.

### Part II.—Of Birds in General.

After quadrupeds, birds hold the foremost rank in nature. Though they are incapable of the same docility with terrestrial animals, and are less imitative of human perfections, yet they far surpass fishes and insects, both in the structure of their bodies and their sagacity. As in mechanics the most curious machines are generally the most complicated, so it is in anatomy: the body of man presents the greatest variety upon dissection; quadrupeds, less perfectly formed, discover it in their simplicity of conformation. The mechanism of birds is still less complex; fishes have yet fewer organs than they; while insects, more imperfectly than all, seem to unite the boundaries between animal and vegetable nature. Of man, the most perfect animal, there are but two or three species; of quadrupeds, the kinds are very numerous; in birds they are still greater, and in insects most of all.

Quadrupeds have some distant resemblance, in their internal structure, with man; but that of birds is entirely dissimilar. This animal seems wholly formed to inhabit the empty regions of air, in order that no part of nature might be left untenanted. Their wings, which are their principal

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instruments of flight, are formed for this purpose with the greatest exactness, and placed at that part of their body which best serves to poise the whole, and support it, in a fluid that at first seems so much lighter than itself. The quills are at once stiff and hollow, which gives them the advantage of strength and lightness; the webs are broad on one side and more narrow on the other, both which contribute to the progressive motion of the bird and the closeness of the wing. Thus each feather takes up a large surface but with inconsiderable gravity, so that when the wing is expanded the animal becomes specifically lighter than air. The smaller feathers with which it is clothed are disposed one over another in the exactest order, so as to lie closer in proportion to the rapidity of the flight. That part of them which is next the skin is furnished with a soft and warm down, and that next the air with a web on each side of the shaft, each single beard of which is itself a feather. All birds that fly much have their wings placed in the most proper part to balance their bodies in the air; those which have as much occasion for swimming as flying have their wings placed more forward, and those that are obliged to seek their food by diving have their legs set more backward and their wings still more forward than either of the preceding.

But as this lightness of the feathers might frequently be impeded by a shower of rain or any other accidental moisture, by which means the bird might become an easy prey to every invader, nature has provided an expedient whereby their feathers are as impenetrable to the water as by their structure they are to the air. All birds, in general, have a receptacle replenished with oil, something in the shape of a teat, and situated at the extremity of their bodies. This teat has several orifices; and when the bird perceives its feathers to be dry, or expects the approach of rain, it squeezes this teat with the bill, and strains from thence a part of the contained oil; after which, having drawn its bill successively over the greatest part of its feathers, they thus acquire a new lustre, and become impenetrable to the heaviest rains, for the water rolls off in large drops. Such poultry, however, as live for the most part under cover, are not furnished with so large a stock of this fluid as those birds that reside in the open air. The feathers of a hen, for instance, are pervious to every shower; whereas, on the contrary, swans, geese, ducks, and all such as nature has directed to live upon the water have their feathers dressed with oil from the very first day of their leaving the shell. Thus their stock of this fluid is equal to their necessity of its consumption. Their very flesh contracts a flavor from it, which renders it in some so very rancid as to be utterly unfit for food; however, though it injures the flesh, it improves the feathers for all the domestic purposes to which they are generally converted.

Every part of their mechanism, as was before observed, seems adapted for the improvement of their flight; their bones are extremely light and thin, and their muscles feeble, except the large pectoral muscle, by means of which they move their wings with such ease and rapidity. This very strong muscle fills up all that space on each side of the breast-bone, which, though small in quadrupeds, is in these large, broad, and externally of a very great surface; by means of this a bird can move its wings with a degree of

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strength which, when compared to the animal's size, is almost incredible. No machines that human art can contrive are capable of giving such force to so light an apparatus; and for this reason alone the art of flying must remain one of those perfections which man may desire but can never attain; since, as he increases the force of his machine he must increase its weight also. The tail of birds serves to counterbalance the head and neck, guides their flight instead of a rudder, and greatly assists them either in their ascent or when descending.

In these particulars birds differ from quadrupeds; yet of the former as well as the latter some live upon the flesh of animals, others upon vegetables, some wholly upon land, and others upon water. This diversity arises in some measure from the peculiar formation of each kind, and not unfrequently from the climate and soil. In all birds of the eagle or rapacious kind, which live upon flesh, the beak, talons, and stomach are peculiarly formed. The œsophagus, or gullet, in such is found replete with glandulous bodies which serve to dilute and macerate the prey as it passes into the stomach, which is always very large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, in order to increase its warmth and powers of digestion. The beaks of these not only serve them as instruments of subsistence, but also as weapons of defence, being crooked at the end and sometimes serrated at the edges. The talons are large and extremely tenacious, the muscles which contract the claw being infinitely stronger than those which expand it. Thus furnished for war, all of this kind spread terror wherever they approach. That variety of music which but a moment before enlivened the grove, at their appearance instantly ceases. All is silent, every order of lesser birds seek for safety either in flight or obscurity, and some are even found to seek protection from man, in order to avoid their less merciful pursuers. It succeeds, however, happily, that each order of carnivorous birds seeks for such as are nearly of their own size. The sparrow-hawk pursues the thrush, and the falcon the bustard: nature has provided that each species shall make war only on such as are furnished with the adequate means of escape; the smaller birds avoid their pursuers by the extreme agility rather than the swiftness of their flight, and for their own peculiar enemy they are more than a match, the sparrow-hawk seldom seizing any except by surprise.

But all their arts of escape would be vain against the extreme rapidity of the falcon or the eagle, and they find safety only from their minuteness, as these are found to fly only at greater game. Their usual manner of taking their game is by mounting into the air, and, observing where it lies, to dart downward upon it with amazing swiftness, and strike it dead with the blow. Nature, however, has provided the bird they pursue with sufficient instinct to endeavor still to be uppermost, so that both generally in this contest are found to mount above the view, and the bird which is endowed with the strongest wing and the most rapid flight comes off with conquest or safety.

Granivorous birds, or such as live upon fruits, corn, and other vegetables, have their intestines differently formed from those of the rapacious kind. Their gullet dilates just above the breast-bone, and forms itself into a

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pouch, or bag, called the crop. This is replete with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food which it contains. These glands are very numerous, with longitudinal openings, which send forth a whitish and viscous substance. After the dry food of the bird has been macerated in the crop for a convenient time, it then passes into the abdomen, where, instead of a soft moist stomach, as in the rapacious kinds, the food is ground between two pairs of muscles, commonly called the gizzard, covered on the inside with a stony ridgy coat, and almost cartilaginous. These, rubbing against each other, are capable of bruising and comminuting the hardest substances, their action being often compared to those of the grinding teeth in man and other animals. Thus the organs of digestion in quadrupeds are, in a manner, reversed in birds. Beasts first grind theirs with their teeth, and it passes into the stomach, where it is macerated and softened; on the contrary, birds of this sort first macerate it in the crop, and then it is ground and comminuted in the stomach. They are also careful to pick up sand and gravel, and other hard substances, not in order to grind the food, as is commonly imagined, in the stomach, but to prevent the too violent action of the opposite muscles against each other.

Another variety in birds proceeds from the shape of their bills and toes, which are always adapted to the element on which they chiefly reside. Swans, geese, ducks, coots, and such other fowls as delight in the water have their bills, necks, feet, and feathers wonderfully adapted to that kind of life they are to lead. The bill in some is of an extraordinary length, to enable them to search for their peculiar food, which is found only at the bottom of pools, marshes, and muddy places; thus in woodcocks and snipes, which by some are supposed to seek for worms in moorish grounds, but others, with more likelihood, affirm their food to be a fat unctuous substance which they suck out of the earth. The bills of curlews and many other sea-fowls are very long, in order to enable them to hunt for worms on the sea-shore, and to seek after small fish and their spawn. But the most common form of the bill in aquatic fowls is the broad spoon-bill, as in ducks, geese, and swans, the mechanism of which is at once adapted to contain and take up a great quantity of water, which is always swallowed with their food, and to skim the surfaces of standing weeds, in pools, which is generally the food they most delight in. Nor should it be forgotten that in all these there are nerves which run to the ends of their bills, somewhat like those which in man terminate at the ends of his fingers, and which guide and improve his sense of feeling.

Their legs and feet also are not less adapted to their peculiar way of living. Some have the leg very long, to enable them to wade in the water, and they are always bare of feathers a good way above the knee, the toes being separated so as the better to enable them to sink in the mud; but such as seek their food by swimming have short legs and flat feet with webs between each toe, which in swimming they extend as fishes do their fins, and thus impel the water one way, to advance themselves in the opposite direction. Their necks also are generally long, so as to reach the bottom, and shovel up gravel and other substances which they swallow with their food.

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The variety of methods which nature has taken to furnish the globe with creatures perfectly formed to indulge all their peculiar appetites deserves our wonder; but wondering is not the way to grow wise. We shall find the generality of birds, though so well fitted for changing place with rapidity and ease, for the most part contented with the places where they were bred, and by no means exerting their desire in proportion to their endowments. The rook, if undisturbed, would never leave its native wood, the blackbird still frequents its accustomed hedge, and if ever they change, it is only from motives of famine or of fear. There are some sorts, however, called birds of passage, which remove to warmer or colder climates, as the air or their peculiar nourishment invites them. Thus the starling in Sweden, at the approach of winter, finding subsistence no longer in that kingdom, descends every year into Germany; and the hen chaffinches of the same country are seen every year to fly through Holland, in large flocks, to pass their winter in a milder climate. Others, with a more daring flight, traverse the ocean, and undertake voyages that might intimidate even human perseverance. Thus quails in the spring leave the burning heat of Africa for the milder sun of Europe, and when they have passed the summer with us, steer their flight back, to enjoy in Egypt the temperate air which they can no longer find with us. They often fly in such numbers that to mariners at sea they appear to cover the skies like a cloud, and sometimes, wearied by the length of their flight, drop down upon deck, an easy prey to the spectators.

From some accounts published in the "Philosophical Transactions," it would seem that swallows do not migrate in the same manner, but continue torpid all the winter; but I think the testimonies in favor of their migration are more cogent than those against it. All those who have sailed to the tropical climates are convinced, by every day's experience, that they are seen flying in large flocks, in order to enjoy near the equator a warmer air. But not to enter into a discussion of little importance, wild-ducks and cranes, at the approach of winter, generally go in search of milder climates, and assemble together for that purpose at a certain time of the year. Nor does this seem to be the deliberation of a day; they sometimes assemble and part different ways, in order to meet a second time; however, at length, as if the migration were unanimously resolved upon, they rise all at once and decamp in a body. It is not unpleasing to observe the order of their flight. They generally range themselves into one large column, or sometimes forming two columns, joining in an angle like the letter V, while the fowl which makes the point seems to cleave the air to facilitate the passage of those which are to follow. But it continues this laborious employment only for a certain time; after which, falling back into the rear, another takes the place. The prodigious length of their passage is surprising, and how they support themselves in the flight; but the regularity of their motions is not less admirable, and that spirit of society with which they seem obedient to laws for the general welfare. Both young and old are always found at the place of general rendezvous, nor are they ever at a loss to take the direct road to their destined stations.

Thus there are some birds which may properly be called the inhabitants

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of every part of the earth; but, in general, every climate has birds peculiar to itself alone. The feathered inhabitants of the temperate zone chiefly excel in the music of their notes; those of the torrid zone, in the bright and vivid colors of their plumage. The frigid zone, on the other hand, where the seas abound with fish, are stocked with fowls of the aquatic kind in much greater variety than are to be found in our parts of Europe.

In general, every bird resorts to those climates where its food is found in plenty, and always takes care to hatch its young at those places, and in those seasons, where provisions are in the greatest abundance. The large birds, and those of the aquatic kind, choose places as remote as possible from man, as their food is different from that which is cultivated by human industry. Some birds, which have only the serpent to fear, build their nests in such a manner as to have them depending at the end of a small bough, and the entrance from below; but the little birds, which live upon fruits and corn, are found in the greatest plenty in the most populous countries, and are too often unwelcome intruders upon the fruits of human labors. In making their nests, therefore, the little birds use every art to conceal them from man, while the great birds use every precaution to render theirs inaccessible to wild beasts or vermin. The unerring instinct which guides every species in contriving the most proper habitation for hatching their young demands our observation. In hot, tropical climates nests of the same kind are made with less art and of less warm materials than in the temperate zone, for the sun in some measure assists the business of incubation. In general, however, they build them with great art, and line them with such substances as keep or communicate warmth to their eggs. Nothing can exceed their patience while hatching; neither the calls of hunger nor the near approach of danger could drive them from the nest; and though they have been found fat upon beginning to sit, yet before the incubation is over the female is usually wasted to a skeleton. The male ravens and crows, while the hens are sitting, take care to provide them with food; while other birds, such as pigeons and sparrows, take their turns, the male relieving the female at proper intervals. Sometimes, however, the eggs acquire a degree of heat too great for the purposes of hatching; in such cases, the hen leaves them to cool a little, and then returns with her usual perseverance and pleasure. When the young brood comes forth, nothing can exceed the industry and the seeming pride of the parents; the most timid becomes courageous in their defence, and provides them with food proper for their age or kind. Birds of the rapacious kind become at this season more than ordinarily ravenous, and those of the granivorous sorts discontinue their singing, entirely taken up in procuring subsistence for their young.

Of all birds the ostrich is the greatest, and the American humming-bird the least. In these the gradations of nature are strongly marked, for the ostrich in some respects approaches the nature of that class of animals immediately placed above him, namely quadrupeds, being covered with hair and incapable of flying; while the humming-bird, on the other hand, approaches that of insects. These extremities of the species, however, are rather objects of human curiosity than use; it is the middle orders of birds

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which man has taken care to propagate and maintain: these largely administer to his necessities and pleasure, and some birds are even capable of attachment to the person that feeds them. How far they may be instructed by long assiduity is obvious from a late instance of a canary bird, which was shown in London, and which had been taught to pick up the letters of the alphabet at the word of command. Upon the whole, however, they are inferior to quadrupeds in their sagacity; they are possessed of fewer of those powers which look like reason, and seem, in all their actions, rather impelled by instinct than guided by choice.

### Part III.—Of Fishes.

The productions of nature, as they become less perfect, grow more numerous. When we consider what numberless sorts have hitherto escaped human curiosity, what a variety of fishes are already known, and the amazing fecundity of which they are possessed, we are almost induced to wonder how the ocean finds room for its inhabitants. A single fish is capable of producing eight or ten millions of its kind in a season; but nature has happily obviated this hurtful increase by making the subsistence of one species depend on the destruction of another. The same enmities that subsist among land animals prevail with equal fury in the waters, and with this aggravation, that by land the rapacious kinds seldom devour each other, but in the ocean it seems an universal warfare of each against each. The large devour the small even of their own species, and these, in their turn, become the tyrants of such as they are able to destroy.

Fishes, in general, may be divided into those that breathe through lungs, and have red blood circulating through their veins, and those that respire through the gills, and whose circulating juices are limpid and colorless. The first sort, which comprehends all of the cetaceous or whale kind, are possessed of a greater degree of heat than the element they inhabit, are frequently obliged to come to the surface of the water to respire fresh air, and, though they are properly inhabitants of the ocean, yet are capable of being suffocated in it. They use coition, bring forth their young alive, nourish them with their milk, and resemble quadrupeds as to their internal conformation. The latter sort, on the contrary, are as cold as the element in which they live; they breathe only in the water; they produce by spawn which is impregnated by the male; and are, for the most part, covered with scales. Between these there is yet an intermediate kind, which is called the cartilaginous. These breathe through the gills, like the latter, and bring forth their young alive, like the former. Instead of bones, their muscles are supported only by cartilages, or gristles; and from this conformation they continue to grow larger as they grow older; for, different from every other animal, their bones never acquire such a certain degree of hardness as to hinder their future growth.

The number of the cetaceous and cartilaginous kind, however, is but small when compared to the other kind already described, in which are to be found a greater quantity of small bones, which serve to strengthen and support the muscles. The bones of a single carp, for instance, amount to

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four thousand three hundred and eighty-six. These are the kinds generally to be found in fresh water; these have been most frequently subject to human inspection, and from them our descriptions are more usually taken.

The shape of most fish is much alike, sharp at either end, and swelling in the middle, by which they are thus able to traverse the fluid they inhabit with greater ease. That peculiar shape which nature has granted most fishes we endeavor to imitate in such vessels as are designed to sail with the greatest swiftness; however, the progress of a machine moved forward in the water by human contrivance is nothing to the rapidity of an animal destined to reside there. The shark overtakes a ship in full sail with ease, plays round it, and abandons it at pleasure. The tail of all fish is extremely flexible, and furnished with muscles that take up near a third part of the whole body. In this lies their greatest strength, and by bending it to the right or left they repel the water behind, and advance with the desired swiftness. The motion of this is in some measure assisted by the fins, but their chief use is to poise the body, and at will to stop its motion. This is proved by experience; for when the fins are cut off, the fish reels to and fro, no longer able to keep its natural posture. These, therefore, only keep a fish steady. When it would turn to the right, it moves the fins on the left side; when to the left, it plays those on the right. The tail, however, is the grand instrument of progressive motion.

As all animals that live upon earth or in the air are furnished with a proper covering to keep off external injury, so all that live in the water are covered with a slimy glutinous matter that, like a sheath, defends their bodies from the immediate contact of the surrounding fluid. Beneath this is generally found a coat consisting of strong scales, and under that, before we come to the muscular parts of the body, an oily substance, which supplies the requisite warmth and vigor.

When we examine a fish's scale through a microscope, it is found to consist of a number of concentrical circles, one within the other, in some measure resembling those which appear upon the transverse section of a tree, and, in fact, offering the same information. For as in trees we can tell their age by the number of their circles, so in fishes we can tell theirs by the number of circles in every scale, reckoning one ring for every year of the animal's existence. M. Buffon, by this method, found a carp whose scales he examined to be not less than a hundred years old—a thing almost incredible, had we not several accounts in other authors which tend to confirm its veracity.

That fish are extremely long-lived appears from the nature of the element in which they breathe; in this they are not subject to those sudden changes which terrestrial animals hourly experience. Theirs is an uniform existence, their movements without effort and their life without labor; so that all their dangers and inconveniences arise not from the infirmities of nature, but each other's rapacity.

But though they are formed entirely for living in the water, yet still they are unable to subsist without air. If a pond, in which they are usually kept, be covered over with ice, a part of it must be broken to let in fresh



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air, otherwise the fish would die. All water containing a certain quantity of air, fish have an admirable contrivance in their gills of separating that from their native element. The air thus inspired probably assists in circulating their fluids, as with other animals; but there is one advantage which it manifestly grants them—namely, that of sinking or rising in the water as pleasure or necessity incites: when they are inclined to rise, they dilate an air-bladder, with which nature has furnished them, and, thus increasing their bulk without adding to their weight, they become lighter than the surrounding fluid. On the contrary, when this air-bladder is contracted, their body contracts in proportion, and they sink. That this is the true use of the air-bladder, and that it is not, as some have supposed, only a reservoir of air for the fish to breathe from while it continues under water, has been shown by experiments: thus we see the fish breathe our atmosphere; but, what will appear still more extraordinary, they have been kept alive and fattened after having been taken out of the water. Carp, when hung up in a cool cellar, in a small net, and covered with wet moss—their heads, however, being at liberty—may be fed and fattened with white bread steeped in milk; an experiment easily tried, and which has often been practised with success in Holland as well as at home.

The eyes of fish are generally flat, which seems most suitable to the element in which they live. Their vision, however, is probably very indistinct, at least it appears so from the experiments I have been able to make upon their eyes by fixing them in the apparatus of a camera-obscura. They seem, likewise, to have but an obscure perception of sounds, and probably they receive this sensation by the tremors of the element in which they live, operating rather upon their whole system than by any mechanism adapted for that purpose. Their senses, therefore, seem no way exquisite, and their pleasures are almost entirely confined to the satisfaction they find in appeasing their hunger. It is this appetite alone which impels them to encounter every danger. Their rapacity seems insatiable; even when taken out of the water and expiring, they greedily swallow the very bait by which they were allured to their destruction.

As they are thus extremely voracious, nature seems to have supplied them with proper means for satisfying their appetite to the utmost extent of indulgence. They are all furnished with teeth, or some other contrivance which answers the same purpose. The maw is, in general, placed next the mouth; and though possessed of no sensible heat, yet is endued with a surprising faculty of digestion. Those of the voracious kind swallow not only others like themselves, but even prawns, crabs, and lobsters, shells and all, without experiencing any manner of inconvenience. This amazing faculty in their cold maw serves evidently to prove that heat is not the cause of digestion in the stomach of man or other animals; the cause of that is perhaps inextricable; the operations of nature are past finding out, and doubts, instead of knowledge, rise upon every inquiry.

As fishes are thus formed for seizing and devouring each other, and as they are pressed by unceasing hunger, we may easily imagine that they lead a life of continued hostility, of violence and evasion. It is natural to suppose that the smaller fry stand no chance in this unequal combat; their

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usual method of escaping, therefore, is by swimming into those shallows where the great ones are afraid or unable to pursue. Here they become invaders in turn, and live upon the spawn of larger fishes, which they find floating upon the surface of the water. The mussel, the oyster, and the scallop lie in ambush at the bottom with their shells open, and whatever animal inadvertently approaches into contact, they at once close their shells and it becomes an easy prey. The flat fish, in general, watch on the mud till the females of other kinds deposit their spawn in holes at the bottom, and upon their retiring come forth to feast upon the spoil.

Nor is their pursuit, like that of terrestrial animals, confined to a single region or to one effort; shoals of one species follow those of another through vast tracts of the ocean, from the vicinity of the pole even down to the equator. Thus the cod from the Banks of Newfoundland pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. Such a pursuit as this may probably be the cause of the annual return of herrings and pilchards to our own coasts, where they come in an abundance that to some may appear incredible; nothing being more common on the coasts of Cornwall than to take five or six thousand hogsheads of pilchards at one single enclosure. This return of fish to the British coasts, is, however, of no very long continuance, for about a hundred and fifty years ago the herring shoals were found along the northern coasts of Germany; but those they have since forsaken, and in those places where the Germans once caught them in immense quantities there are at present, without any visible reason, none to be found.

Thus we find another analogy between these and terrestrial animals. As in birds, so some sorts of these may be called fish of passage, and others indigenous. The herring first has its station towards the north of Scotland, from whence they take their way regularly every year, and at length arrive in the British Channel. Their voyage is performed with the utmost regularity. The time of their departure is fixed from the month of June to August, and they assemble always together before they set out. There are never any stragglers from the general body, for when they have passed any place there are none left remaining. It would be vain to assign the cause of these migrations. Whether it proceeds from the fear of pursuers or from a desire of propagating their kind in greater security; whether they find pleasure in the change, or whether this long voyage is undertaken in quest of food, is a subject that might supply much conjecture and little satisfaction. Certain it is, their numbers are astonishing: they satisfy, in their passage, the rapacity of all the voracious kinds; and when they arrive at their appointed stations, they there fall to the share of man, and make the food of the poor, for a certain season, throughout all Europe.

But this consumption, how great soever, only serves to counterbalance their surprising fecundity, which would otherwise overstock the element assigned them for their support. The number of eggs contained in the roe of a single cod, and computed by Leuwenhoeck, amounted to nine millions three hundred and forty-four thousand; which, if permitted in every individual to come to maturity, would rather obstruct than replenish nature. But two wise purposes are answered by this amazing increase: it preserves

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the species, whatever may happen, and serves to furnish the surviving fish with a sustenance adapted to their conformation.

They seem all, except the cetaceous kind, entirely divested of those parental pleasures and solicitudes which so strongly mark the characters and conduct of the more perfect terrestrial animals. They do not use coition; for though the male sometimes seems to join bellies with the female, yet, as he is unfurnished with the instruments of generation, his only end by such an action is to emit his impregnating fluid upon the eggs, which at that time fall from her. His attachment seems rather to the eggs than the female; he pursues them often as they float down along the stream, and carefully impregnates them one after the other. Sometimes the females dig holes in the bottom of rivers and ponds, and there deposit their spawn, which are impregnated by the male as before.

All fish have a peculiar season to deposit their spawn. They in general choose the hottest months in summer, and prefer such waters as are somewhat tepefied by the rays of the sun. They then leave the deepest parts of the ocean, which are always most cold, approach the coasts, or swim up the rivers of fresh water, which are warm by being shallow. When they have deposited their burdens, they then return to their old stations, and leave their spawn, when come to maturity, to shift for themselves. These at first escape by their minuteness and agility. They rise and sink much sooner than grown fish, and can swim in much shallower water. But, with all these advantages, scarce one in a thousand survives the various dangers that surround it; the very male and female that have given it life are equally dangerous and formidable with the rest, for every fish is the declared enemy of all it is able to devour.

Some kinds of fishes are found to contain the parts of both sexes in one individual; thus, there have been discovered hermaphrodite carps, breams, and roaches. But there is a kind of fish not yet taken notice of which, whether male or female, has the parts of generation double. These are the crustaceous kinds, such as lobsters and crabs, which differ from testaceous, or shell, fish in this, that the crust or coat with which they are covered may be bent inwards, or otherwise bruised, without breaking. Thus do these animals seem different from all other; for as we have our muscles supported by bones on the inside, these, on the contrary, have theirs without. As they are not designed for swimming, however, they have no air-bladders as other fish, but creep along the bottom and devour whatever they seize, not excepting each other. They regularly once a year, and about the beginning of May, cast their old shell, and nature supplies them with a new one. Some days before this necessary change the animal ceases to take its usual food. Just before casting its shell it rubs its legs against each other, and uses other violent motions of the body. It then swells itself in an unusual manner, and by this the shell begins to divide at its junctures, between the body and the tail. After this, by the same operation, it disengages itself of every part, one after the other, each part of the joints bursting longitudinally till the animal is quite at liberty. This operation, however, is so violent and painful that many of them die under it: those which survive are feeble, and their naked muscles soft to the touch, being

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covered with a thin membrane; but in less than two days this membrane hardens in a surprising manner, and a new shell as impenetrable as the former supplies the place of that laid aside.

Such is the life of these animals in their own element; but with respect to the use they are of to man, their flesh serves him for ailment, their fat for oil, their skins for different purposes; of their sounds we make isinglass, and the stony concretions which were found in their bodies were once thought to conduce to his health in medicine. Of fresh-water fish, those that have been fed in swift and rapid rivers are reckoned most wholesome; those which feed in ponds or muddy, stagnated lakes are generally worst, as their flesh contracts a flavor from the place where they are bred. Luxury, however, has gone vast lengths in improving the flavor and fat of fish by castration; but it would ill become one who lays claim to humanity to instruct gluttony in this vile art of torturing animals. The philosopher should ever stop when his labors begin to open new avenues to sensuality.

Those who have attempted accuracy in classing the productions of nature have only embarrassed their works by their endeavors to arrange them methodically. To what order of beings the serpent, for instance, may be referred, whether to the fishes, the lizard, or the insects, is not yet settled among naturalists. The subject of their arrangement, however, is of no great importance, it being sufficient for the purposes of utility and information, if they are accurately described. Like fishes, they may be divided into viviparous and oviparous; of the former are all of the viper kinds, of the latter those of the common snake. The former, in our own country, contain a poison lodged under each fang of the upper jaw; the latter are noways venomous. With us they grow to no great length; but in the warm latitudes of America they are sometimes seen from twelve to twenty-four feet long.

It would be vain to attempt assigning the uses of most of these noxious and formidable reptiles. Though the flesh of the viper has been converted to salutary purposes in medicine, yet in the countries where they abound man is found to suffer more from their noxious qualities than he is benefited by their medicinal virtues. Providence, however, in some measure, seems to secure him from the dangers of those which are most fatal. The rattlesnake, for instance, whose bite is mortal, warns him of its vicinity by sounding its rattles: the most formidable avoid his approach, and seldom attack him without former provocation. In some countries the serpent kind are even rendered useful, and, like cats, employed for the purposes of destroying domestic vermin. Whether Providence intended that all things should be for man's use is a question we cannot resolve, as we are ignorant of the designs of Providence. It is sufficient for us to know that by granting us such superior powers to all other animals, it has, in fact, rendered such of them as we think proper to employ entirely subservient to all the purposes of our pleasures or necessities.

### Part IV.—Of Insects.

Those animals which by their size chiefly attract our attention are but the smallest part of animated nature. The whole earth swarms with living

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beings; every plant, every grain and leaf, supports the life of thousands. Vegetables seem, at first sight, to be the parts of organized nature which are produced in the greatest abundance; but upon minuter inspection we shall find each supporting numberless minute creatures who fill up the various gradations of youth, vigor, and old-age in the space of a few days' existence.

Vegetables are generally produced but once in a season; but among insects, especially of the smaller kinds, a single summer suffices for several generations. These, therefore, would multiply in a greater abundance than the plants on which they subsist, but that they are destroyed by other animals and often by each other: the spider feeds on the fly; the birds upon the spiders; and they in turn make the food of man and every beast of prey.

Some insects as to their conformation are composed of several rings joined together by a membrane, which is the usual form of the body in grubs, worms, and caterpillars. Unlike birds, who traverse the air with such rapidity, these humble animals, seemingly less favorites of nature, move forward but slowly. The whole body consists of a chain of annular muscles, whose orbicular fibres, being contracted, render one of the rings that was before ample and dilated narrow and long. The fibres of these rings are found to be spiral, as are their motions in a great measure, so that by this means they can the better bore their passage into the earth. Their crawling motion may be explained by a wire wound round a walking-cane, which, when slipped off and attempted to be lengthened, has an elastic contraction of one ring to the other. In like manner the earthworm, having shot out or extended its body, lays hold upon some substance with its small feet, and so brings onward the hinder part of its body.

Caterpillars have feet both before and behind, which not only enable them to move forward by a sort of steps made by their fore and hinder parts, but also to climb up vegetables, and to stretch themselves out from the boughs and stalks to reach food at a distance. Behind, their broad palms are beset almost round with sharp small nails, to hold and grasp whatever they are upon; likewise before, their feet are sharp and crooked, by which they can lay hold of leaves while their hinder parts are brought up thereto. Reptiles that have many feet may be observed to move them regularly one after another, and from one end of the body to another, in such a manner that their legs in walking make a sort of undulation; and by this means they move much swifter than one would imagine. The motion of snails is performed in a different manner; they have a broad skin along each side of the belly, which has an undulating motion, which, with the help of the slime that covers their bodies, they can move slowly forward and adhere to every surface at pleasure.

The second sort of insects are flies of various kinds, whose bodies are covered by small plates not unlike our ancient armor, the pieces of which are lengthened by unfolding, and shortened by running over each other. These lead a more luxurious life, transfer themselves from place to place with rapidity, and spend their little existence in feasting and propagating their kind.

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The third sort are ants, spiders, and others, whose bodies are divided into two or three portions, joined by a sort of ligament. Of all the race of reptiles these seem to be endowed with the greatest share of sagacity. The wisdom of the ant, and its well-formed commonwealth, is too well known to be insisted on; but the spider, though it leads a solitary and rapacious life, seems endowed with even superior instincts. Its various artifices to ensnare its prey, and, when no longer able to supply a new web itself, the stratagems it lays to get possession of that belonging to another are evidences of its cunning.

The minuteness of insects may render them contemptible in the eyes of the unthinking; but when we consider the art and mechanism in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as to escape the sight, the beauty of their wings and covering, and the manner in which each is adapted for procuring its peculiar pleasures, we shall find how little difference there is between the great and the little things of this life, since the Maker of all has bestowed the same contrivance in the formation of the elephant and the ant.

The structure of the eye in insects is remarkably different from that of other creatures in several respects. It is defended by its own hardness against external injuries, and its cornea, or outer coat, is all over divided into lenticular facets, and through the microscope appears as a beautiful piece of lattice-work. Each hole in this is of such a nature that when looked through every object seems inverted. This mechanism alone supplies the place of the crystalline humor, which is not to be found in insects. Spiders have generally eight eyes, and flies may be said to have as many as there are perforations in the cornea. Other creatures are obliged to turn their eyes different ways to behold objects, but flies have them so contrived as to take in every object near them at once. In order to keep their eyes clean, they are provided with two antennæ, or feelers. Some, however, are of opinion that they clean their eyes with their fore-legs as well as the feelers; nor is this conjecture ill-founded, when we consider that in some sorts, particularly the flesh-fly, the feelers are too short for this purpose, and therefore their legs alone can supply the defect.

The mechanism in the feet of flies and other insects deserves also our notice. The amphibious insects, which are obliged to live by land as well as water, have their hindmost legs made with commodious flat joints, having gristles on each side serving for oars to swim with, and placed at the extremity of the limb; but nearer the body there are two stiff supporters to enable them to walk when they have occasion. In those insects whose motions are performed by leaping, such as the grasshopper and cricket, their thighs are strong and brawny; those, on the contrary, which use their claws in perforating the earth have such parts made with strength and sharpness, as in the wild bee and the beetle. There are even some animals that convey themselves by methods to us unknown. Insects which are generated in stagnant waters are often found in new pits and ponds, and sometimes on the tops of houses and steeples. Spiders with their webs have been known to soar to a considerable height, having been seen above the highest steeple of York Minster. How these animals have been thus

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capable of conveying themselves from place to place is a phenomenon for which we are unable to account. Some years ago, it was the method to give reasons for every appearance in nature; but as philosophy grows more mature it becomes more cautious and diffident, nor blushes, in many instances, to avow its ignorance.

Those insects which are provided with wings have tendons which distend and strengthen them; those which are provided with four use the outermost rather as cases to defend the internal wings than as instruments in flying. When the insect is at rest, the inner wings are generally gathered up in the manner we close a fan, nor is it without some efforts that the little animal can unfold it. Those, however, whose wings are not cased in this manner, such as moths and butterflies, have them defended with feathers; for that beautiful variety of colors which we so much admire appears, through a microscope, to be nothing more than different-colored plumage, as artfully placed as in the wings of birds, but too minute to be discerned by the naked eye. Such insects as have but two wings have two little balls, or poisers, joined to the body under the hinder part of each wing, that serve to keep them steady, and in some measure counteract the changes of the air, which might at every variation carry them in its current. If one of these poisers be cut off, the insect will soon fall to the ground; but if they are both cut, it will still fly, but yet in the direction of every breeze.

They are thus formed for motion, rather to provide sustenance than to avoid danger. As from their natural weakness they are the prey of every superior order of animals, they seem to find safety only in their minuteness or retirement; but even with every precaution they furnish out a repast to swallows and other birds, who, while to us they seem sporting in the air, are then employed in procuring their necessary subsistence. The insect itself, however, is at the same time in pursuit of some inferior order of insects; for there are the same hostilities among the smallest that there are amongst the largest animals.

Summer is the season of their pleasures; many of them never live above a single season, while others are found to continue but one day. Such, however, as are more long-lived take the proper precautions to provide for their safety in winter, and fix upon the most convenient situations for spending that interval; and such as want food lay in the proper stores for subsistence. But the greatest number want no such necessary stock, for they sleep during the continuance of the winter. Some caterpillars, for instance, having fed during the summer, retire, at the approach of cold, to a place of safety, and there, by spinning a thread like a cobweb, hang themselves in some commodious place, covered with a factitious coat, which at once serves to keep them warm and guard them from external injuries. Here they continue in this torpid state till the returning sun calls them to new life; they now expand new wings, and become butterflies, which seem scarce employed in any other manner than that of reproducing their kinds. Thus we see among insects those different offices of eating, sleeping, and generation make different seasons in their lives. Were we to compare them with other animals, we should find that while those pursue such

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pleasures by frequent returns, these experience each but once in their lives, and die.

There are some insects, however, which lay up provisions for the winter, of which the bee and the foreign ant are remarkable instances. The wasp, the hornet, and the wild bee are not less assiduous in laying in a proper stock of food and fitting up commodious apartments; but this is wholly for the sake of their young, for they forsake their nests in winter, leave their young furnished with every convenience, and retire themselves to other places, where, in all probability, they live without eating.

In general, all insects are equally careful for posterity, and find out proper places wherein to lay their eggs, that, when they are hatched and produce young ones, there may be sufficient food to maintain them; whether they choose trees, plants, or animal substances, still the pascent creature finds a bed which at once supplies food and protection. The plum and the pea each seem to give birth to insects peculiarly formed for residing in them. The pear and apple produce a white moth; on the oak leaf are hatched several of beautiful colors—white, green, yellow, brown, and variegated. The manner in which those insects lay their eggs is sufficiently curious: they wound the leaf half through, and then deposit their eggs in the little cavity. As the insect increases, its nidus, or bed, increases also, so that we often see the leaves of trees with round swellings on the surface, upon opening of which we may discover numberless insects not yet come to maturity. On oak-trees these nests appear like little buds, and are, in fact, only gems or buds, which are increased in thickness when they ought to have been pushed out in length. The insect thrusts one or more eggs into the very heart of the gem, which begins to be turgid in June, and but for this would have shot out in July. This egg soon becomes a maggot, that eats itself a small cell in the midst of the bud; the vegetation of which being thus obstructed, the sap designed to nourish it is diverted to the remaining parts of the bud, which are only scaly integuments that by this means grow large, and become a covering to the case in which the insect lies. But not only the oak, but the willow, and some other trees and plants, have knobs thus formed, which generally grow in or near the rib of the leaf. Among these cases formed by insects, the Aleppo galls may be reckoned as the most useful, the insects of which, when come to maturity, gnaw their way out, as may be seen by the little holes in every nut. But all these are formed by the ichneumon kinds of flies—namely, of those kinds which are vulgarly called the blue-bottle fly.

Those kinds, however, which do not wound the leaf take great pains to lay their eggs on the surface, in the exactest and most curious manner. When thus deposited, they are always fastened thereto with a glue, and constantly at the same end. Those which lay them in the waters place them in beautiful rows, and generally in a sizy substance, to prevent their being carried away with the motion of the water. Upon posts, and on the sides of windows in country villages, little round eggs have been seen resembling pearls, which produced small hairy caterpillars, and those, like the rest, are all laid in very regular order. The gnat, though so very small, is yet very curious in the manner of depositing her eggs, or spawn. It lays

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them on the water, but fixes them to some floating substance by means of a stalk, which prevents them from sinking. The eggs are contained in a sort of transparent jelly, and very neatly laid; when hatched by the warmth of the season, they sink to the bottom, where they become small maggots, stick to the stones, and provide themselves cases, or cells, which they creep into or go out of at pleasure, and thus continue till they take the usual change into that of a fly. Most of these insects are tinged with one principal color, resembling either that of the leaves on which they subsist, or the branches to which they fasten; on these they march with great slowness, and by this artifice are confounded with what they subsist upon, so as to escape the birds, their rapacious and watchful enemies. Such is the manner with those insects which, being hatched from eggs, are then transformed into caterpillars, which may be called their eating state; after that, wrapped round with a covering of their own fabrication, and thus turning into nymphæ, which may be called their sleeping state; and, lastly, furnished with wings, and metamorphosed into butterflies, which is their generating state.

But there are numberless other insects which are brought forth alive, such as the spider, and the snail produced with a shell, which grows with its growth, and is never found to forsake it. These are never seen to change, but continue their growth. The spider, as it becomes older, has its legs longer; and if they be cut off, like those of the lobster they grow out afresh. The snail, as it becomes more old, acquires additional ringlets to its shell, and contains in itself both sexes. But there is an animal lately discovered whose powers of generation are still more extraordinary than anything hitherto taken notice of, and from the phenomena attending which M. Buffon has ventured to affirm that he still believes there may be such a thing as equivocal generation. The animal in question is called the polypus, a small reptile found on aquatic plants and in muddy ditches. This surprising creature, though cut into ever so many parts, still continues to live in every division, and each, in less than three days, becomes in every respect a perfect polypus, like that which was at first divided. This, I think, may be justly esteemed the lowest of animated beings, and scarce to be ranked above the sensitive plant, except by being endowed with a locomotive faculty, or a power of moving from one leaf to another. It is thus that nature chooses to mix the kinds of being by imperceptible gradation, so that it becomes hard to determine where animals end or vegetables begin. In this there are evident marks of her wisdom in filling up every chasm in the great scale of being, so that no possible existence may be wanting in her universal plan. Were we to ask why these minute creatures, in general little regarded by man, except from the prejudice they are of to his labors, were formed in such great abundance, it would be no easy task to find a reply. For man's use they were not made, as they are allowed to be noxious to him; nor for the sustenance of other animals that may be of use to him, since the advantages of the latter cannot compensate for damage done by the former; perhaps the wisest answer would be that every creature was formed for itself, and each allowed to seize as great a quantity of happiness from the universal stock as was consistent with the universal

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plan; thus each was formed to make the happiness of each; the weak of the strong, and the strong of the weak, but still in proportion to every order, power of conquest, and enjoyment. Thus we shall find that though man may be reciprocally useful to other animals, yet in some measure they were formed for his use, because he has been endowed with every power of rendering them subservient, and enjoying their submission.

### Part V.—Of Botany in General.

If we consider the different methods in which the knowledge of botany has been treated of late, we shall find that none of the sciences so much require abridgment. The science of vegetables may properly enough be divided into three parts—namely, that of their arrangement in the botanical nomenclature, their culture, and their properties. The last is the only one of real importance; the two former being subservient to it, and of no other benefit but as tending to make the latter more serviceable or more readily comprehended.

When the knowledge of vegetables is once reduced into a science, it is requisite that their names and distribution should be the first thing delivered; but those who first attempted to learn the science from nature herself knew the plant and its properties before they assigned it a name. We have been nourished with the fruits, we have been clad with the leaves or barks, and have built huts of the wood of trees before we became solicitous as to their appellations; chance rather than sagacity first taught us the use of plants, and their names followed their known utility. Hence it is obvious that those immense labors which some late botanists have undergone to give us a list of the names of plants can tend but little towards the discovery of their properties.

One would be led to suppose, from the repeated endeavors to systematize this science, that the naming of plants was all they thought students had to learn. There have been more attempts made and time consumed in making catalogues of this nature than, if properly directed, would have discovered several new properties in the vegetable world, as yet unknown. There have been numberless efforts made to impress distinct ideas of each plant without giving the whole description; but every botanical system has hitherto failed in this particular, and nothing but a perfect description of each can give an adequate idea. For this reason, leaving such systems to the speculative, I have in the following work pursued the common method, and given a perfect account of every vegetable—its roots, leaves, stalks, height, flower, and seeds. Such complete descriptions are absolutely necessary to distinguish one object from another throughout every department of natural history, but particularly in this, where the objects are so numerous. The deviations of nature are not to be reduced into systems: there are in plants no parts which are manifested in all the species; the flowers and the seeds, which seem the most essential, and of consequence the most invariable, are not to be found similar in many of the same sorts, although our most boasted systems are wholly founded upon the similitude in the parts of fructification.

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I hope, therefore, students will excuse me for not having adopted either the systems of Tournefort or Linnæus, in contradiction to nature and experience; my design being not to amuse the speculative, but to direct the industrious. Their attempts to reduce the names of plants into a system have rendered the study more difficult and more subject to error than it would have been if the student had only used his sight for the distinguishing of plants, and his memory for registering them. The number, also, of vegetables which they have undertaken to register is equally prejudicial to this useful study; not less than twenty thousand species have been classed, a multitude, the mere remembering of which would employ all that time which might be usefully spent in the investigation of their particular uses. Instead, therefore, of expatiating upon so large yet barren a field, I have only taken care to describe all such exotics as are useful to us, either in medicine or manufactures, and all indigenous plants that have been at any time in use, which, though now obsolete, may deserve one day an attention of which at present they are thought undeserving.[1]

Leaving, therefore, systematical arrangement, let us treat this subject in the manner of the ancients, as Pliny and Aristotle (if the work upon this subject ascribed to him be genuine) have handled it. Such as have been found already useful to mankind we shall take particular care minutely to describe, and leave to posterity and chance to find out the uses of those now unnoticed.

In every vegetable production we may consider either the seed, the root, the leaf, the bark, the stalk, the pith, and the flower; all of which are necessary in carrying on the business of vegetation, and transmitting the species from season to season without interruption. But though the principles of vegetation reside in every part of the plant, yet we generally find greater proportions of oil in the more elaborate and exalted parts of vegetables—namely, the seed. This containing the rudiments of the future vegetable, it was necessary that it should be well stored with principles that would preserve the seed from putrefaction and tend to promote vegetation. When the seed is sown, in a few days it imbibes so much moisture as to swell, so that it produces the radicle, or incipient root, with some force, which, when shot into the ground, imbibes nourishment from thence, and what it receives becomes in a short time the chief supply of future growth. When the root is thus far grown, it supplies the plume with nourishment, till this, by expanding and growing thinner, turns to green leaves, which are of such importance to the incipient plant that it perishes, and will not thrive if they are pulled off. But when the plume is so far come to maturity as to have branches and expanded leaves to draw up nourishment, these seminal leaves being no longer useful, perish; their perspiration being impeded by the newly produced leaves that overshadow them, and their sap being drawn away by the larger channels of the upper foliage.

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[1] Such as would desire to be more fully convinced of the fertility of the botanical system may consult a memoir written by M. Daubenton, the present keeper of the royal cabinet at Paris, *au mot* "*Botanique*," *Encyclopédie*, fol. vol. ii. p. 340.—GOLDSMITH.

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As the plant advances in stature, the first, second, third, and fourth order of lateral branches shoot out, each lower order being larger than those immediately above them, not only on account of their having a longer time to grow, but because, being inserted in large parts of the trunk, and nearer the root, which is the grand supply, they are provided with greater plenty of sap, from whence we generally see trees tapering beautifully to the top.

Upon the discovery of the circulation of the blood in animals, botanists seemed willing to think, from the analogy there was between all the works of nature, that the same circulation must also have prevailed in vegetables; and some have actually undertaken to prove that the sap first rises to the tops of trees by the pith, and then again descends to the root by the bark, with the swiftest motion. This was long a received opinion, till the learned Dr. Hales undertook, by experiment, to undeceive the public, and has led many to be of his opinion: When, says he, the sap has first passed through that thick and fine strainer, the bark of the root (which may be regarded as the stomach of vegetables in general, where the greatest part of the nourishment is prepared and taken in), there it is found in great quantities in the most lax part between the bark and the wood; early in the spring it begins to rise. But as this sap is imbibed from the earth in great quantities, its celerity, continues he, would be incredible if that quantity first ascended to the top of the tree, and then descended again before it were carried off by perspiration. The defect of circulation, however, in vegetables he accounts for by the superior quantity of liquor carried off by perspiration than what is perspired by animals, having shown that a sunflower, bulk for bulk, imbibes and perspires seventeen times more fresh liquor than a man every twenty-four hours. So that though the sap ascends with great velocity in vegetables, from this great quantity of subtile fluid carried off by the leaves, yet there seems no reason for its descent in any such proportion, nor would it have sufficient time to supply the plant with nutrition if it went round so briskly. Such was the opinion of this great naturalist. Mr. Duhamel, however, who has written since his time, has undertaken to prove the descent of the sap in vegetables, as well as its ascent, by making a circular incision on the barks of trees, and finding the swelling of the bark above the incision was greater than that below it, which equally answered if the plant and its pot were inverted, the roots being in air, the branches downward. However, this may be certain, that there is a constant flow of juices through every plant, the roots furnishing it in great quantities, while the leaves, spreading an extended surface to the sun, have their moisture attracted in very large quantities; and when the influence of his beams no longer continue, they at night act as sponges, and imbibe the humidity of the air. Thus we see that the leaves are absolutely necessary in the work of vegetation; they, like young animals, are furnished with instruments to suck it from thence; and, besides this, they separate and carry off the redundant watery fluid, which, by being long detained, would turn rancid and become noxious to the plant.

But as the leaves are found to exhale moisture, so they are known to imbibe nourishment from the air. The acid and sulphureous spirit with which the air is fraught is thence extracted by the leaves of plants, so that

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it is probable the most exalted and aromatic principles of vegetables are derived from this source, rather than from the grosser watery fluid of the sap. Leaves are found to perform, in some measure, the same office for the support of vegetative life that the lungs of animals do for the support of animal life; but as plants have not a power of contracting or dilating the chest, their inspirations will depend wholly on the alternate changes of the air. Plants of the more rich and racy juices imbibe greater quantities of nutriment from the air than the more vapid and succulent plants, which are found to abound more in sap. The vine, for instance, is known by experiment to draw but little watery nutriment from the earth by its roots, and, therefore, it imbibes greater quantities of dew, impregnated with air by night, from whence it derives its richness of flavor; and this may be the reason why plants in hot countries abound more with fine aromatic principles than Northern vegetables; the former chiefly extracting their juices from the air by the leaf, the latter theirs from the earth by the root.

Nothing can exceed the regularity with which leaves are placed on every plant, and Bonetius has been at the pains of describing the different dispositions they assume; the alternate, the crossing, the vertical, the quincunx, and the spiral are the divisions he makes of their arrangements. But the care which, when budding, nature seems to take of the young shoots, still deserves greater admiration, for the most tender parts are ever defended by those which have acquired a greater degree of strength. Besides this, the leaf, as may be easily seen, has two different surfaces—the upper, which seems more smooth and polished; the lower, in which the ribs are more prominent, and the color of a paler green. The cause of this difference has not a little puzzled the botanists of every age; perhaps the upper polished surface, from its position being more liable to the external injuries of the air and rains, is thus formed rather to defend the lower part, in which, probably, the attractive powers may reside.

In this manner the leaves of trees contribute to improve the flavor of the fruits and regulate the vegetation. When trees stand thick together in woods or groves, the lower branches, being shaded by those of neighboring trees, can perspire little and imbibe less, wherefore they perish; but the top branches being exposed to a free air, they perspire plentifully, and by this means drawing the sap to the top, they advance in height rather than extent: so that Dr. Hales compares a tree to a complicated engine, which hath as many different powers of attraction as it hath arms or branches, each drawing from their common fountain of life, the root. The younger the plant, the greater its power of attraction, while as it grows older the vessels of circulation become more rigid, and the parts to be produced more inflexible; till at last the parts, no longer capable, from the rigidity of age, either of protrusion or dilatation, the plant acquires its greatest degree of hardness, but continues to vegetate no longer. So that in all we see the admirable contrivance of the Author of nature in adapting different ways of conveying nourishment to the different circumstances of her productions. In the embryo state, the quantity which the bud demands relative to its size is very great; when it is increased, though a much greater quantity of nourishment is then necessary, yet less suffices each

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particular part, so that nature produces no organized being which it is not able to supply.

But the assiduity of nature in the protection of the growing plant is not greater than her care to preserve the seeds which are to propagate the future vegetable uninjured. The curious expansion of blossoms and flowers seems to be appointed by nature, not only to protect, but also to convey nourishment to, the embryo seed. M. Vaillant even seems to regard flowers as the criteria which constitute the difference of sex in plants; he pretends that the leaves of flowers are nothing more than coverings, which serve to wrap up the organs of generation, with which all plants are furnished, they having, not less than animals, their different sexes.

Tournefort, whose name we have adopted, distinguishes five parts in flowers—namely, the petal, the stamen, the apex, the pistil, and calix, or cup. These parts, however, are not found united in all flowers, but some have one part, some another. To give the ignorant an idea of these, let us take the carnation, a common flower, for an example, as containing them all. The leaves or petals of flowers are so called to distinguish them from the leaf of the plant. The petals are therefore the beautiful striped leaves that compose the flower of the carnation; the stamen is that small slender stalk several of which are found growing in the midst of the petals; the apex is the little head with which every stamen is terminated; the pistil is that single eminence in the midst of all, terminated by two or three crooked filaments; while the calix, or cup, is that exterior green part of the flower which encloses and supports the rest. Such flowers as have stamina with apexes at the end, in general have two little receptacles, containing a dust or farina, but produce no fruit—they are called male plants; such, on the contrary, as have only a pistil, which is succeeded by the fruit, are called female; those, on the other hand, which have both stamina and pistils are called hermaphrodite plants, as uniting both sexes in one. In order to perform the business of fecundity, it has been supposed that the dust or farina, contained in the apex of the male flower, was scattered by the wind, or otherwise, upon the pistil of the female flowers, which was adapted with a proper apparatus for receiving it, and became by this means prolific. It has been also found by experience that when the male and female flowers were separated by a high wall or otherwise, the latter continued barren and produced no seed; however, this whole theory has of late been strongly opposed by many eminent botanists, particularly the late Dr. Alston of Edinburgh, a man of extensive knowledge in such subjects, and of indefatigable industry.

The fruits, in general, serve to supply the seed with moisture, and may be compared to a chemical laboratory, in which the oleaginous juices are prepared. Those kernels, in particular, which are enclosed within a thick shell, and receive nourishment from the fruit expanded round it, have the vessels which supply this nut running perpendicularly inward, but making convolutions round the edges of the shell, in order to prepare the oils in still greater perfection.

In all fruits Linnæus distinguishes the pericardium, or inner covering, in which the seed is lodged; the semen, or seed; and the receptaculum, or

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husk, as we call it, which is the part which supports the seed or the flower, or both together.

The pericardium he divides into eight kinds, to wit: 1. The capsula, or pod, which is composed of several elastic cells, which generally open of themselves when ripe, and which enclose the seed in one or more cells. 2. The conceptaculum, which only differs from the capsula in that it is void of elasticity. 3. The siliqua. 4. The legumen. 5. The drupa. 6. The pomum. 7. The bacca. 8. The strobilus, or cone. Such are the divisions this naturalist has thought proper to make in fruits; but if we examine nature, we shall find that these are perfectly arbitrary, and that to understand these minute distinctions is more difficult than to become acquainted with her real productions.

But though fruits in general are the most inconsiderable agents in promoting the work of vegetation—being, as has been already observed, only destined for supplying the seed with proper moisture and nourishment—yet, with respect to man, they make the most useful and pleasing part of vegetable productions. Their general properties, as constituting a part of our food, may be considered as arising from their different degrees of maturity. In general, while unripe, they may be considered as astringent, and in some measure partaking of the qualities of the bark of their respective trees; when come to a sufficient degree of maturity, they cool and attenuate, but from too great a power, in these respects, they often bring on disorders that are fatal, particularly in warmer climates, where their juices are possessed of those qualities still more than with us. In our climates, however, this seldom happens, and they probably do not make a sufficient part of our diet.

As many expedients have been tried among us for preserving fruit fresh all the year, I shall beg leave to give one communicated to the public by the Chevalier Southwell, and which has been used in France with success. Take of saltpetre one pound, of bole Armeniac two pounds, of common sand well freed from its earthy parts, four pounds, and mix all together. After this, let the fruit be gathered with the hand before it be thoroughly ripe, each fruit being handled only by the stalk; lay them regularly, and in order, in a large wide-mouthed glass vessel; then cover the top of the glass with an oiled paper, and, carrying it into a dry place, set it in a box filled all round to about four inches thickness with the aforesaid preparations, so that no part of the glass vessel shall appear, being buried, in a manner, in the prepared nitre; and at the end of the year such fruits may be taken out as beautiful as when they were first put in.

## INTRODUCTION.[1]

EXPERIENCE every day convinces us that no part of learning affords so much wisdom upon such easy terms as history. Our advances in most

[1] To "A General History of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time.

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other studies are slow and disgusting, acquired with effort, and retained with difficulty; but in a well-written history, every step we proceed only serves to increase our ardor: we profit by the experience of others without sharing their toils or misfortunes; and in this part of knowledge in a more particular manner study is but relaxation.

Of all histories, however, that which, not confined to any particular reign or country, but which extends to the transactions of all mankind is the most useful and entertaining. As in geography we can have no just idea of the situation of one country without knowing that of others, so, in history, it is in some measure necessary to be acquainted with the whole thoroughly to comprehend a part. There is a constant, though sometimes concealed, concatenation in events, by which they produce each other, and without a knowledge of which they cannot be comprehended separately. The rise of one kingdom is often found owing to political defects in some other. The arts and learning of succeeding states take a tincture from those countries from whence they were originally derived. Some nations have been applauded for plans of government which an acquaintance with general history would have shown were not their own; while others have been reproached for barbarities which were not natural to them, but the result of erroneous imitation.

Thus no one part of the general picture can be thoroughly conceived alone; but by taking in the whole of history at one view, we can trace every cause to its remotest source, observe how far every nation was indebted to its own efforts for its rise or decline, how far to accident or the particular circumstances of the countries around it. We may here trace the gradations of its improvement or decay, mark in what degree conquerors introduced refinement among those they subdued, or how far they conformed to the soil and put on barbarity. By such reflections as these, and by applying the transactions of past times to our own, we may become more capable of regulating our private conduct, or directing that of others in society.

A knowledge of universal history is therefore highly useful; nor is it less entertaining. Tacitus complains that the transactions of a few reigns could not afford him a sufficient stock of materials to please or interest the reader; but here that objection is entirely removed. A history of the world presents the most striking events, with the greatest variety. In fact, what can be more entertaining than, thus reviewing this vast theatre where we ourselves are performers, to converse with those who have been great or famous; to condemn the vices of tyrants without fearing their resentment, or praise the virtues of the good without conscious adulation; to constitute ourselves judges of the merit of even kings, and thus to anticipate what posterity will say of such as now hear only the voice of flattery? These are a part of the many advantages which universal history has over all others, and which have encouraged so many writers to attempt compiling works of this kind, among the ancients as well as the

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By William Guthrie, Esq., John Gray, Esq., and others eminent in this branch of literature." 12 vols., 8vo. 1764.



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moderns. Each of them seems to have been invited by the manifest utility of the design; yet it must be owned that many of them have failed through the great and unforeseen difficulties of the undertaking.

Nor will the reader be surprised, if he considers how many obstructions an historian who embarks in a work of this nature has to interrupt his progress. The barrenness of events in the early periods of history, and their fertility in modern times, equally serve to increase his embarrassments. In recounting the transactions of remote antiquity, there is such a defect of materials that the willingness of mankind to supply the chasm has given birth to falsehood and invited conjecture. The farther we look back into those distant periods, all the objects seem to become more obscure, or are totally lost by a sort of perspective diminution. In this case, therefore, when the eye of truth could no longer discern clearly, fancy undertook to form the picture, and fables were invented where truths were wanting. So that were an historian to relate all that has been conjectured concerning the transactions before the Flood, it would be found to compose by no means the smallest part of universal history—a composition equally voluminous, obscure, and disgusting.

In the work, therefore, which is here presented to the public, we have been very concise in relating these fictions and conjectures, which have been the result of idleness, fraud, or superstition. Nor yet would the task have been difficult to amaze the ignorant, as some have done before us, with obscure erudition and scholastic conjecture. The regions of conjectural erudition are wide and extensive; in them there is room for every new adventurer, and immense loads of neglected learning still remain to be carried from thence into our own language. There, as in those desolate and remote countries that are colonized by sickening states, every stranger who thinks proper may enter and cultivate; there is much room; but after much labor he will most probably find it an ungrateful soil.

Were we disposed to enter upon such a province, we might easily, for instance, with some rabbins, inquire whether Adam were a hundred cubits high or of the ordinary stature; we might, with Hornius, examine whether he were a philosopher or a savage; or, with Antoinette Bourignon, whether a man or an hermaphrodite. In delivering the history of the Deluge, after having compiled the systems of our own countrymen, we might have improved upon our predecessors with those of Steno, Scheuchzer, and La Pluche. Having mentioned the antiquities of Egypt, we might have made a digression on the Isiac table, run round the circle of quotation, collected the opinions of Rudbeck, Fabricius, Herwart, Kircher, Witsius, and Pignorius concerning this singular piece of antiquity; prove that they could make nothing of it; pathetically complain that the learned authors of a late Universal History had taken none of these subjects under consideration, and at last leave the reader in pristine ignorance.

But surely men of real knowledge cannot, without a degree of sarcastic contempt, behold such pretences to erudition, such a quackery of learning, acquired by the easy art of quoting from quotations, by consulting books, but not from reading them. Pretenders in every science are ostentatious; but real learning, like real charity, chooses to do good unseen.

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We have therefore declined enlarging on such disquisitions, not for want of materials, which offered themselves at every step of our progress, but because we thought them not worth discussing. Neither have we, for this reason, encumbered the beginning of our work with the various opinions of the heathen philosophers concerning the creation, which may be found in most of our systems of theology, and belong more properly to the divine than the historian. In fact, we are not fond of building up an edifice merely for the sake of pulling it down, or of arranging the opinions of men only to show their uncertainty; for in the present instance, to use the words of Lactantius, "horum omnium sententia quamvis sit incerta, eodem tamen spectat, ut providentiam unam esse consentiant, sive enim natura, sive æther, sive ratio, sive mens, sive fatalis necessitas, sive divina lex, idem est quod à nobis dicitur Deus;" so that most philosophers agree in the main—they allow one intelligent Creator, and are found to differ less in sense than expression.

Throughout this work, therefore, not to make any vain or unnecessary displays of erudition, we acknowledge that the materials to which we have had recourse are the same with those which other historians for several ages have employed before us, and which have been well known to the learned since the revival of letters. It would be unjust to make pretences to new discoveries of this kind; since neither we nor our predecessors in universal history, whatever the ignorant may suppose, have discovered any hidden stores already unexplored for compiling ancient history. Neither they nor we have found way to the libraries of Fez or Amara; all the merit of the compiler of ancient history in the present age lies not in his discoveries of new assistance, but in his use and arrangement of that already known.

To deal candidly with the reader, there is little known of early antiquity but what is contained in the Scriptures, those sacred books to which the ignorant may or ought to have recourse as well as we. As for what remains of Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and such-like, how well soever the names may sound in the ear of ignorance or come from the lips of vanity, the learned have, for several ages, forsaken them as sources from whence little or no information can be derived.

The little we have of them remaining is not less useless by mutilation than absurdity. Sanchoniathon is without authority; and as for Manetho, what we have of his, according to Eusebius's account of him, is but a translation into the usual Greek character of monuments written in sacred characters, and preserved by the Egyptian hierophants; which monuments were themselves translated from a sacred language, which was extracted from a different sacred character, which was engraven on columns before the Flood. The truth is, that, long before the time of Manetho, the old Egyptian sacred character was unknown; for it is probable that it continually suffered innovation. As early as the times of Herodotus, those which were engraven on some of the pyramids were utterly unintelligible to the priests themselves; but long after, upon the invasion of Egypt by Alexander, the Grecians, who had at first received their learning from the Egyptians, returned the obligation, and brought philosophy back to Egypt

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very much improved; by which means the refined opinions of the conquerors began by degrees to mix themselves with Egyptian theology.

From this period, therefore, the ancient systems began to be neglected, and their new mixture of superstition and philosophy to be written in new characters; so that at the times Manetho, Asclepiades, Palæphatus, Chæremon, and Hecatæus published their works, it is most probable that the ancient Egyptian learning was even unintelligible among the Egyptians. What credit, therefore, can be given to such forgeries, the most ordinary reader is left to judge; as for the learned, they have determined the point already.

All other monuments, therefore, of remote antiquity except those contained in the Sacred Text are obscure, mutilated, and trifling; nor is it, perhaps, any great loss to the present world that such useless materials are thus fallen in the wreck of time. Man, while yet unreduced by laws, and struggling with the beasts of the forest for divided dominion, while yet savage and solitary, was scarcely an object whose actions were worth transmitting to posterity. The value of history arises from the necessary diversity of laws, arts, and customs among men, which inform the understanding and produce an agreeable variety; but savage life is the same in every climate and every age, presenting the observer only with one uniform picture—a life of suspicion, indolence, improvidence, and rapacity. Besides, the nearer history comes home to the present times, the more it is our interest to be acquainted with it, the accounts of ancient ages being only useful as introductory to our own; wherefore it happens well that those parts of which we know the least are the least necessary to be known.

Sensible, therefore, how liable we are to redundancy in the first part of our design, it has been our endeavor to unfold ancient history with all possible conciseness; and, solicitous to improve the reader's stock of knowledge, we have been indifferent as to the display of our own. We have not stopped to discuss or confute all the absurd conjectures men of speculation have thrown in our way. We at first had even determined not to embarrass the page of truth with the names of those whose labors had only been calculated to encumber it with falsehood and vain speculation. However, we have thought proper, upon second thoughts, slightly to mention them and their opinions, quoting the author at the bottom of the page, so that the reader who is curious about such particularities may know where to have recourse for fuller information.

But critical philology of this kind is pretty much and justly exploded in the present age. At the revival of letters, indeed, when all the stores of antiquity were as yet unexplored, the learned, as might naturally be expected, made greater use of their memory than their judgment, and exhausted their industry in examining opinions not yet well known. But all that could conduce to enlighten history has been since often examined, and placed in every point of view; it now only remains to show a skill rather in selecting than collecting; to discover a true veneration for the works of the ancients, not by compiling their sentiments, but by imitating their elegant simplicity.

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As in the early part of history a want of real facts hath induced many to spin out the little that was known with conjecture, so in the modern department the superfluity of trifling anecdotes was equally apt to introduce confusion. In one case history has been rendered tedious from our want of knowing the truth; in the other, of knowing too much of truths not worth our notice. Every year that is added to the age of the world serves to lengthen the page of its history; so that to give this branch of learning a just length in the circle of human pursuits, it is necessary to abridge several of the least important facts.

It is true we often, at present, see the annals of a single reign, or even the transactions of a single year, occupying folios; but can the writers of such tedious journals ever hope to reach posterity? or do they think that our descendants, whose attention will naturally be turned to their own concerns, can exhaust so much time in the examination of ours? Though a late elegant writer has said much in favor of abridgments, we neither approve nor contend for them; but even such mutilated accounts are better than to have that short duration allotted us here below entirely taken up with minute details and uninteresting events. There are many other useful branches of knowledge as well as history to share our industry; but from the extent of some late works of this kind, one would be led to suppose that this study alone were recommended to fill up all the vacuities of life, and that to contemplate what others had done was all we had to do.

A plan of general history rendered too extensive deters us from a study that is perhaps of all others the most useful, by rendering it too laborious; and, instead of alluring our curiosity, excites our despair. A late work has appeared to us highly obnoxious in this respect. There have been already published of that performance not less than fifty-four volumes, and it still remains unfinished, and perhaps may continue to go on finishing while it continues to find purchasers, or till time itself can no longer furnish new materials. Already, as Livy hath expressed it upon a different occasion, "Eo creavit ut magnitudine laboret sua"—it is grown to such a size as actually to seem sinking under the weight of its own corpulence.

In fact, where is the reader possessed of sufficient fortitude to undertake the painful task of travelling through such an immense track of compilation, particularly if through the greatest part of this journey he should find no landscapes to amuse nor pleasing regions to invite, but a continued uniformity of dreary prospects, shapeless ruins, and fragments of mutilated antiquity? Writers are unpardonable who convert our amusement into labor, and divest knowledge of one of its most pleasing allurements. The ancients have represented history under the figure of a woman, easy, graceful, and inviting; but we have seen her in our days converted, like the virgin of Nabis, into an instrument of torture. But, in truth, such as read for profit, and not for ostentation, seldom have anything to do with such voluminous productions, which are utterly unsuited to human talents and time: they are at first usually caught up by vanity and admired by ignorance; from their weight they naturally descend into the lower shelves of a large library, and ever after keep their stations there in unmolested obscurity.

How far we have retrenched these excesses and steered between the op-

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posites of exuberance and abridgment, the judicious are left to determine. We here offer the public a history of mankind from the earliest account of time to the present age, in twelve volumes, which, upon mature deliberation, appeared to us the proper mean. For as some have lengthened similar undertakings to ten times that size, so others have comprised the whole in one tenth of our compass. Thus, for instance, Tursellinus, Puffendorf, Bossuet, and Holberg have each reduced universal history into a single volume; but as the former are found fatiguing from their prolixity, so the latter are unsatisfactory from the necessary brevity to which they are confined.

It has been, therefore, our endeavor to give every fact its full scope, but at the same time to retrench all disgusting superfluity; to give every object the due proportion it ought to maintain in the general picture of mankind without crowding the canvas: such a history should, in one respect, resemble a well-formed dictionary of arts and sciences; both should serve as a complete library of science or history to every man, except in his own profession, in which more particular tracts or explanations may be wanted. We flatter ourselves, therefore, that this will be found both concise and perspicuous, though it must be candidly confessed that we sat down less desirous of making a succinct history than a pleasing one; we sought after elegance alone, but accidentally found conciseness in our pursuit.

But to attain a just elegance, order was requisite; it was necessary in so complex a subject to be very careful both of the method and the connection. This is a point in which all writers of general history have usually vied with their predecessors, every last attempt discovering the defects in the former; and, indeed, to do justice, every last attempt seems to have been the best in this respect. Method, in very complex subjects, is one of those attainments which is gained only by the successive application of different talents to the same pursuit. It is mended by repeated effort, and refines as it flows; so that from the times of the first writer of this kind among the moderns that we remember down to that of the late "Universal History," published in fifty-four volumes, the distribution of the parts has gone on improving.

It would therefore be the height of injustice not to acknowledge our obligations to those writers last mentioned for their assistance in this particular. We have, however, laid hold of every opportunity that offered of improvement, particularly by proscribing such foreign matter as tended to lead the reader away from the principal subject. Uniformity in a work of this kind should be principally attended to. In a subject like this, consisting of heterogeneous parts that are at best feebly held together, we should never render the connection still more feeble by the insinuation of new materials; or, to express it in a different manner, where there is already danger of embarrassment from multitude the introduction of foreign members would but necessarily increase the tumult. We hope, therefore, that the reader will here see the revolutions of empires without confusion, and trace arts and laws from one kingdom to another without losing his interest in the narrative of their other transactions.

To attain these ends with greater certainty of success, we have taken care

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in some measure to banish that late, and, we may add, Gothic, practice of using a multiplicity of notes—a thing as much unknown to the ancient historians as it is disgusting in the moderns. Balzac somewhere calls vain erudition the baggage of antiquity: might we in turn be permitted to make an apothegm, we should call notes the baggage of a bad writer. Scarcely any other reason has been assigned for this bad practice but that if such were inserted into the body of the work, they might impede the rapidity of the narration. It is not easy, however, to conceive in what manner a reader is less interrupted whose eye is invited down to the note at the bottom of the page, which was certainly placed there in order to be read, than he would be by a proper insertion of the same into the body of the work. Will they persuade us that an animal will move with less care and swiftness who carries its load upon its back than if he dragged it along at the tail? It certainly argues a defect of method or a want of perspicuity when an author is thus obliged to write notes upon his own works; and it may assuredly be said that whoever undertakes to write a comment upon himself will forever remain, without a rival, his own commentator. We have therefore left off such excrescences, though not to any degree of affectation; as sometimes an acknowledged blemish may be admitted into works of skill, either to cover a greater defect or to take a nearer course to beauty.

Having mentioned the danger of affectation, it may be proper to observe that as this, of all defects, is most apt to insinuate itself into such a work, we have therefore been upon our guard against it. From the natural bias which every historian has to some favorite profession or science, he is apt to introduce phrases or topics drawn from thence upon every occasion, and thus not unfrequently tinctures a work otherwise valuable with absurdity. Ménage tells us of a chemist who, writing a history, used upon every occasion the language of an adept, and brought all his allusions from the laboratory. Polybius, who was a soldier, has been reprehended for taking up too much time in the history of a siege or the description of a battle. Guicciardini, on the other hand, who was a secretary, has been tedious in dissertting upon trifling treaties and dull negotiations. In like manner, we have known writers who, being somewhat acquainted with Oriental languages, have filled a long history with long Arabic names and uncouth spellings.

Were we disposed to the same affectations, it would have been easy enough, through the course of our work, to have written Mohammed for Mahomet, Tatar for Tartar, Wazir for Vizier, or Timour for Tamerlane; we might even have outgone our predecessors, and have written Stamboul for Constantinople, or Ganga for Ganges, with true exotic propriety. But though we have the proper reverence for Arabic, and Malayan also, of which we profess our ignorance, we have thought it expedient to reject such peculiarities. For which reason, when we meet the name of an Arabian general at full length, we make no scruple of abridging his titles or turning them into English. Thus, for instance, when an Arabian historian and his faithful copyists, in a late universal history, assure us that Hâreth Ebn Talâtula led an army into the field, which, by the temerity of Al Howaireth Ebn Nohaid Ebn Wahab Ebn Abd Ebn Kosa, was utterly defeated, we thought less ceremony might be used with such an indifferent general,

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and simply mention Howaireth's folly and his defeat. To be serious, innovation, in a work of this nature, should by no means be attempted. Those names and spellings which have been used in our language from time immemorial ought to continue unaltered; for, like states, they acquire a sort of *jus diuturne possessionis*, as the civilians express it, however unjust their original claims might have been. Yet, how far we have reformed these defects of style without substituting errors of our own, we leave the public to determine; for few writers are judges of themselves in these particulars.

With respect to chronology and geography, the one of which fixes actions to time, while the other assigns them to place, we have followed the most approved methods among the moderns. All that was requisite in this was to preserve one system of each invariably, and permit such as chose to adopt the plans of others to rectify our deviations to their own standard. If actions and things are made to preserve their due distances of time and place mutually with respect to each other, it matters little as to the duration of them all with respect to eternity, or their situation with regard to the universe.

Thus much—perhaps some will think too much—we have thought proper to premise concerning a work which, however executed, has cost much labor and great expense. Had we for our judges the unbiassed and judicious alone, few words would have served, or even silence would have been our best address; but when it is considered that we have wrought for the public, that miscellaneous being, at variance within itself from the differing influence of pride, prejudice, or incapacity—a public already sated with attempts of this nature, and, in a manner, unwilling to find out merit till forced upon its notice—we hope to be pardoned for thus endeavoring to show where it is presumed we have had a superiority.

A history of the world to the present time, at once satisfactory and succinct, calculated rather for use than curiosity, to be read rather than consulted, seeking applause from the reader's feelings, not from his ignorance of learning, or affectation of being thought learned—a history that may be purchased at an easy expense, yet that omits nothing material, delivered in a style correct yet familiar—was wanting in our language; and, though sensible of our own insufficiency, this defect we have attempted to supply. Whatever reception the present age or posterity may give this work, we rest satisfied with our own endeavors to deserve a kind one. The completion of our design has for some years taken up all the time which we could spare from other occupations, of less importance, indeed, to the public, but probably more advantageous to ourselves. We are unwilling, therefore, to dismiss this subject without observing that the labor of so great a part of life should at least be examined with candor, and not carelessly confounded in that multiplicity of daily publications which, being conceived without effort, are produced without praise, and sink without censure.

Were he who now particularly entreats the reader's candid examination to mention the part he has had in this work himself, he is well convinced, and that without any affected modesty, that such a discovery would only show the superiority of his associates in this undertaking; but it is not from his friendship or his praise, but from their former labors in the learned

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world, that they are to expect their reward. Whatever be the fate of this history, their reputation is in no danger, but will still continue rising; for they have found by its gradual increase already that the approbation of folly is loud and transient, that of wisdom still but lasting.

## TO THE PUBLISHER.[1]

SIR,—I perceive by the tenor of your publications that you chiefly aim at the improvement of youth. If the following letters are thought any way conducive to that purpose, you have my permission to print them.

The first fifty-one letters, ending with these words—*avenged them of their enemies*—were written by a nobleman to his son at the university. The rest are added, as you will easily perceive, by a much inferior hand; for they were drawn up by me. This I should not have attempted, but the design would otherwise have been defective. With regard to my letters, therefore, little else can be said but that I have endeavored, as much as was in my power, to imitate the original. As to his lordship's, I think it may be asserted that they are written with more judgment, spirit, and accuracy than any which have yet appeared upon this subject. I am conscious, indeed, that they have been, for some time, handed about in manuscript; but it is presumed that this will not make a publication of them less acceptable, even to those who are possessed of a written copy.

I have observed in the schools about town that when masters set their scholars to read the "History of England," they seem at a loss in their choice of an historian. The more voluminous works of this kind are quite unsuited to a juvenile capacity; the shorter abridgments are chiefly a crowded collection of facts, totally dry and unentertaining. These letters may, probably, supply the defect; and I desire that the volumes may be sent, at my expense, to each of the schools mentioned in the enclosed paper.

I am, sir, yours, etc.

## TO THE PUBLIC.[2]

THE editor cannot dismiss a new edition of this work without expressing the pleasure he feels in its reception. It was at first ushered into the world with none of the usual methods of awakening curiosity or biassing the

[1] To "An History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. London: Printed for J. Newbery, at the Bible and Sun, St. Paul's Churchyard. 1764." 2 vols. 12mo; price 6s., bound.

[2] To "The History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. London: Printed for Carnan and Newbery, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1770." 2 vols. 12mo.

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judgment. Its author as well as its editor was, and still continues, unknown. It appeared with very little splendor; scarce any expense was laid out in the publication, and that praise was studiously avoided which was only to be caught by pursuing.

However, under all these disadvantages, the work has succeeded beyond the editor's most sanguine expectations, if he may judge from the numbers which have been sold and the commendations which have been given. Nor can it be a circumstance of small pleasure to him to think that a performance calculated chiefly to dispel the prejudice of party and soften the malevolence of faction has had purchasers at a time when almost every new publication that respects our history or constitution tends to fix the one and inflame the other.

It is true that but very little of the merit is his own, and that he only applauds himself for triumphs which have been gained by another. However, he is willing to take to himself those advantages which are declined by the great personage who has only deserved them; for the poor often think themselves very fine in those clothes which are thrown aside by their betters.

But, to speak more particularly of my own part of the work, I am not a little proud in hearing that the conclusion is not entirely contemptible, and that it does not fall very far short of the beginning. It was my aim to observe the perspicuity and conciseness of the original; and as his lordship seems to have taken Tacitus for his model, so I took him for mine. It was, in fact, no easy matter, in such a variety of materials as our history affords, to reject trivial particulars and yet preserve a concatenation of events; to crowd a multitude of facts into so small a compass and yet not give the work the air of an index. In this, all who have hitherto abridged our history have failed: how far the present work has succeeded, posterity must be left to judge.

The first part of these Letters, as we have formerly observed, were written for the instruction of a young man of quality who was then at college: the editor, therefore, is surprised with an objection usually made against them, that they are rather above the capacity of boys. If by boys he meant children, I grant it: the facts stripped of all ornament may perhaps be most proper for them; but, on the contrary, those who are rising up to manhood should be treated as men, and no works put into their hands but such as are capable of exercising their capacity, and which the most mature judgment would approve. I am well aware that many schoolmasters will prefer any of those little Histories of England that are written by way of question and answer, and think their boys making great advances, while they are thus loading their memory without exercising their judgment. With these men no arguments will prevail; and I can only dismiss such with wishing that the professors were as respectable as the profession.

Once more, therefore, I must assert that though the book is written to men, it will be a proper guide for the instruction of boys. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia* is true, as well with regard to the books they should read as the examples they should see. In this, I flatter myself that they will find nothing here either to corrupt their morals or their style; no slavish tenets

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that abridge freedom and increase dependence; no enthusiastic rants that drive even virtue beyond the line of duty. Scarcely any opinions are hazarded merely from their elegance or singularity; truth only seems to have guided the pen; and it is remarkable that many of the tenets in these Letters that at first publication seemed paradoxical have been since illustrated by one of the most elegant commentators upon our constitution.[1]

## LETTERS FROM A NOBLEMAN TO HIS SON.[2]

### LETTER I.

DEAR CHARLES,—The accounts I received from Mr. ——, your tutor at Oxford, of your conduct and capacity give me equal pleasure both as a father and as a man. I own myself happy in thinking that society will one day reap the advantage of your improved abilities; but I confess myself vain, when I reflect on the care I have taken and the honor I shall perhaps obtain from assisting their cultivation. Yes, my Charles, self-interest thus mixes with almost every virtue: my paternal vanity is, perhaps, greater than my regard for society in the present instance; but you should consider that the bad pride themselves in their folly, but good minds are vain of their virtues.

I need scarcely repeat what I have so often observed, that your assiduity for a few years in the early period of life will give ease and happiness to the succeeding: a life spent in regularity and study in college will not only furnish the mind with proper materials, but fit it, by habit, for future felicity. Mathematics will teach you to think with closeness and precision, and the ancient poets will enlarge your imagination: from these two helps, and not from the subtleties of logic or metaphysical speculations, the mind is at once strengthened and improved. Logic or metaphysics may give the theory of reasoning; but it is poetry and mathematics, though seemingly opposite, that practically improve and fit us for every rational inquiry.

These were the studies I recommended as principally conducive to your improvement, and your letters alone are sufficient instances of your complying with my advice. I confess my fears in giving any future instructions on such topics to one who seems better conversant with them than his instructor: I therefore must leave a subject where my superiority at least may be contested.

But, after all, my child, these studies are at best but ornaments of the mind, designed rather to polish or to fit it for higher improvements than as materials to be employed in guiding our conduct as individuals or members of society. There is a field that, in some measure, still lies untrodden before you, and from that alone true wisdom and real improvement can be

[1] Dr. Blackstone.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] From the edition in 2 vols. 12mo, 1770 (see p. 475), compared with the first edition, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1764.

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expected—I mean history. From history, in a great measure, every advantage that improves the gentleman or confirms the patriot can be hoped for: it is that which must qualify you for becoming a proper member of the community; for filling that station in which you may hereafter be placed, with honor; and for giving, as well as deriving, new lustre to that illustrious assembly to which, upon my decease, you have a right to be called.

Yet still nothing can be more useless than history in the manner in which it is generally studied, where the memory is loaded with little more than dates, names, and events. Simply to repeat the transaction is by some thought sufficient for every purpose: and a youth having been once applauded for his readiness in this way fancies himself a perfect historian. But the true use of history does not consist in being able to settle a genealogy, in quoting the events of an obscure reign or the true epoch of a contested birth: this knowledge of facts hardly deserves the name of science. True wisdom consists in tracing effects to their causes. To understand history is to understand man, who is the subject. To study history is to weigh the motives, the opinions, the passions, of mankind, in order to avoid a similitude of errors in ourselves, or profit by the wisdom of their example.

To study history in this manner may be begun at any age. Children can never be too soon treated as men. Those masters who allege the incapacity of tender years only tacitly reproach their own; those who are incapable of teaching young minds to reason pretend that it is impossible. The truth is, they are fonder of making their pupils talk well than think well; and much the greater number are better qualified to give praise to a ready memory than a sound judgment. The generality of mankind consider a multitude of facts as the real food of the mind, not as subjects proper to afford it exercise. From hence it proceeds that history, instead of teaching us to know ourselves, often only serves to raise our vanity by the applause of the ignorant; or, what is more dangerous, by the self-delusion of untried vanity.

Assuming ignorance is, of all dispositions, the most ridiculous; for in the same proportion as the real man of wisdom is preferable to the unlettered rustic, so much is the rustic superior to him who, without learning, imagines himself learned. It were better that such a man had never read, for then he might have been conscious of his weakness; but the half-learned man, relying upon his strength, seldom perceives his wants till he finds his deception past a cure.

Your labors in history have hitherto been rather confined to the words than the facts of your historical guides. You have read Xenophon or Livy, rather with a view of learning the dead languages in which they are written than of profiting by the instructions which they afford. The time is now come for discontinuing the study of words for things; for exercising your judgment, and giving more room to reason than to fancy.

Above all things, I would advise you to consult the original historians in every relation. Abridgers, compilers, commentators, and critics are, in general, only fit to fill the mind with unnecessary anecdotes, or lead its

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researches astray. In the immensity of various relations, your care must be to select such as deserve to be known because they serve to instruct; the end of your labor should not be to know in what year fools or savages committed their extravagancies, but by what methods they emerged from barbarity. The same necessity there is for knowing the actions of the worthy part of princes also compels us to endeavor to forget those of the ignorant and vulgar herd of kings, who seem only to slumber in a seat they were accidentally called to fill. In short, not the history of kings, but of men, should be your principal concern; and such a history is only to be acquired by consulting those originals who painted the times they lived in. Their successors, who pretended to methodize their histories, have almost universally deprived them of all their spirit, and given us rather a dry catalogue of names than an improving detail of events. In reality, history is precious or insignificant, not from the brilliancy of the events, the singularity of the adventures, or the greatness of the personages concerned, but from the skill, penetration, and judgment of the observer. Tacitus frequently complains of his want of materials, of the littleness of his incidents, of the weakness and villany of his actors; yet, even from such indifferent subjects, he has wrought out the most pleasing and the most instructive history that ever was written. It will therefore be entirely the work of your own judgment to convert the generality of historians to your benefit; they are, at present, but rude materials, and require a fine discernment to separate the useful from the unnecessary, and analyze their different principles.

Yet, mistake me not: I would not have history to consist of dry speculations upon facts, told with phlegm and pursued without interest and passion; nor would I have your reason fatigued continually in critical researches. All I require is that the historian would give as much exercise to the judgment as the imagination. It is as much his duty to act the philosopher or politician, in his narratives, as to collect materials for narration. Without a philosophical skill in discerning, his very narrative must be frequently false, fabulous, and contradictory; without political sagacity, his characters must be ill-drawn, and vice and virtue be distributed without discernment or candor.

What historian can render virtue so amiable as Xenophon? Who can interest the reader so much as Livy? Sallust is an instance of the most delicate exactness, and Tacitus of the most solid reflection. From a perfect acquaintance with these the youthful student can acquire more knowledge of mankind, a more perfect acquaintance with antiquity, and a more just manner of thinking and expressing than, perhaps, from any others of any age or country. Other ancient historians may be read to advance the study of ancient learning, but these should be the groundwork of all your researches. Without a previous acquaintance with these, you enter upon other writers improperly prepared; until these have placed you in a proper train of moralizing the incidents, other historians may, perhaps, injure, but will not improve, you. Let me therefore, at present, my dear Charles, entreat you to bestow the proper care upon those treasures of antiquity; and by your letters, every post, communicate to your father and your friend the

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result of your reflections upon them. I am at a loss whether I shall find more satisfaction in hearing your remarks or communicating my own. However, in which soever of them I shall be employed, it will make my highest amusement. Amusement is all that I can now expect in life, for ambition has long forsaken me; and, perhaps, my child, after all what your noble ancestor has observed is most true: *When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.*[1]

I am, my dear boy, your most tender friend and affectionate father,

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## LETTER II.

DEAR CHARLES,—I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments, that universal history is a subject too extensive for human comprehension, and that he who would really reap the advantages of history must be contented to bound his views. Satisfied with being superficially acquainted with the transactions of many countries, the learner should place his principal attention only on a few.

Your remarks on the Greek and Roman republics far surpass my expectations; you have justly characterized them as the finest instances of political society that could be founded on the basis of a false religion. Where religion is imperfect, political society, and all laws enacted for its improvement, must be imperfect also. Religion is but philosophy refined; and no man could ever boast an excellence in politics whose mind had not been previously opened and enlarged by the institutions of theology—an error in religion ever producing defects in legislation.

Forgive me, dear Charles, if I once more congratulate myself upon the pleasure I expect from your future eminence. You are now tinctured with universal history, and are thoroughly conversant with that of Greece and Rome; but there is another department of history still remaining, and that much more important than any I have yet mentioned: I mean the history of England. The history of this country is the proper study of an Englishman; however, it peculiarly concerns those who may, like you, one day have such an important character to support in its administration, and whose own name, perhaps, may find a place in the historic page. All who are enamoured of the liberty and the happiness which they peculiarly enjoy in this happy region must surely be desirous of knowing the methods by which such advantages were acquired; the progressive steps from barbarity to social refinement, from society to the highest pitch of well-constituted freedom. All Europe stands in astonishment at the wisdom of our constitution, and it would argue the highest degree of insensibility in a native of

[1] "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (of Poetry). The same sentiment has occurred thrice before in these volumes (see Vol. I. p. 164; Vol. IV. p. 246; and Vol. V. p. 72. Here, then, we have it for a *fourth* time.

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this country, and one, too, who from his birth enjoys peculiar privileges, to be ignorant of what others so much admire.

I shall not insist upon a principal use to which some apply the English history—I mean that of making it the topic of common conversation; yet even from such a motive, though in itself trifling, no well-bred man can plead ignorance. Its greatest advantage, however, is that a knowledge of the past enables the attentive mind to understand the present. Our laws and customs, our liberties and abuse of liberty, can scarcely be understood without tracing them to their source, and history is the only channel by which we can arrive at what we so eagerly pursue.

But were I to compare the history of our own country, in point of amusement, with that of others, I know of none, either ancient or modern, that can vie with it in this respect. In other histories, remote and extensive connections interrupt the reader's interest, and destroy the simplicity of the plan. The history of Greece may be easily divided into seven histories, and into so many it has actually been divided; the history of Rome, from the time it begins to be authentic, is little else than an account of the then known world. But, in England, separated by its situation from the Continent, the reader may consider the whole narrative, with all its vicissitudes, in one point of view; it unites the philosopher's[1] definition of beauty by being *variously uniform*.

The simplicity in a history of our own country is therefore excellent; but I can direct to few who have improved the materials it affords with a proper degree of assiduity or skill. The historians who have treated of this subject have, in general, written for a party; many with an open avowal of their abuse. Some who have had talents for this undertaking were unable to afford themselves sufficient leisure to polish their work into the degree of requisite perfection; while others who have labored with sufficient assiduity have been wofully deficient, in point of sagacity or proper skill, in the choice of those facts they thought proper to relate. Whatever has been known, and not what was worth knowing, has been faithfully transcribed; so that the present accounts of the country resemble the ancient face of the soil—here an uncultivated forest, there a desolate wild, and, in a very few places, a spot of earth adorned by art and smiling with all the luxuriance of nature. To make history, like the soil, truly useful, the obstacles to improvement must be torn away, new assistances must be acquired from art; nor can the work be deemed properly finished till the whole puts on simplicity, uniformity, and elegance. As the case is at present, we must read a library to acquire a knowledge of English history, and, after all, be contented to forget more than we remember.

The history of England may be divided, properly enough, into three periods; very different, indeed, with regard to their duration, but almost of equal importance. The first is from the commencement of our knowledge of the country to its conquest by the Normans; the second, from the time of William the Conqueror to the alteration of the constitution by the beheading of Charles I.; the last contains the remaining period of our history. It

[1] Hutcheson.—Goldsmith.

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will at once appear that such a division is extremely unequal; the first department may be said to extend to a period of more than a thousand years; the second contains not less than seven hundred, while the remaining does not take up two. Chronologists, indeed, would divide it in a very different manner; however, I am rather inclined to this division, more by the peculiar use which may be made of each period than the mere regularity of time. To consider the first part with accuracy belongs properly to the philosopher; the second is the business of him who would understand our constitution, and is the proper study of a legislator; and the last, of such as would be acquainted with the connections and relations in which we stand with regard to our neighbors of the Continent, and our foreign and domestic trade; that is, in other words, to the merchant and politician.

There is scarce any other passion but that of curiosity excited by a knowledge of the early part of our history. We may go through the accounts of that distant era with the same impartiality with which we consider the original inhabitants of any other country, as the customs of our British ancestors have scarcely any connection with our own; but, then, to some minds, it must be a pleasing disquisition to observe the human animal by degrees divesting himself of his native ferocity, and acquiring the arts of happiness and peace; to trace the steps by which he leaves his precarious meal, acquired by the chase, for a more certain but a more laborious repast, acquired first by pasturage, then by cultivation.

After the Conquest, the rude outlines of our present constitution began to be formed. Before the Norman invasion there might be some customs resembling those at present in practice; but the only reason of their continuance was because they had before been practised in common among the invaders. At this period, therefore, an Englishman becomes interested in the narrative; he perceives the rise and the reasons of several laws which now serve to restrain his conduct or preserve his property. The rights of our monarchs, the claims of foreign potentates, the ineffectual struggles for liberty, and the gradual encroachments of ambition, these highly interest him, as he in some measure owes to these transactions the happiness he enjoys.

But the last period is what is chiefly incumbent upon almost every man to be particularly conversant in. Every person residing here has a share in the liberties of this kingdom; as the generality of the people are ultimately invested with the legislation. It is therefore every man's duty to know that constitution which, by his birthright, he is called to govern: a freeholder in a free kingdom should certainly be instructed in the original of that agreement by which he holds so precious a tenure.

These motives equally influence almost every rank of people; but how much more forcibly should they operate upon you, whose honors, whose trusts and possessions, are likely to be so considerable! Others may have their liberties to support; you must sustain your liberty, your property, and the dignity of your station. I shall therefore, without further preface, in some future correspondence, communicate the result of my inquiries on this subject—a subject which, I own, has employed all the leisure I had to spare from, I will not say more important, but more necessary, duties. I

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shall endeavor at once to supply the facts, and the necessary consequences that may be deduced from them. I shall separate all that can contribute nothing either to amusement or use, and leave such to dull compilers or systematic writers of history, whose only boast is to leave nothing out. A more thorough knowledge of the subject cannot be communicated without pain nor acquired without study; perhaps too minute a skill in this, or any one subject, might disqualify the mind for other branches of science equally demanding our care. Of whatever use it may be, I hope you will consider it as an instance of my regard, though it should fail to add to your opinion of my sagacity.

## LETTER XVI.

I HAVE not hitherto said anything of the literature of the present period, having resolved to refer it to a separate letter, in which we may have a more perspicuous view of it than if blended with the ordinary occurrences of the State. Though learning had never received fewer encouragements than in the present reign, yet it never flourished more. That spirit of philosophy which had been excited in former ages still continued to operate with the greatest success, and produced the greatest men in every profession. Among the divines, Atterbury and Clarke distinguished themselves. As a preacher, Atterbury united all the graces of style with all the elegance of a just delivery; he was natural, polite, spirited; and his sermons may be ranked among the first of this period. Clarke, on the other hand, despising the graces of eloquence, only sought after conviction, with rigorous though phlegmatic exactness, and brought moral truths almost to mathematical precision. Yet neither he, Cudworth, nor any other divine did such service to the reasoning world as the great Mr. John Locke, who may be justly said to have reformed all our modes of thinking in metaphysical inquiry. Though the jargon of schools had been before him arraigned, yet several of their errors had still subsisted and were regarded as true. Locke, therefore, set himself to overturn their systems and refute their absurdities: these he effectually accomplished; for which reason his book, which, when published, was of infinite service, it may be found less useful at present, when the doctrines it was calculated to refute are no longer subsisting.

Among the moral writers of this period, the Earl of Shaftesbury is not to be passed over, whose elegance in some measure recompenses for his want of solidity. The opinions of all latter writers upon moral subjects are only derived from the ancients. Morals are a subject on which the industry of men has been exercised in every age; and an infinite number of systems have been the result. That of Shaftesbury, in which he establishes a natural sense of moral beauty, was originally professed by Plato, and only adorned by the English philosopher. This seemed to be the age of speculation. Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, surpassed all his contemporaries in subtlety of disquisition; but the mere efforts of reason, which are exerted rather to raise doubt than procure certainty, will never meet with much favor from so vain a being as man. Lord Bolingbroke had also some reputation for metaphysical inquiry. His friends extolled his sagacity on that head, and the public were willing enough to acquiesce in their



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opinion; his fame, therefore, might have continued to rise, or at least would have never sunk, if he had never published. His works have appeared, and the public are no longer in their former sentiments. In mathematics and natural philosophy the vein opened by Newton was prosecuted with success; Dr. Halley illustrated the theory of the tides, and increased the catalogue of the stars, while Gregory reduced astronomy to one comprehensive and regular system. Dr. Freind, in medicine, produced some ingenious theories, which, if they did not improve the art, at least showed his abilities and learning in his profession. Dr. Mead was equally elegant, and more successful; to him is owing the useful improvement of tapping in the dropsy at once by means of a swath. But of all the other arts, poetry in this age was carried to the greatest perfection. The language for some ages had been improving, but now it seemed entirely divested of its roughness and barbarity. Among the poets of this period we may place John Philips, author of several poems, but of none more admired than that humorous one entitled "The Splendid Shilling." He lived in obscurity, and died just above want. William Congreve deserves also particular notice; his comedies, some of which were but coolly received upon their first appearance, seemed to mend upon repetition; and he is at present justly allowed the foremost in that species of dramatic poesy. His wit is ever just and brilliant, his sentiments new and lively, and his elegance equal to his regularity. Next him Vanbrugh is placed, whose humor seems more natural, and characters more new; but he owes too many obligations to the French entirely to pass for an original; and his total disregard to decency in a great measure impairs his merit. Farquhar is still more lively, and perhaps more entertaining than either; his pieces still continue the favorite performances of the stage, and bear frequent repetition without satiety; but he often mistakes pertness for wit,[1] and seldom strikes his characters with proper force or originality. However, he died very young; and it is remarkable that he continued to improve as he grew older; his last play, entitled "The Beaux' Stratagem," being the best of his productions. Addison, both as a poet and prose-writer, deserves the highest regard and imitation. His "Campaign" and "Letter to Lord Halifax from Italy" are masterpieces in the former, and his "Essays," published in *The Spectator*, are inimitable specimens of the latter. Whatever he treated of was handled with elegance and precision, and that virtue which was taught in his writings was enforced by his example. Steele was Addison's friend and admirer; his comedies are perfectly polite, chaste, and genteel; nor were his other works contemptible. He wrote on several subjects, and yet it is amazing, in the multiplicity of his pursuits, how he found leisure for the discussion of any; ever persecuted by creditors, whom his profuseness drew upon him, or pursuing impracticable schemes suggested by ill-grounded ambition. Dean Swift was the professed antagonist of both Addison and him. He perceived that there was a spirit of romance mixed with all the works of the poets who preceded him; or, in other words, that they had drawn nature on the most pleasing side. There still, therefore, was a place left for him who,

[1] "What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!"—POPE *to Augustus.*

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careless of censure, should describe it just as it was, with all its deformities. He therefore owes much of his fame, not so much to the greatness of his genius as to the boldness of it. He was dry, sarcastic, and severe, and suited his style exactly to the turn of his thought—being concise and nervous. In this period also flourished many of subordinate fame. Prior was the first who adopted the French elegant, easy manner of telling a story; but if what he has borrowed from that nation be taken from him, scarce anything will be left upon which he can lay claim to applause in poetry. Rowe was only outdone by Shakespeare and Otway as a tragic writer; he has fewer absurdities than either, and is perhaps as pathetic as they; but his flights are not so bold, nor his characters so strongly marked. Perhaps his coming later than the rest may have contributed to lessen the esteem he deserves. Garth had success as a poet; and for a time his fame was even greater than his desert. In his principal work, "The Dispensary," his versification is negligent, and his plot is now become tedious; but whatever he may lose as a poet, it would be improper to rob him of the merit he deserves for having written the prose dedication and preface to the poem already mentioned, in which he has shown the truest wit with the most refined elegance. Parnell, though he has written but one poem—namely, "The Hermit"—yet has found a place among the English first-rate poets. Gay likewise, by his "Fables" and "Pastorals," has acquired an equal reputation. But of all who have added to the stock of English poetry, Pope, perhaps, deserves the first place. On him foreigners look as one of the most successful writers of his time; his versification is the most harmonious and his correctness the most remarkable of all our poets. A noted contemporary of his own calls the English the finest writers on moral topics, and Pope the noblest moral writer of all the English. Mr. Pope has somewhere named himself the last English muse; and, indeed, since his time we have seen scarce any production that can justly lay claim to immortality: he carried the language to its highest perfection, and those who have attempted still farther to improve it, instead of ornament, have only caught finery.

Such was the learning of this period; it flourished without encouragement, and the English taste seemed to diffuse itself over all Europe. The French tragedies began to be written after the model of ours; our philosophy was adopted by all who pretended to reason for themselves. At present, however, when the learned of Europe are turned to the English writers for instruction, all spirit of learning has ceased amongst us. So little has been got by literature for more than an age that none choose to turn to it for preferment. Church preferments, which were once given as the rewards of learning, have for some time deviated to the intriguing, venal, and base. All desire of novelty in thinking is suppressed amongst us; and our scholars, more pleased with security and ease than honor, coolly follow the reasonings of their predecessors, and walk round the circle of former discovery.

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# PREFACE.[1]

DR. FORDYCE'S excellent "Sermons for Young Women," in some measure, gave rise to the following compilation. In that work, where he so judiciously points out all the defects of female conduct, to remedy them, and all the proper studies which they should pursue with a view to improvement, poetry is one to which he particularly would attach them. He only objects to the danger of pursuing this charming study through all the immoralities and false pictures of happiness with which it abounds, and thus becoming the martyr of innocent curiosity.

In the following compilation care has been taken to select not only such pieces as innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that innocence. In this little work a lady may find the most exquisite pleasure while she is at the same time learning the duties of life, and, while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom. Indeed, this would be too great a boast in the preface to any original work; but here it can be made with safety, as every poem in the following collection would singly have procured an author great reputation.

They are divided into Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining, thus comprehending the three great duties of life—that which we owe to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves.

In the first part, it must be confessed, our English poets have not very much excelled. In that department—namely, the praise of our Maker—by which poetry began, and from which it deviated by time, we are most faultily deficient. There are one or two, however, particularly "The Deity," by Mr. Boyse;[2] a poem which, when it first came out, lay for some

[1] To "Poems for Young Ladies, in three parts; Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining; the whole being a collection of the best pieces in our language.

External Graces all decay,
Their Power is quickly pass'd;
A well-formed Mind extends their sway,
And bids each Beauty last.—*Anonym.*

London: Printed for J. Payne, in Paternoster Row. 1767." 12mo, pp. 248.

[2] Samuel Boyse, born 1708, died 1749. The first edition of "The Deity" appeared 1740, and the third 1752. The following account of himself has escaped his biographers: "I am, sir, the only son of Mr. Boyse, of Dublin, a man whose character and writings are well known. My father died in 1728, in very involved circumstances, so that I had nothing left to trust to but a liberal education. In 1730 I removed to Edinburgh, where I published a collection of poems, with a translation of the "Tablature of Cebes." After some years' stay there and many disappointments, I came in 1737 to London, where I have done several essays in the literary way (chiefly poetry) with but slender encouragement. Mr. Cave, for whose magazine I have done many things, and at whose desire I removed to this neighborhood, has not used me so kindly as the sense he has expressed of my services gave me reason to expect. Learning, however it may be a consolation under affliction, is no security against the common calamities of life. I think myself capable

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time neglected till introduced to public notice by Mr. Hervey and Mr. Fielding. In it the reader will perceive many striking pictures, and perhaps glow with a part of that gratitude which seems to have inspired the writer.

In the moral part I am more copious,[1] from the same reason, because our language contains a large number of the kind. Voltaire, talking of our poets, gives them the preference in moral pieces to those of any other nation; and, indeed, no poets have better settled the bounds of duty, or more precisely determined the rules for conduct in life, than ours. In this department the fair reader will find the muse has been solicitous to guide her, not with the allurements of a siren, but the integrity of a friend.

In the entertaining part, my greatest difficulty was what to reject. The materials lay in such plenty that I was bewildered in my choice. In this case, then, I was solely determined by the tendency of the poem, and where I found one, however well executed, that seemed in the least tending to distort the judgment or inflame the imagination, it was excluded without mercy. I have here and there, indeed, when one of particular beauty offered with a few blemishes, lopped off the defects; and thus, like the tyrant who fitted all strangers to the bed he had prepared for them, I have inserted some by first adapting them to my plan; we only differ in this, that he mutilated with a bad design, I from motives of a contrary nature.

It will be easier to condemn a compilation of this kind than to prove its inutility. While young ladies are readers, and while their guardians are solicitous that they shall only read the best books, there can be no danger of a work of this kind being disagreeable. It offers, in a very small compass, the very flowers of our poetry, and that of a kind adapted to the sex supposed to be its readers. Poetry is an art which no young lady can, or ought to be, wholly ignorant of. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the usefulness of my design, which is to supply the highest and the most innocent entertainment at the smallest expense; as the poems in this collection, if sold singly, would amount to ten times the price of what I am able to afford the present.

## PREFACE.[2]

My bookseller having informed me that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, I thought a few hours spent in making a proper selection would not be ill bestowed. Compilations of this kind are

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of business in the literary way, but by my late necessities am unhappily reduced to an incapacity of going abroad to seek it."—Borse *to Dr. Birch*, Nov. 5, 1742. (Birch MSS. in British Museum.)

[1] Goldsmith has included in this division his own "Edwin and Angelina."

[2] To "The Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith. In two volumes. London: Printed for William Griffin, in Catharine Street, in the Strand. 1776. [P. 6s. B.]" 12mo.

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chiefly designed for such as either want leisure, skill, or fortune to choose for themselves; for persons whose professions turn them to different pursuits, or who, not yet arrived at sufficient maturity, require a guide to direct their application. To our youth, particularly, a publication of this sort may be useful, since, if compiled with any share of judgment, it may at once unite precept and example, show them what is beautiful, and inform them why it is so. I therefore offer this, to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared: though, as tastes are various, numbers will be of a very different opinion. Many, perhaps, may wish to see in it the poems of their favorite authors; others may wish that I had selected from works less generally read; and others still may wish that I had selected from their own. But my design was to give a useful, unaffected compilation; one that might tend to advance the reader's taste, and not impress him with exalted ideas of mine. Nothing so common, and yet so absurd, as affectation in criticism. The desire of being thought to have a more discerning taste than others has often led writers to labor after error, and to be foremost in promoting deformity. In this compilation I run but few risks of that kind; every poem here is well known, and possessed, or the public has been long mistaken, of peculiar merit; every poem has, as Aristotle expresses it, a beginning, a middle, and an end, in which, however trifling the rule may seem, most of the poetry in our language is deficient. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious; for in all languages the best productions are most easily found. As to the short introductory criticisms to each poem, they are rather designed for boys than men; for it will be seen that I declined all refinement, satisfied with being obvious and sincere. In short, if this work be useful in schools or amusing in the closet, the merit all belongs to others; I have nothing to boast, and at best can expect, not applause, but pardon. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## INTRODUCTORY CRITICISMS.

### VOL. I.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.—This seems to be Mr. Pope's most finished production, and is, perhaps, the most perfect in our language. It exhibits stronger powers of imagination, more harmony of numbers, and a greater knowledge of the world than any other of this poet's works; and it is probable, if our country were called upon to show a specimen of their genius to foreigners, this would be the work fixed upon.

THE HERMIT.—This poem is held in just esteem, the versification being chaste, and tolerably harmonious, and the story told with perspicuity and conciseness. It seems to have cost great labor, both to Mr. Pope and Parnell himself, to bring it to this perfection. It may not be amiss to observe that the fable is taken from one of Dr. Henry More's Dialogues.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.—I have heard a very judicious critic say that he had an higher idea of Milton's style in poetry from the two fol-

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lowing poems than from his "Paradise Lost." It is certain the imagination shown in them is correct and strong. The introduction to both in irregular measure is borrowed from the Italians, and hurts an English ear.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.—This is a very fine poem, but overloaded with epithet. The heroic measure, with alternate rhyme, is very properly adapted to the solemnity of the subject, as it is the slowest movement that our language admits of. The latter part of the poem is pathetic and interesting.

LONDON. *In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.*—This poem of Mr. Johnson's is the best imitation of the original that has appeared in our language, being possessed of all the force and satirical resentment of Juvenal. Imitation gives us a much truer idea of the ancients than even translation could do.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS. *In Imitation of Spenser.*—This poem is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which any way approaches it in merit; and though I dislike the imitations of our old English poets in general, yet, on this minute subject, the antiquity of the style produces a very ludicrous solemnity.

COOPER'S HILL.—This poem by Denham, though it may have been exceeded by later attempts in description, yet deserves the highest applause, as it far surpasses all that went before it. The concluding part, though a little too much crowded, is very masterly.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.—The harmony of numbers in this poem is very fine. It is rather drawn out to too tedious a length, although the passions vary with great judgment. It may be considered as superior to anything in the epistolary way; and the many translations which have been made of it into the modern languages are in some measure a proof of this.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. PHILIPS TO THE EARL OF DORSET.—The opening of this poem is incomparably fine. The latter part is tedious and trifling.

ADDISON'S LETTER FROM ITALY TO CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX, 1701.—Few poems have done more honor to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of political thinking that was at that time new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to that of Pope's versification, it would be incontestably the finest poem in our language; but there is a dryness in the numbers which greatly lessens the pleasure excited both by the poet's judgment and imagination.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC. By John Dryden.—This ode has been more applauded, perhaps, than it has been felt; however, it is a very fine one, and gives its beauties rather at a third or fourth than at a first perusal.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. By Alexander Pope.—This ode has by many been thought equal to the former. As it is a repetition of Dryden's manner, it is so far inferior to him. The whole hint of Orpheus, with many of the lines, have been taken from an obscure ode upon music published in Tate's "Miscellanies."[1]

[1] "Poems by Several Hands and on Several Occasions. Collected by N. Tate,

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THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK. In Six Pastorals.—These are Mr. Gay's principal performance. They were originally intended, I suppose, as a burlesque on those of Philips; but, perhaps, without designing it, he has hit the true spirit of pastoral poetry. In fact, he more resembles Theocritus than any other English pastoral writer whatsoever. There runs through the whole a strain of rustic pleasantry which should ever distinguish this species of composition; but how far the antiquated expressions used here may contribute to the humor, I will not determine. For my own part, I could wish the simplicity were preserved without recurring to such obsolete antiquity for the manner of expressing it.

MACFLECKNOE.—The severity of this satire, and the excellence of its versification, give it a distinguished rank in this species of composition. At present, an ordinary reader would scarcely suppose that Shadwell, who is here meant by MacFlecknoe, was worth being chastised; and that Dryden, descending to such game was like an eagle stooping to catch flies. The truth, however, is, Shadwell at one time held divided reputation with this great poet. Every age produces its fashionable dunces, who, by following the transient topic or humor of the day, supply talkative ignorance with materials for conversation.

ON POETRY. A Rhapsody.—Here follows one of the best versified poems in our language, and the most masterly production of its author. The severity with which Walpole is here treated was in consequence of that minister's having refused to provide for Swift in England, when applied to for that purpose, in the year 1725 (if I remember right). The severity of a poet, however, gave Walpole very little uneasiness. A man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year but little regarded the contempt of posterity.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.—This poem, as Mr. Pope tells us himself, cost much attention and labor; and, from the easiness that appears in it, one would be apt to think as much.

FROM THE DISPENSARY. Canto VI.—This sixth canto of "The Dispen-

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1685." As the observation of Goldsmith has escaped the commentators of Pope, I shall give the passage he refers to:

"Arm'd with his Harp alone, the Thracian Bard
Attempts the shades below:
None ask'd him whence he came, or how,
Or mutter'd what he was;
All stood at gaze, and the bold stroke once heard,
Ev'n Hell had silence too,
And yet made Holiday.
The wheel stood still; none plied the sieve;
The rolling stone was gathering moss,
The vulture heeded not its prey;
His powerful hand did not persuade, but drive;
He left no room for thought: the sooty God
Smooth'd his rough brow, and made the granting nod."
*A Pindarique Essay upon Musick. By Mr. Wilson.*

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sary," by Dr. Garth, has more merit than the whole preceding part of the poem, and, as I am told, in the first edition of this work, it is more correct than as here exhibited; but that edition I have not been able to find.[1] The praises bestowed on this poem are more than have been given to any other; but our approbation at present is cooler, for it owed part of its fame to party.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.—The following eclogues, written by Mr. Collins, are very pretty: the images, it must be owned, are not very local, for the pastoral subject could not well admit of it. The description of Asiatic magnificence and manners is a subject as yet unattempted amongst us, and, I believe, capable of furnishing a great variety of poetical imagery.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.—This is reckoned the best parody of Milton in our language: it has been an hundred times imitated without success. The truth is, the first thing in this way must preclude all future attempts; for nothing is so easy as to burlesque any man's manner, when we are once showed the way.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO. *In Imitation of Six several Authors.*—Mr. Hawkins Browne, the author of these, as I am told, had no good original manner of his own, yet we see how well he succeeds when he turns an imitator; for the following are rather imitations than ridiculous parodies.

## VOL. II.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.—The great fault of this piece, written by Dr. Parnell, is, that it is in eight-syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject; otherwise, the poem is natural and the reflections just.

A FAIRY TALE. By Dr. Parnell.—Never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told than this.

PALEMON AND LAVINIA.—Mr. Thomson, though in general a verbose and affected poet, has told this story with unusual simplicity. It is rather given here for being much esteemed by the public than by the editor.

THE BASTARD.—Almost all things written from the heart, as this certainly was, have some merit. The poet here describes sorrows and misfortunes which were by no means imaginary; and thus there runs a truth of thinking through this poem without which it would be of little value, as Savage is, in other respects, but an indifferent poet.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON, ETC.—Mr. Moore was a poet that never had justice done him while living; there are few of the moderns have a more correct taste, or a more pleasing manner of expressing their thoughts. It was upon these Fables he chiefly founded his reputation; yet they are by no means his best production.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.—This little poem, by Mr. Nugent,[2] is very

[1] Goldsmith is here mistaken. The revised and enlarged edition of "The Dispensary" is a great improvement on the first edition. This was the opinion of Pope, from whose judgment in such matters it is seldom safe to differ.

[2] Beginning "Clarinda, dearly lov'd, attend."

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pleasing. The easiness of the poetry and the justice of the thoughts constitute its principal beauty.

HANS CARVEL.—This bagatelle, for which, by-the-bye, Mr. Prior has got his greatest reputation, was a tale told in all the old Italian collections of jests, and borrowed from thence by Fontaine. It had been translated once or twice before into English, yet was never regarded till it fell into the hands of Mr. Prior. A strong instance how much everything is improved in the hands of a man of genius.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.—This poem is very fine, and, though in the same strain with the preceding,[1] is yet superior.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.—This elegy (by Mr. Tickell) is one of the finest in our language; there is so little new that can be said upon a death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid and the Latin Italians in this way, that one is surprised to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect.

COLIN AND LUCY. A Ballad.—Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.—This ode, by Dr. Smollett, does rather more honor to the author's feelings than his taste. The mechanical part, with regard to numbers and language, is not so perfect as so short a work as this requires; but the pathetic it contains, particularly in the last stanza but one, is exquisitely fine.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.—Our poetry was not quite harmonized in Waller's time; so that this, which would be now looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was, with respect to the times in which it was written, almost a prodigy of harmony. A modern reader will chiefly be struck with the strength of thinking, and the turn of the compliments bestowed upon the usurper. Everybody has heard the answer our poet made Charles II., who asked him how his poem upon Cromwell came to be finer than his panegyric upon himself? "Your Majesty," replies Waller, "knows that poets always succeed best in fiction."

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED. By Waller.—The French claim this as belonging to them. To whomsoever it belongs, the thought is finely turned.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.—These seem to be the best of the collection; from whence only the two first are taken. They are spoken of differently, either with exaggerated applause or contempt, as the reader's disposition is either turned to mirth or melancholy.

SATIRES.—Young's "Satires" were in higher reputation when published than they stand in at present. He seems fonder of dazzling than pleasing; of raising our admiration for his wit than our dislike of the follies he ridicules.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.—These ballads of Mr. Shenstone are chiefly commended for the natural simplicity of the thoughts, and the harmony of the versification. However, they are not excellent in either.

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[1] "The Ladle," by Prior.

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PHŒBE. A Pastoral.—This, by Dr. Byrom, is a better effort than the preceding.

A SONG. "Despairing beside a clear stream."—This, by Mr. Rowe, is better than anything of the kind in our language.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.—This work, by the Duke of Buckingham, is enrolled among our great English productions. The precepts are sensible, the poetry not indifferent, but it has been praised more than it deserves.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.—This is thought one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces; its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill-conceived in itself, is told.

ALMA; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.—What Prior meant by this poem I cannot understand: by the Greek motto to it,[1] one would think it was either to laugh at the subject or his reader. There are some parts of it very fine; and let them save the badness of the rest.

## PREFACE.[2]

THERE are some subjects on which a writer must decline all attempts to acquire fame, satisfied with being obscurely useful. After such a number of Roman Histories, in all languages, ancient and modern, it would be but imposture to pretend new discoveries, or to expect to offer anything in a work of this kind which has not been often anticipated by others. The facts which it relates have been a hundred times repeated, and every occurrence has been so variously considered that learning can scarce find a new anecdote, or genius give novelty to the old.

I hope, therefore, for the reader's indulgence, if, in the following attempt, it shall appear that my only aim was to supply a concise, plain, and unaffected narrative of the rise and decline of a well-known empire; I was contented to make such a book as could not fail of being serviceable, though of all others, the most unlikely to promote the reputation of the writer. Instead, therefore, of pressing forward among the ambitious, I only claim the merit of knowing my own strength, and falling back among the hindmost ranks with conscious inferiority.

I am not ignorant, however, that it would be no difficult task to pursue the same arts by which many dull men every day acquire a reputation in history: such might easily be attained by fixing on some obscure period to write upon, where much seeming erudition might be displayed, almost

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[1] Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

[2] To "The Roman History; from the Foundation of the City of Rome to the Destruction of the Western Empire. By Dr. Goldsmith. In two volumes. London: Printed for S. Baker and G. Leigh, in York Street; T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and L. Davis, in Holborn. 1769." 2 vols., 8vo. This Preface is here reprinted from a careful collation of the first edition, with the reprint of it prefixed to the author's own Abridgment of his "History." 12mo. 1772.

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unknown, because not worth remembering; and many maxims in politics might be advanced, entirely new, because altogether false. But I have pursued a contrary method, choosing the most noted period in history, and offering no remarks but such as I thought strictly true.

The reasons of my choice were, that we had no history of this splendid period in our language but what was either too voluminous for common use or too meanly written to please. Catrou and Rouille's history, in six volumes, folio, translated into our language by Bundy, is entirely unsuited to the time and expense mankind usually choose to bestow upon this subject. Rollin and his continuator, Crevier, making above thirty volumes octavo, seem to labor under the same imputation; as likewise Hooke, who has spent three quartos upon the Republic alone, the rest of his undertaking remaining unfinished. There only, therefore, remained the history by Echard, in five volumes octavo, whose plan and mine seemed to coincide; and, had his execution been equal to his design, it had precluded the present undertaking. But the truth is, it is so poorly written, the facts so crowded, the narration so spiritless, and the characters so indistinctly marked that the most ardent curiosity must cool in the perusal; and the noblest transactions that ever warmed the human heart, as described by him, must cease to interest.

I have endeavored, therefore, in the present work (or rather compilation) to obviate the inconveniences arising from the exuberance of the former, as well as from the unpleasantness of the latter. It was supposed that two volumes might be made to comprise all that was requisite to be known, or pleasing to be read, by such as only examined history to prepare them for more important studies. Too much time may be given even to laudable pursuits, and there is none more apt than this to allure the student from the necessary branches of learning, and, if I may so express it, entirely to engross his industry. What is here offered, therefore, may be sufficient for all, but such as make history the peculiar business of their lives: to such, the most tedious narrative will seem but an abridgment, as they measure the merits of a work rather by the quantity than the quality of its contents. Others, however, who think more soberly will agree that, in so extensive a field as that of the transactions of Rome, more judgment may be shown by selecting what is important than by adding what is obscure. The history of this empire has been extended to six volumes folio; and I aver that with very little learning it might be increased to sixteen more; but what would this be but to load the subject with unimportant facts, and so to weaken the narration as that, like the empire it described, it must necessarily sink beneath the weight of its own acquisitions?

But while I thus have endeavored to avoid prolixity, it was found no easy matter to prevent crowding the facts, and to give every narrative its proper play. In reality, no art can continue to avoid opposite defects; he who indulges in minute particularities will be often languid; and he who studies conciseness will as frequently be dry and unentertaining. As it was my aim to comprise as much as possible in the smallest compass, it is feared the work will often be subject to the latter imputation; but it was impossible to furnish the public with a cheap Roman History in two volumes

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octavo, and at the same time to give all that warmth to the narrative, all those colorings to the description, which works of twenty times the bulk have room to exhibit. I shall be fully satisfied, therefore, if it furnishes an interest sufficient to allure the reader to the end; and this is a claim to which few abridgments can justly make pretensions.

To these objections there are some who may add that I have rejected many of the modern improvements in Roman History, and that every character is left in full possession of that fame or infamy which is obtained from its contemporaries, or those who wrote immediately after. I acknowledge the charge, for it appears now too late to rejudge the virtues or the vices of those men, who were but very incompletely known even to their own historians. The Romans, perhaps, upon many occasions, formed wrong ideas of virtue; but they were by no means so ignorant or abandoned in general as not to give their brightest characters the greatest share of their applause; and I do not know whether it be fair to try Pagan actions by the standard of Christian morality.

But whatever may be my execution of this work, I have very little doubts about the success of the undertaking. The subject is the noblest that ever employed human attention; and, instead of requiring a writer's aid, will even support him with its splendor. The empire of the world, rising from the meanest origin, and growing great by a strict veneration for religion, and an implicit confidence in its commanders; continually changing the mode, but seldom the spirit, of its government; being a constitution in which the military power, whether under the name of citizens or soldiers, almost always prevailed; adopting all the improvements of other nations with the most indefatigable industry, and submitting to be taught by those whom it afterwards subdued. This is a picture that must affect us, however it be disposed; these materials must have their value, under the hand of the meanest workman.

## ADVERTISEMENT.[1]

THE present Abridgment was suggested by the heads of some of our principal schools. It was thought that the substance of the Roman History, thrown into easy *narrative*, would excite the curiosity of youth much more agreeably than in the common dry mode of *Question and Answer*, calculated to turn into *task* a species of instruction meant certainly for *entertainment*.

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[1] To "Dr. Goldsmith's Roman History. Abridged by Himself for the Use of Schools. London: Printed for S. Baker and G. Leigh, in York Street: T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and L. Davis, in Holborn. 1772." 12mo, pp. 311.

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# PREFACE.[1]

FROM the favorable reception given to my "Abridgment of Roman History," published some time since, several friends, and others whose business leads them to consult the wants of the public, have been induced to suppose that an English History, written on the same plan, would be acceptable.

It was their opinion that we still wanted a work of this kind, where the narrative, though very concise, is not totally without interest, and the facts, though crowded, are yet distinctly seen.

The business of abridging the works of others has hitherto fallen to the lot of very dull men; and the art of blotting, which an eminent critic calls the most difficult of all others, has been usually practised by those who found themselves unable to write. Hence our abridgments are generally more tedious than the works from which they pretend to relieve us; and they have effectually embarrassed that road which they labored to shorten.

As the present compiler starts with such humble competitors, it will scarcely be thought vanity in him if he boasts himself their superior. Of the many abridgments of our own history, hitherto published, none seems possessed of any share of merit or reputation; some have been written in dialogue, or merely in the stiffness of an index, and some to answer the purposes of a party. A very small share of taste, therefore, was sufficient to keep the compiler from the defects of the one, and a very small share of philosophy from the misrepresentations of the other.

It is not easy, however, to satisfy the different expectations of mankind in a work of this kind, calculated for every apprehension, and on which all are consequently capable of forming some judgment. Some may say that it is too long to pass under the denomination of an abridgment; and others, that it is too dry to be admitted as a history: it may be objected that reflection is almost entirely banished to make room for facts, and yet that many facts are wholly omitted which might be necessary to be known. It must be confessed that all those objections are partly true; for it is impossible in the same work at once to attain contrary advantages. The compiler, who is stinted in room, must often sacrifice interest to brevity; and, on the other hand, while he endeavors to amuse, must frequently transgress the limits to which his plan should confine him. Thus, all such as desire only amusement may be disgusted with his brevity; and such as seek for information may object to his displacing facts for empty description.

To attain the greatest number of advantages with the fewest inconveniences is all that can be attained in an abridgment, the name of which implies imperfection. It will be sufficient, therefore, to satisfy the writer's

[1] To the "History of England," 4 vols., 8vo. 1771.

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wishes if the present work be found a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking. Very moderate abilities were equal to such an undertaking, and it is hoped the performance will satisfy such as take up books to be informed or amused, without much considering who the writer is, or envying any success he may have had in a former compilation.

As the present publication is designed for the benefit of those who intend to lay a foundation for future study, or desire to refresh their memories upon the old, or who think a moderate share of history sufficient for the purposes of life, recourse has been had only to those authors which are best known, and those facts only have been selected which are allowed on all hands to be true. Were an epitome of history the field for displaying erudition, the author could show that he has read many books which others have neglected, and that he also could advance many anecdotes which are at present very little known. But it must be remembered that all these minute recoveries could be inserted only to the exclusion of more material facts, which it would be unpardonable to omit. He foregoes, therefore, the petty ambition of being thought a reader of forgotten books; his aim being not to add to our present stock of history, but to contract it.

The books which have been used in this abridgment are chiefly Rapin, Carte, Smollett, and Hume. They have each their peculiar admirers, in proportion as the reader is studious of historical antiquities, fond of minute anecdote, a warm partisan, or a deliberate reasoner. Of these I have particularly taken Hume for my guide, as far as he goes; and it is but justice to say that wherever I was obliged to abridge his work, I did it with reluctance, as I scarcely cut out a single line that did not contain a beauty.

But though I must warmly subscribe to the learning, elegance, and depth of Mr. Hume's history, yet I cannot entirely acquiesce in his principles. With regard to religion, he seems desirous of playing a double part; of appearing to some readers as if he reverenced, and to others as if he ridiculed, it. He seems sensible of the political necessity of religion in every state; but, at the same time, he would everywhere insinuate that it owes its authority to no higher an origin. Thus he weakens its influence, while he contends for its utility; and vainly hopes that while freethinkers shall applaud his scepticism real believers will reverence him for his zeal.

In his opinions respecting government, perhaps also he may be sometimes reprehensible; but in a country like ours, where mutual contention contributes to the security of the constitution, it will be impossible for an historian who attempts to have any opinion to satisfy all parties. It is not yet decided in politics whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or the freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home.

A king may easily be restrained from doing wrong, as he is but one man; but if a number of the great are permitted to divide all authority, who can

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punish them if they abuse it? Upon this principle, therefore, and not from empty notions of divine or hereditary right, some may think I have leaned towards monarchy. But as, in the things I have hitherto written, I have neither allured the vanity of the great by flattery, nor satisfied the malignity of the vulgar by scandal, as I have endeavored to get an honest reputation by liberal pursuits, it is hoped the reader will admit my impartiality.

## PREFACE.[1]

NATURAL history, considered in its utmost extent, comprehends two objects. First, that of discovering, ascertaining, and naming all the various productions of nature. Secondly, that of describing the properties, manners, and relations which they bear to us and to each other. The first, which is the most difficult part of this science, is systematical, dry, mechanical, and incomplete. The second is more amusing, exhibits new pictures to the imagination, and improves our relish for existence by widening the prospect of nature around us.

Both, however, are necessary to those who would understand this pleasing science in its utmost extent. The first care of every inquirer, no doubt, should be to see, to visit, and examine every object before he pretends to inspect its habitudes or its history. From seeing and observing the thing itself, he is most naturally led to speculate upon its uses, its delights, or its inconveniences.

Numberless obstructions, however, are found in this part of his pursuit that frustrate his diligence and retard his curiosity. The objects in nature are so many, and even those of the same kind are exhibited in such a variety of forms, that the inquirer finds himself lost in the exuberance before him, and, like a man who attempts to count the stars unassisted by art, his powers are all distracted in the barren superfluity.

To remedy this embarrassment, artificial systems have been devised which, grouping into masses those parts of nature more nearly resembling each other, refer the inquirer for the name of the single object he desires to know to some one of those general distributions where it is to be found by further examination.

If, for instance, a man should in his walks meet with an animal, the name, and consequently the history, of which he desires to know, he is taught by systematic writers of natural history to examine its most obvious qualities, whether a quadruped, a bird, a fish, or an insect. Having determined it, for explanation's sake, to be an insect, he examines whether it has wings; if he finds it possessed of these, he is taught to examine whether it has two or four; if possessed of four, he is taught to observe whether the two upper wings are of a shelly hardness, and serve as cases to those under them; if

[1] To "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature, by Oliver Goldsmith. In eight volumes. London: Printed for J. Nourse, in the Strand, Bookseller to his Majesty. 1774." 8vo.

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he finds the wings composed in this manner, he is then taught to pronounce that this insect is one of the beetle kind: of the beetle kind there are three different classes, distinguished from each other by their feelers; he examines the insect before him, and finds that the feelers are clavated or knobbed at the ends; of beetles with feelers thus formed there are ten kinds, and among those he is taught to look for the precise name of that which is before him. If, for instance, the knob be divided at the ends, and the belly be streaked with white, it is no other than the Dor or the Maybug, an animal the noxious qualities of which give it a very distinguished rank in the history of the insect creation. In this manner a system of natural history may, in some measure, be compared to a dictionary of words. Both are solely intended to explain the names of things; but with this difference, that in the dictionary of words we are led from the name of the thing to its definition, whereas in the system of natural history we are led from the definition to find out the name.

Such are the efforts of writers, who have composed their works with great labor and ingenuity, to direct the learner in his progress through nature, and to inform him of the name of every animal, plant, or fossil substance that he happens to meet with; but it would be only deceiving the reader to conceal the truth, which is, that books alone can never teach him this art in perfection; and the solitary student can never succeed. Without a master, and a previous knowledge of many of the objects in nature, his book will only serve to confound and disgust him. Few of the individual plants or animals that he may happen to meet with are in that precise state of health, or that exact period of vegetation, from whence their descriptions were taken. Perhaps he meets the plant only with leaves, but the systematic writer has described it in flower. Perhaps he meets the bird before it has moulted its first feathers, while the systematic description was made in its state of full perfection. He thus ranges without an instructor, confused and with sickening curiosity, from subject to subject, till at last he gives up the pursuit in the multiplicity of his disappointments.

Some practice, therefore, much instruction, and diligent reading are requisite to make a ready and expert naturalist, who shall be able, even by the help of a system, to find out the name of every object he meets with. But when this tedious though requisite part of study is attained, nothing but delight and variety attend the rest of his journey. Wherever he travels, like a man in a country where he has many friends, he meets with nothing but acquaintances and allurements in all the stages of his way. The mere uninformed spectator passes on in gloomy solitude, but the naturalist, in every plant, in every insect, and every pebble, finds something to entertain his curiosity and excite his speculation.

From hence it appears that a system may be considered as a dictionary in the study of nature. The ancients, however, who have all written most delightfully on this subject, seem entirely to have rejected those humble and mechanical helps of science. They contented themselves with seizing upon the great outlines of history; and, passing over what was common, as not worth the detail, they only dwelt upon what was new, great, and surprising, and sometimes even warmed the imagination at the expense of truth.



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Such of the moderns as revived this science in Europe undertook the task more methodically, though not in a manner so pleasing. Aldrovandus, Gesner, and Johnson seemed desirous of uniting the entertaining and rich descriptions of the ancients with the dry and systematic arrangement of which they were the first projectors. This attempt, however, was extremely imperfect, as the great variety of nature was, as yet, but very inadequately known. Nevertheless, by attempting to carry on both objects at once; first, of directing us to the name of the thing, and then giving the detail of its history, they drew out their works into a tedious and unreasonable length; and, thus mixing incompatible aims, they have left their labors rather to be occasionally consulted than read with delight by posterity.

The later moderns, with that good sense which they have carried into every other part of science, have taken a different method in cultivating natural history. They have been content to give, not only the brevity, but also the dry and disgusting air, of a dictionary to their systems. Ray, Klein, Brisson, and Linnæus have had only one aim—that of pointing out the object in nature, of discovering its name, and where it was to be found in those authors that treated of it in a more prolix and satisfactory manner. Thus, natural history, at present, is carried on in two distinct and separate channels, the one serving to lead us to the thing, the other conveying the history of the thing, as supposing it already known.

The following natural history is written with only such an attention to system as serves to remove the reader's embarrassments, and allure him to proceed. It can make no pretensions in directing him to the name of every object he meets with; that belongs to works of a very different kind, and written with very different aims. It will fully answer my design if the reader, being already possessed of the name of any animal, shall find here a short though satisfactory history of its habitudes, its subsistence, its manners, its friendships, and hostilities. My aim has been to carry on just as much method as was sufficient to shorten my descriptions by generalizing them, and never to follow order where the art of writing, which is but another name for good sense, informed me that it would only contribute to the reader's embarrassment.

Still, however, the reader will perceive that I have formed a kind of system in the history of every part of animated nature, directing myself by the great obvious distinctions that she herself seems to have made, which, though too few to point exactly to the name, are yet sufficient to illuminate the subject and remove the reader's perplexity. M. Buffon, indeed, who has brought greater talents to this part of learning than any other man, has almost entirely rejected method in classing quadrupeds. This, with great deference to such a character, appears to me running into the opposite extreme; and as some moderns have of late spent much time, great pains, and some learning, all to very little purpose, in systematic arrangement, he seems so much disgusted by their trifling but ostentatious efforts that he describes his animals almost in the order they happen to come before him. This want of method seems to be a fault; but he can lose little by a criticism which every dull man can make, or by an error in arrangement from which the dullest are the most usually free.

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In other respects, as far as this able philosopher has gone, I have taken him for my guide. The warmth of his style and the brilliancy of his imagination are inimitable. Leaving him, therefore, without a rival in these, and only availing myself of his information, I have been content to describe things in my own way; and though many of the materials are taken from him, yet I have added, retrenched, and altered as I thought proper. It was my intention at one time, whenever I differed from him, to have mentioned it at the bottom of the page; but this occurred so often that I soon found it would look like envy, and might, perhaps, convict me of those very errors which I was wanting to lay upon him. I have, therefore, as being every way his debtor, concealed my dissent where my opinion was different; but wherever I borrow from him, I take care at the bottom of my page to express my obligations. But, though my obligations to this writer are many, they extend but to the smallest part of the work, as he has hitherto completed only the history of quadrupeds. I was, therefore, left to my own reading alone to make out the history of birds, fishes, and insects, of which the arrangement was so difficult, and the necessary information so widely diffused, and so obscurely related when found, that it proved by much the most laborious part of the undertaking. Thus, having made use of M. Buffon's lights in the first part of this work, I may, with some share of confidence, recommend it to the public. But what shall I say to that part where I have been entirely left without his assistance? As I would affect neither modesty nor confidence, it will be sufficient to say that my reading upon this part of the subject has been very extensive; and that I have taxed my scanty circumstances in procuring books, which are on this subject, of all others, the most expensive. In consequence of this industry, I here offer a work to the public of a kind which has never been attempted in ours, or in any other modern language that I know of. The ancients, indeed, and Pliny in particular, have anticipated me in the present manner of treating natural history. Like those historians who describe the events of a campaign, they have not condescended to give the private particulars of every individual that formed the army; they were content with characterizing the generals, and describing their operations, while they left it to meaner hands to carry the muster-roll. I have followed their manner, rejecting the numerous fables which they adopted, and adding the improvements of the moderns, which are so numerous that they actually make up the bulk of natural history.

The delight which I found in reading Pliny first inspired me with the idea of a work of this nature. Having a taste rather classical than scientific, and having but little employed myself in turning over the dry labors of modern system-makers, my earliest intention was to translate this agreeable writer, and, by the help of a commentary, to make my work as amusing as I could. Let us dignify natural history never so much with the grave appellation of *a useful science*, yet still we must confess that it is the occupation of the idle and the speculative more than of the busy and the ambitious part of mankind. My intention, therefore, was to treat what I then conceived to be an idle subject in an idle manner; and not to hedge round plain and simple narratives with hard words, accumulated distinctions,

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ostentatious learning, and disquisitions that produced no conviction. Upon the appearance, however, of M. Buffon's work, I dropped my former plan and adopted the present, being convinced by his manner that the best imitation of the ancients was to write from our own feelings, and to imitate nature.

It will be my chief pride, therefore, if this work may be found an innocent amusement for those who have nothing else to employ them, or who require a relaxation from labor. Professed naturalists will, no doubt, find it superficial; and yet I should hope that even these will discover hints and remarks, gleaned from various reading, not wholly trite or elementary. I would wish for their approbation. But my chief ambition is to drag up the obscure and gloomy learning of the cell to open inspection; to strip it from its garb of austerity, and to show the beauties of that form which only the industrious and the inquisitive have been hitherto permitted to approach.[1]

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[1] This is the last piece of prose for publication which Goldsmith wrote; and what sweet Virgilian prose it is!

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